

John William Burgon.
Dean of Chichester.

Lives of Twelve Good Men

MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH
HUGH JAMES ROSE
CHARLES MARRIOTT
EDWARD HAWKINS
SAMUEL WILBERFORCE
RICHARD LYNCH COTTON

RICHARD GRESWELL
HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE
HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL
WILLIAM JACOBSON
CHARLES PAGE EDEN
CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS

By JOHN WILLIAM BURGON, B.D.

LATE DEAN OF CHICHESTER
SOMETIME FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE

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ὥς φωστῆρες ἐν κόσμῳ



DEDICATORY PREFACE.

TO THE REV. ROBERT G. LIVINGSTONE, M.A.

FELLOW AND TUTOR OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MY DEAREST LIVINGSTONE,

Let me enjoy the satisfaction of inscribing this volume to yourself. I wish that it may prove an enduring memorial of our friendship, and especially of the happy days when we were associated at S. Mary's.

Not only because you have afforded me important assistance in the production of these '*Lives*,'—but also because most of the '*Good Men*' here commemorated were friends of your own; and because, ever since you were elected to a Scholarship at Oriel in 1856, you have resided continuously in the scenes chiefly referred to in these pages;—you seem to have acquired a kind of right to have your name connected with a book, which, more than any other I have written, has carried me back at every instant to Oxford and to you.

But this volume may not go forth to the world without carrying on its front the brief explanatory statement which I proceed to offer. I wish it to be understood that the names, and the number, of the Friends who are the subject of the ensuing pages, are, *to some extent*, fortuitous. It has not been, I mean, the result of deliberate plan that the names amount to just 'Twelve': nor indeed has it been with premeditation that the book has grown up at all. Let me be allowed briefly to relate what has happened.

Some thirty years ago, I wrote a slight Memoir of PRESIDENT ROUTH,—only because I was unwilling that so unique a personage, when he quitted the scene, should be presently forgotten. But my MS. gave me no satisfaction; and it was not until the Spring of 1878, that, (yielding to pressure,) I suffered it to come abroad.—In 1879, I was invited to recall, and to put into shape for the '*Quarterly Review*,' certain reminiscences of BISHOP WILBERFORCE,—with which, about a year before, I had sought to entertain my neighbour (Mr. John Murray) at dinner, at '*Nobody's Club*.' And thus the 1st and the Vth of these Lives are accounted for.

The death of the PROVOST OF ORIEL, in 1882, suggested the duty of writing some account of one who had been my Chief for upwards of five-and-thirty years. So,—yielding to the instinct of (what seemed to myself) ordinary filial piety,—I fulfilled my self-imposed task, in 1883.—Straightway it became a source of trouble to me to remember that

no Memoir had hitherto appeared of DEAN MANSEL;—a name specially dear to me, as of one who in his day rendered splendid services to the cause of GOD'S Truth. At the end of 13 years therefore, (viz. in 1884,)—having ascertained from his widow that such an effort would not be unacceptable,—I compiled a short Memoir of one of the most remarkable men of our generation. And thus it was that the first draft of the IVth, and of the IXth, of these Lives came to be written.

Something has here to be explained. I have long cherished the conviction that it is to be wished that the world could be persuaded that Biography might with advantage be confined within much narrower limits than at present is customary. Very few are the men who require 500 pages all to themselves:—far fewer will bear expansion into *two* such volumes. Of how vast a number of one's most distinguished friends would 40, 50, 60 pages,—contain all that really requires to be handed down to posterity!

The thing desiderated seems to be, that, while yet the man lives freshly in the memory of his fellows;—(the chief incidents of his life known to all; his sayings remembered; his aspect and demeanour things of the present rather than of the past;)—that, with all convenient speed, I say, after the departure of one whom his friends are unwilling should be forgotten;—one of them who is sufficiently a master of the craft, should proceed faithfully to commit to paper a living image of the man. The aim should be, *so* to exhibit him, that future generations might think they had seen and known him. . . O, of how many of the world's benefactors does there survive no personal memorial whatever, only because no one was found, at the time, to do the thing I have been describing!

It might reasonably fare with a man's "*life*," as with his effigies. No great master, (suppose,)—undertook to give us his full-length portrait. But *who* knows not how charmingly,—how deliciously,—a master's hand could have thrown off a living sketch; which, even if it did not satisfy the cravings of posterity, at least would have proved an effectual barrier against oblivion? . . . To proceed, however. I have but been explaining the spirit in which,—as a matter of fact,—"*Twelve Lives*," (a few of them of very great men indeed,) are here found compressed into an ordinary octavo volume.

In the meantime, I had published (in '*the Guardian*') very brief notices of PROVOST COTTON, in 1880;—of RICHARD GRESWELL and of HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE, in 1881;—of BISHOP JACOBSON, in 1884. Let me be forgiven for adding, that the commendation which, to my surprise, I received *in every instance* for these sketches,—including one of CHARLES PAGE EDEN, in 1885,—proved so helpful;—(and I required encouragement, for, to say the truth, I had been greatly dissatisfied with my own work);—that I began to ask myself as follows:—Why should I not enlarge every one of these nine Memoirs? collect, and republish them? . . . The loss at this juncture, (viz. the beginning of 1885,) of a dear brother-in-law (and in love), CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS, was what decided me. Already had I been constrained to prepare a hasty notice of him for a local newspaper,—which I ardently longed for an opportunity

to remodel. Now therefore, (little aware of the amount of labour I was courting,) I deliberately set about a task,—which has grown into a considerable volume, and has taxed me severely.

For my conscience really would not let me rest until I had further undertaken to compile at least two other Memoirs:—that, namely, of HUGH JAMES ROSE,—by far the grandest, as well as the most important, life in the present collection:—and that of CHARLES MARRIOTT,—the most singular, as well as the most saintly, character I have ever met with. I will say nothing here about the difficulty I experienced in trying to do justice to men of so lofty a type, who have been with CHRIST,—one, for 50, the other, for 30 years. I could not have achieved my purpose at all in respect of H. J. R., but for Cardinal Newman's kindness in permitting me to publish several letters of his own: or, in respect of C. M., but for the assistance which was at once freely afforded me by the survivors of Marriott's family.

But, in fact, I desire in the most unqualified manner publicly to acknowledge, as well as to return hearty thanks for, the generous trust which *in every instance* has been unreservedly reposed in me. To be admitted (so to speak) to another's confidence: to be shown private letters, and to be entrusted with family papers;—and then, when I offered to submit my proof-sheets, to be with scarcely an exception told,—‘No. I had rather leave it all to *you*. I would rather *not* see what you write until it is published’;—this, I confess, has more than touched me. Certainly, it has had the salutary effect of making me exceedingly careful; and I venture to cherish the confident hope that none who have acted so trustfully by me will have occasion to repent of their confidence. Every one of the ‘Lives’ (except the sketch of Bishop Wilberforce) now appears so much enlarged, as well as revised throughout, that the present is practically a new book. The life of Bishop Jacobson, for instance, has grown from 4½ columns in ‘*the Guardian*’ to 35 pages: while, of three of the Lives, (the IInd, the IIId, and the XIIth; which extend collectively to over 170 pages,)—not even a first draft has appeared in that journal.

And thus, I have already made it abundantly clear that the Twelve names specified on my title-page claim to be regarded as samples only of the many departed ones who, during the long period of my residence at Oxford, were special objects of my personal regard; or at least seemed to me more deserving than their fellows of biographical record, but who died without, or with scarcely any, commemoration. Two of the Twelve, in fact, (the IInd and the last), were not Oxford men at all, but members of the sister University: while, of the remaining ten, no fewer than *seven* belonged to one or other of the two Colleges with which I have the happiness to be myself connected. When I survey, in thought, the entire interval referred to, how many names crowd on the memory,—how many vanished forms seem to come back! Among the clerics, I bethink myself of Arthur West Haddan: James Bowling Mozley: Benjamin Harrison: Robert Scott:—among the laymen,—Manuel John Johnson: John Conington: John Phillips: John Parsons, the banker. I have written down the names of eight who present themselves among the foremost. But there are eight other worthies who, for personal con-

siderations, prefer still stronger claims for biographical record,—which yet they have never received. I will say a few words about each, and then conclude this '*Preface Dedicatory*.'

Passing by ISAAC WILLIAMS,—a man of whom it was impossible to know even a little, without earnestly desiring to know much more,—one of the earliest names which comes back to me as deserving fuller record than it has found, is that of ROBERT HUSSEY, B.D.,¹ first Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Widely, and in so many respects, unlike the admirable and interesting person whose name I mentioned first,—how grand a specimen was Robert Hussey of what an Anglican Divine should be!—sound in the faith, well furnished with the best learning, unostentatiously pious. Delightful it was, after reading Eusebius or Socrates under his guidance all the week,—or listening to his faithful and fearless discourses from the University pulpit,—to accompany him, on a Sunday, to his little cure at Binsey, (a short walk out of Oxford), where he did the best he could for the little handful of men in smock-frocks, women and children, whom we found assembled in Church. From the catalogue of his writings—published as well as unpublished—put forth by his excellent brother-in-law, Jacob Ley,² I select for notice his triumphant 'Refutation' of Cureton's 'Theory founded upon the Syriac fragments of the Epistles of S. Ignatius,'—a theory which imposed largely on the learned as well at home as abroad. Singular to relate, the most conspicuous of Cureton's English adherents, Bp. Lightfoot, in his recent elaborate history of the Ignatian Controversy,³ makes no mention⁴ of Hussey's work,—which however, when it appeared in 1849,⁵ effectually silenced Cureton.—The neglect of theological study in our Universities was with Robert Hussey, as well it might be, an abiding source of anxiety and distress. I well remember how near his heart lay an intention to provide that remedy for it, which did not take effect until 12 years after his death; namely, the *establishment of a Final School of Divinity*. "Can I forget the circumstances,"—(I wrote in 1868)—"under which Robert Hussey, eleven years ago, requested me not to suppose, from his silence, that he had abandoned his intention of pressing this matter forward? 'Next Monday,' (said he), 'I am to bring the subject before the Council.' He was taking his afternoon walk with his wife. We met just on this side of those quivering poplars which skirt the western bank of the river, near Binsey. It was Saturday, 29th Nov. 1856. When the Council met on the ensuing Monday, Hussey was lying on the bed of death. Next day, that truly noble heart had ceased to beat."⁶ . . . He enjoyed to an almost unexampled extent the respect and confidence of the whole University. In token thereof, he was elected a member of the Hebdomadal Council in 1854, almost by general suffrage.—He bequeathed his library to his successors at Christ Church. I will but add that he was manly in everything: in his views,—in his public utterances,—in his table-talk,—in his recreations. I seem even

¹ b. Oct. 7, 1801: d. Dec. 2, 1856.

² Prefixed to the 2nd ed. (1863) of Hussey's three Lectures on '*The Rise of the Papal power*' (pp. xxiii-vii): and subjoined to 'a brief Memoir of the Author,'—pp. viii-xxii.

³ '*Apostolic Fathers*,' p. li (1885),—Preface,

pp. v-vii.

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 267-73.

⁵ It was prefixed to a volume of Hussey's '*Sermons, mostly Academical*,'—pp. xxxix and 380.

⁶ '*Plea for a Fifth Final School*,'—p. 9.

now to see him, on a sharp wintry afternoon, skating on the Isis, with his little 'Bessie' in his arms. And did he not lay the foundation of that heart disease which carried him off at the age of 55, by his youthful prowess in the University boat?

Hussey's next successor but one in the Professorship, was another loved friend, WALTER WADDINGTON SHIRLEY, D.D.: a truly delightful person, as well as a really enthusiastic student,—a man of great power, originality, breadth; one, whose life richly deserved that appreciative record which nevertheless it seems still to wait for.⁷ He occupied the Chair of Ecclesiastical History only long enough, (holding it for scarcely three years,) to make the Church sensible of the largeness of her loss when he was taken from her, aged only 38. . . . Everything that proceeded from Shirley's pen was admirable. His Sermons,—(I recall one in particular on '*CHRIST, the good Shepherd*,')—passed praise. His Lectures were most precious. One, on '*Scholasticism*,' delivered in the year of his death, should be inquired after and preserved. In the same year he contributed to the '*Quarterly Review*' a masterly article on '*Simon de Montfort*.' His posthumously published '*Account of the Church in the Apostolic Age*' (1867) is a volume which no student of the Acts of the Apostles can afford to be without. The volume also contains an '*Essay on Dogmatic Preaching*.' A few other of his writings are enumerated at foot.⁸ He was snatched away while affording in every Term fresh promise of a truly brilliant Professorial career and a grand Historical reputation. A widow and five delightful little children were left to mourn their irreparable loss. He sleeps in 'the Latin Chapel' at Christ Church. Around his gravestone is aptly written,—'*Non enim quae longaeva est senectus honorata est, neque numero annorum multorum: sed prudentia hominibus est canities, et vita immaculata est senilis aetas*.'

The same year (1866) witnessed the abrupt close of another precious life,—whose memory supremely merited to be gracefully embalmed by some loving and skilful hand. I speak of JAMES RIDDELL, Fellow of Balliol⁹,—in whom exquisite scholarship, fine taste, and splendid abilities were united to singular holiness of character, purity of spirit, and simplicity of life. He had prepared for the press '*The Apology of Plato with a revised Text, English Notes, and a digest of Platonic idioms*,' but did not live to publish it. It was edited the year after his death¹ by his admirable brother-in-law, Archdeacon Edwin Palmer; who also superintended the publication of some of Riddell's most felicitous achievements in Greek and Latin Verse. The volume is entitled '*Reliquiae Metricae*.' I never recall the memory of James Riddell without affection and reverence,

⁷ Only son of Walter Augustus, Bp. of Sodor and Man, he was born at Shirley, July 24, 1828,—educated at Rugby, and at University and Wadham Colleges,—married July 4th, 1855,—departed Nov. 20th, 1866. (See the '*Stemmata Shirleiana*' for more.)

⁸ '*Character and Court of Henry II*' (1861):—'*Undogmatic Christianity*,' a sermon, 1863:—'*Catalogue of the original works of John Wyclif*,' 1865; whose '*Fasciculi Zizaniorum*' (1858) he edited for the Master of the Rolls. He also edited '*Royal and other Historical Letters, illustrative of the reign of Henry*

III,'—2 vols. 1862-3.

⁹ He was born at East Haddon, in Northamptonshire, (of which his father was then Curate),—June 8th, 1823; the son of Rev. James Riddell, M.A. of Balliol, and Dorothy his wife. He departed, suddenly and unexpectedly, Sept. 14th, 1866.—A brief notice of him from the pen of Edw. Walford, sometime scholar of Balliol, appeared in the '*Guardian*': another, in the '*Leamington Courier*.'

¹ At the University Press,—1867. The volume had to be reprinted in 1877.

as well as grief for his loss. He was in every way a model man. Strange to relate, whenever I seem to hear his voice, he is delivering an extempore Address at S. Mary's,—his features overspread with a heavenly smile: whenever I picture to myself his interesting form, he is, with consummate skill but in widely different costume,—steering the Balliol boat.

Another name which is exceedingly precious to me, I cannot forbear to mention here,—that, namely, of PHILIP EDWARD PUSEY²,—Dr. Pusey's only son. Disabled from taking Holy Orders by reason of his grievous bodily infirmities, his prevailing anxiety was to render GOD service in any way that remained to him; and, by his Father's advice, he undertook to edit the works of Cyril of Alexandria.³ In quest of MSS., he visited with indomitable energy every principal library,—in France, Spain, Italy,—Russia, Germany, Turkey,—Greece, Palestine, Syria. At the Convent of S. Catharine at the foot of Sinai, the monks remembered him well. They asked me (March 1862) if I knew him. 'And how is Philippos?' inquired the monks of Mount Athos, of their next Oxford visitor. With equal truth and tenderness Dean Liddell, (preaching on the occasion of his death), recalls "the pleasant smile with which he greeted his friends; his brave cheerfulness under life-long suffering; his delight in children,"—(yes, Shirley's were constantly with him,)—"his awe and reverence for Almighty GOD. Most of you must have seen that small emaciated form, swinging itself through the quadrangle, up the steps, or along the street, with such energy and activity as might surprise healthy men. But few of you could know what gentleness and what courage dwelt in that frail tenement. . . . In pursuing his studies, he shrank from no journey, however toilsome; and everywhere won hearts by his simple engaging manner, combined with his helpfulness and his bravery. . . . To such an one death could have no terror: death could not find him unprepared."⁴

Excluded as this dear friend seemed to be from every ordinary sphere of distinction, he furnished a brilliant example of the sufficiency of GOD's grace to as many as will dutifully avail themselves of the talent which GOD hath entrusted to their keeping. Besides making himself largely conversant with Patristic Divinity, Philip cultivated the Syriac idiom with such signal success that, before his death, he had well-nigh perfected,—what has so long been a prime want with scholars who have made the Greek Text of the New Testament their study,—a Critical edition of the venerable Peshitto Version. With that view, he collated several ancient codices, and would have published the result had he lived a little longer. Though too deaf to hear what was being spoken, he was constant in his attendance at the daily Service and at Holy Communion: yes, and was absorbed in what was going on. A man, he was, of great religious earnestness, and consistent heartfelt piety. I cannot express what a help and comfort dear Philip was to *me*, nor how much I felt his loss: nay, how much I feel it still.

² *d.* June 14th, 1830; *d.* Jan. 15th, 1880.

³ Besides his ed. of the *Text* of Cyril, he translated the Commentary of that Father on S. John (i-viii) (1874); and his treatise 'on the Incarnation against Nestorius,' (1881). (The reader is invited to refer to p. 461, note.)

Philip also wrote '*The Russian Review, and other stories*,'—published by the S. P. C. K.

⁴ From the '*Guardian*,' Jan. 21st, 1880. See also the '*Undergraduates' Journal*,' Jan. 22nd.

Second to no one in the heart's affections of many besides myself, and as deserving of portraiture by a master's hand as any who have ever adorned academic life, was the dear friend to be next named,—EDWARD COOPER WOOLLCOMBE:⁵ who, after residing as Fellow and Tutor of Balliol for upwards of 40 years, accepted in 1879 a country cure (Tendring in Essex,) and died at the end of less than two years. With as much truth as beauty was it said concerning him, from the University pulpit, shortly after his sudden removal,—“We miss the loving and gentle scholar who but now went from us, to exercise for long, as we hoped, in another field the faithful Christian ministry which had been here the essence of his life:—the guileless friend of all men; the unwearied promoter of all good works; the embodiment of the charity that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, that seeketh not her own, that is not easily provoked, that thinketh no evil.”⁶—A loftier or more devout spirit,—a more faithful or more fearless maintainer of the Right than Edward Woollcombe,—never breathed. Unwearied too was he in all the offices of disinterested friendship: as well as in the promotion of every scheme of Christian benevolence,—notably *that* scheme which Charles Marriott had so much at heart,⁷ (Woollcombe and Marriott were kindred spirits), for providing University education for Candidates for the Ministry whose one hindrance was the ‘*res angusta domi*.’ Sacred science was his prime object of delight,—David’s Psalms, his “songs in the house of his pilgrimage,”—Scripture, his very joy and crown. The propagation of the Gospel throughout the World was, I am convinced, the dearest object of his earthly regard. I cannot say how much I regret that Woollcombe never gave to the world, except orally from the pulpit, the result of his meditations on Divine things. He published next to nothing.⁸ What need to add that he was a delightful companion,—combining as he did a child’s simplicity and purity of spirit, with a sage’s grave intelligence, and the thoughtfulness of a learned Divine. A true specimen, he, of the *guileless* character. . . . In his case, the end came quite suddenly, and almost without warning: but Edward Woollcombe was at any time of his life fully prepared to die. It was at his sister’s house in London that he departed,—while conducting the Examination of Candidates for Ordination by the Bishop of S. Albans, whose Examining Chaplain he was. His loved remains were deposited in Brompton Cemetery,—the most unobserved of funerals!

WILLIAM KAY was another of the friends of other days at Oxford, the story of whose studious and virtuous life one would have been glad to see

⁵ E. C. W., born at Plymouth, April 22nd, 1815,—the second son of William and Ann Elford Woollcombe,—was deprived of his father’s counsel and guidance at the age of 7: his father, a physician of repute, dying in 1822. He was educated at Plymouth and at Repton School, under the Rev. J. L. Macaulay: became a Commoner of Oriel, and took a First Class at Easter, 1837. He departed on November 22nd, 1880.

⁶ From a sermon by Dr. Magrath, Provost of Queen’s,—Dec. 9th, 1880.

⁷ See below, p. 185 to 188.

⁸ Besides the slight production mentioned

below (at p. 187), I only know of these, (for which I am indebted to Prebendary Sutton of Rype):—‘*The Woe and the Blessing prepared for the Rich*,’ preached at Stirling, 1852 (not published):—‘*The late F. M. Lord Raglan*,’ a funeral sermon preached at Whitehall, July 22, 1855:—‘*Self-Examination*,’ a Lecture read in Balliol College Chapel, 3rd Sunday in Lent, 1848,—printed at the request of the undergraduates. He told me that he had written besides a Commentary on ‘*Hosea, Joel and Amos*’ for the S. P. C. K.,—which he had been constrained to abridge mercilessly.

faithfully, lovingly told. Never have I enjoyed the intimacy of a more thoughtful and thoroughly well equipped Divine than he. All knew him as a 'Fellow of Lincoln College, and late Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta,'—a profound Hebraist, a great student of the Bible; but only his personal friends knew what stores of the best knowledge he had at his command, and what an interesting way he had of freely communicating such knowledge to as many as cared to resort to him for help. As 'Grinfield' Lecturer on the Septuagint (1869-70), he was peculiarly delightful and instructive. His favourite method was to track some remarkable word or significant expression through Scripture; and to illustrate, by means of it, many distinct and apparently unconnected places, until they had been severally made to impart and to acquire lustre,—until, in short, they all shone out together like one beautiful constellation.

He was a singularly shy and reserved person,—one, who seldom or never spoke about himself. Only since his death have I ascertained that he was born at Pickering, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, April 8th, 1820,—the son of Thomas and Ann Kay, of Knaresboro',—being the youngest of nine children. Not less than six of his ancestors had been clergymen. He was educated at Giggleswick School, under the Rev. Rowland Ingram,—for whom, throughout life, he cherished a sentiment of "*affectionate reverence*." (The italics are his own.) Leaving the school "in December 1835,—after two years of very great happiness spent there,"—he obtained (March 15th, 1836) an open Scholarship at Lincoln College, being then not quite 16 years of age. (James Fraser, afterwards Fellow of Oriel and Bp. of Manchester, was matriculated on the same day,—aged 17.) Kay graduated in 1839, and in the ensuing year (Oct. 22nd) was elected to the Fellowship vacated by his cousin and namesake, who had been Mathematical Lecturer at Lincoln.¹ In 1849, he left Oxford for India,—where the next 15 laborious years of his life (with only one break) were passed, as Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta. At the 'College Press,' he published several pieces:² one, an exquisite Sermon on '*The influence of Christianity on the position and character of Woman*,'³ which well deserves reproduction. But his most important work published at Calcutta, was his Translation of the Psalms, '*with Notes chiefly Critical and Exegetical*':⁴—subsequently reprinted in an enlarged and improved form.⁵

Returning to England in 1864, Kay again established himself in his old College quarters, to the joy of his friends. I recall with delight the Long Vacation of that year,—(which, because it was my first as Vicar of S. Mary's, I spent mostly at Oriel,)—and the pleasant evening rambles which he and I had together on the hills above Hincksey, when we talked out many a hard problem,—much to my advantage. (He was

¹ W. K. to the Rev. G. Style, Head Master, —Nov. 30, 1885. This gentleman refers me to the '*Giggleswick Chronicle*' (July, 1885, and March, 1886), for several particulars,—derived chiefly from '*The Guardian*.'

² From the Rev. Dr. Merry, Rector of Lincoln College.

³ The first I know of is '*The Promises on Christianity*,' 1854,—which was reprinted at Oxford (Parkers, 1855, pp. 128),—a very in-

teresting production. The next two, I have never seen:—(1) '*Christ the Regenerator of all Nations*,'—(2) '*A Lecture on S. Augustine of Africa*.'

⁴ Calcutta,—1859, pp. 55.—The 'Notes' (especially [1:]) on the '*Song of Solomon*' are very interesting.

⁵ 1864,—pp. 340.

⁶ Rivingtons,—1871, pp. 470.

very fond of that walk.) His chief effort at this time was his '*Crisis Hapfeldiana*' (1865),—a masterly production, in which he fairly pulverized the wretched '*Elohistic*' and '*Jehovistic*' theory, recently revived by Colenso. In 1866 he accepted the Rectory of Great Leghs;—from which period, to some extent, we lost sight of each other. Meanwhile, his application to study was still as intense as ever. He led the life of a recluse. In 1875 appeared his Annotations on Isaiah,—a contribution to the '*Speaker's Commentary*.' I learn further, that in July 1879, several of the Clergy living in the neighbourhood of Chelmsford, having agreed to study the N. T. together, placed themselves under the presidency of Dr. Kay.⁶ They got through the two Epistles of S. Paul to the Corinthians,—finishing their task in October 1885. The spring of the same year had seen the close of the labours of the Old Testament Revisers; in which, since the year 1870, W. K. had taken a prominent part. But he knew too much about the matter to be able to share the sanguine dreams of certain of his colleagues. His own calm estimate of the Revision will probably be acquiesced in by all thoughtful Scholars and Divines:—"A work on which a vast amount of care and attention was lovingly bestowed; so that, although there are not a few changes in it which I disagree with, yet it must, from its very numerous indisputable corrections, *always continue to be valuable as a book of reference.*"⁷ Kay's Annotations on the 1st and 2nd Corinthians have been published since his death, and deserve to be better known.⁸ He left behind him besides, in MS., a Commentary on Genesis,—which he had written at Dr. Pusey's request, and which will be sure to prove very valuable. He sank under an exceedingly painful malady, January 16th, 1886,—a prodigious student to the very end of his days. But, (what is even better worth recording,) from the dawn of reason there had hung about William Kay a peculiar '*halo of piety*,' (to quote the language of his only surviving sister,) which certainly never forsook him until he gave back his pure spirit to GOD. He died unmarried.

The latest taken away of those who made the happiness of my Oxford life was ROBERT GANDELL, who ended his days at Wells, of which Cathedral he was Canon:—but who was chiefly known at Oxford, (where he had passed all his time,) first, as Michel Fellow of Queen's; then, as Tutor of Magdalen Hall and Fellow of Hertford College; but especially as Hebrew Lecturer, and Professor of Syriac and Arabic. I have never known a man who with severe recondite learning combined in a more exquisite degree that peculiar *Theological instinct* without which an English Hebraist is no better than,—in fact is scarcely so good as,—a learned Jew. Gandell's modesty—(it savoured of self-mistrust)—was excessive, so that he published scarcely anything: but the few things he did give to the world were first-rate, and truly precious. His edition

⁶ From the Rev. John Slatter. See below, note (8).

⁷ From the letter to the Rev. G. Style, quoted above.

⁸ They are edited by the Rev. J. Slatter,—Macmillan, 1887, pp. 146.—I only know besides of his, the following:—'*Is the Church of England duly fulfilling her office as a Mis-*

sionary Church?'—An Address delivered at a Conference of Clergy,—Oxford, 1865, pp. 27. '*We have enough to do at home*,'—Speech at the S.P.G., 1867, pp. 3. '*The Church's Unity*,'—a Sermon at the Conference of Clergy held in Queen's Coll., July 6th 1866, pp. 19. He also wrote for the S.P.C.K. a brief Commentary on '*Ezekiel*.'

of Lightfoot's '*Horae Hebraicae*' should be in the hands of every student of the Gospels. He also contributed to the '*Speaker's Commentary*,' 'Introduction, Commentary, and Critical Notes' on Amos, Nahum, and Zephaniah. I only know besides of two separately printed Sermons of his,—both very admirable.⁹ His critical judgment was exquisite: his acquaintance with the details of Hebrew scholarship, thorough; and he possessed in a rare degree the faculty of imparting his knowledge, and making his meaning transparently clear. How delightful too was he whenever he would be at the pains to explain to one a difficulty! I recall with gratitude his indication of the first distinct reference to the mystery of the Trinity,—viz. in Genesis i. 27:—his explanation of 'Mahanaim' (*bina castra*) in Gen. xxxii. 2:—his translation of the 'still small voice' in 1 Kings xix. 12:—the *rationale* he proposed for such expressions as are found in Ps. lxxx. 10: xxxvi. 6; ¹—and his calling my attention to our SAVIOUR'S (*probably elsewhere unrecorded*) saying, in S. James i. 12. But it would be endless to particularize one's obligations. Gandell's remarks on Scripture were always precious,—instinct with piety and beauty,—the result, not so much of acquaintance with learned Commentaries, as of prolonged personal familiarity and frequent meditation over the sacred page. His exposition of the latter part of S. Luke xxiv. 21 was truly exquisite. His unravelment of *how* Enoch 'walked with GOD' (Gen. v. 22) amounted to a revelation.

Grievous it is to think what treasures of precious lore have departed with Robert Gandell. More grievous still is it to call to remembrance how unmindful one showed oneself of the blessing of having him at all times at hand to whom to refer one's difficulties: ever bright and cheery, —and never tired, apparently, of helping one to understand an obscure place of Scripture. He did not live to attain to the appointed span of human life; having been born on the 27th January, 1818,—and gathered hence on the 24th October, 1887. He sleeps beside his sweet wife (Louisa Caroline Pearse) in the beautiful funereal garden of Holy Cross, —hard by what had long been his happy home. He is survived by seven of his children.

This imperfect enumeration of Oxford friends departed, whose lives seemed to me specially deserving of a written memorial, shall not be brought to a close until affectionate mention has been made of CHARLES PORTALÉS GOLIGHTLY,—a man who enjoyed scant appreciation at the hands of his Oxford contemporaries; and who, in a recent biography of note, has been even maligned and ungenerously misrepresented:² but who deserved far other treatment. Undeniable it is that he was one who regarded the Tractarian movement with unmingled suspicion, and its latest developments with downright abhorrence. Will anyone however deny that the inexorable logic of facts proved him, by the result, to have

⁹ '*Jehovah Goalemm: the Lord our Redeemer*,'—preached before the University, March 29th, 1853,—pp. 39. And '*The greater glory of the Second Temple*,'—preached at S. Mary's, March 14th, 1858,—pp. 24.

¹ 'The cedars of God': 'the mountains of God,' &c.

² It must suffice to refer the reader to

Golightly's "*Letter to the Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon* [Dr. Fremantle], containing *Strictures on the Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. ii. [by Mr. Reginald G. Wilberforce,] with special reference to the Cuddesdon College Enquiry, and the pamphlet '*Facts and Documents*'";—Simpkin & Co., 1881,—pp. 99.

been not very far from right? Wilberforce himself, in 1873, denounced the final outcome of the later Tractarianism far more fiercely³ than Golightly had denounced its initiatory stages, 16 years earlier. And, when such an one as Charles Marriott, in 1845, could complain of "the now *almost prevailing tide of secession*" to Rome,⁴—is Golightly to be blamed for having taken alarm at the fatal set of the current in 1841? But it is not my purpose here to renew a discussion concerning which I have been constrained to say so much elsewhere. All that I am bent on asserting in this place, is, that Golightly was one of the most interesting characters in the University of Oxford: was a most faithfully attached and dutiful son of the Church of England: was supremely earnest for her uncorruptness in doctrine,—supremely jealous of any assimilation of her Ritual practices to those of Rome. No one will deny that in Oxford he pursued a consistent course of unobtrusive piety and disinterested goodness,—through half a century of years of fiery trial and even fierce antagonism.

He had the reputation of belonging to a school of religious thought greatly opposed to that which I had myself early learned to revere and admire. But when, much later on in life, I came to know Golightly somewhat intimately, I found that practically there was very little,—if any,—difference between us. He was of the school of Hooker,—a churchman of the genuine Anglican type. I had heard him spoken of as narrow and bigoted. I will but say that, when I left Oxford, he was every bit as fond of the society of Edward King, (the present Bishop of Lincoln), as he was of that of Mr. Christopher.—He was denounced by some as harsh and bitter. Opportunities enough he had for the display of such a temperament in my society, had he been so minded; but I never heard him speak cruelly, or even unkindly, of anybody. Nor have I ever known a man who more ached for confidence, sympathy, kindness; or was more sincere and faithful to his friends. Earnest practical piety had been all his life his prevailing characteristic. The Rev. T. Mozley, (who is not promiscuous in his bestowal of praise,) "acknowledges the greatest of obligations" to him. "Golightly" (he says,) "was the first human being to talk to me, directly and plainly, for my soul's good; and *that* is a debt that no time, no distance, no vicissitudes, no differences, can efface; no, not eternity itself."⁵ On which, Dean Goulburn remarks,—"*But this was what Golightly was always doing; and, for the sake of doing which, he cultivated the acquaintance of all undergraduates who were introduced to him; showed them no end of kindness, walked with them, talked with them, took them with him for a Sunday excursion to his little parish of Toot Baldon.*"⁶

Blest with ample means, he made it his delight to relieve some disabled Clergyman by taking upon himself, for a prolonged period, the other's parochial responsibilities. He delighted in teaching in the village School; and certainly he had the art of making his ministrations popular in the Parish Church. The children were required to commit to memory certain

³ The reader is invited to refer (above) to pp. 267-72.

⁴ See p. 165.

⁵ *Reminiscences of Oriel College and the*

Oxford Movement,—ii. 109.

⁶ *Reminiscences of C. P. Golightly*,—a Letter, &c., 1886,—pp. 36: a very interesting and original sketch, of which, see p. 33.

pithy proverbial sayings which had the merit of wrapping up Divine wisdom in small and attractive parcels. "Is *that* one of your boys?" (asked a lady with whom he was taking a drive near Oxford,—pointing to a lad who passed them.) "I'll tell you in a moment." 'Come here, my boy.' The boy approached the carriage. Golightly, (leaning earnestly forward),—'*Rather die?*' . . . '*Than tell a lie,*' was the instantaneous rejoinder. "Yes," (turning to his companion): "*it is* one of my boys." . . . The older sort he 'caught with guile.' His plan was to announce from the pulpit, on a Sunday afternoon, what next Sunday afternoon the sermon would be about. Of course he made a judicious selection of subjects,—e.g. Noah in the Ark,—Jonah in the whale's belly,—Daniel in the lions' den, and so on. The Church used to be thronged to suffocation; and Golightly, on emerging from the vestry in his 'M.A.' gown, was devoured by the eyes of the expectant rustics; some of them, by a slight confusion of ideas, seeming to suppose that it was Noah himself,—Daniel or Jonah, as the case might be,—who had come back in order to relate his experiences.

He was every way a character, and a most interesting one: his table-talk so fresh and entertaining;—his remarks so quaint;—his habits so original. Discovering that his house in Holywell (No. 6) occupied the site of an ancient tavern which had rejoiced in the sign of the '*Cardinal's Cap*,'—he introduced that object unobtrusively over his street-door.—He entertained at breakfast every morning, at least 50 jackdaws from Magdalen Grove. It was quite an institution. (He walked round his little lawn, whistled, and flung down a plateful of bread cut into small cubes. Then retired. The air suddenly grew dark, and almost as suddenly the meal was over,—every jackdaw having appropriated his own morsel.)—He had a delightful garden, and cultivated the finest grapes in Oxford,—*for the benefit of the sick poor*. The Clergy of the city had but to communicate with his gardener, and their parochial wants were supplied at once. He was a great reader, and had always something instructive as well as diverting to tell you as the result of his recent studies. Large-hearted and open-handed too he was, when a real case was brought before him. Thus, at Abp. Tait's recommendation, he contributed 1000*l.* to the fund for founding the Southwell bishopric.—His remarks on Scripture were original and excellent. Sometimes they were exceedingly striking. We were talking about the character and sayings of Jacob,—so full of human pathos. "Come now," (said I,) "tell me *which* you consider the *most* human of all his utterances." Instantly,—in a deep tone of mournful reproach which quite startled me,—he exclaimed, "Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye *had* yet a brother?"

He read the Bible *devotionally*,—regarding it as GOD'S message to his individual soul. His piety was very sincere,—very fervent. Never can I forget the passionate fit of weeping into which he burst on my telling him that I had accepted the offer of this Deanery. He considered my continued residence in Oxford important for the cause which was nearest to his heart,—as it was (and is) to mine. Had his remonstrance and entreaty come earlier, I believe I must have remained in Oxford. His earnestness affected me greatly, and comes back to me again and again.

I will supply only one omission in what precedes, and then make an end. Charles Portalés was the second son of William Golightly, esq. and Frances Dodd,—whose mother, Adelgunda, was the granddaughter of M. Charles de Portalés,—a distinguished member of an ancient and honourable Huguenot family. He was educated at Eton and at Oriel: was born May 23rd, 1807, and departed on Christmas Day 1885. He sleeps—where I shall soon myself be sleeping—in Holywell cemetery; and is assuredly “*in peace.*”

It only remains to be stated that the Memoirs which now at last I have the satisfaction of placing in your hands,—besides occasioning me a prodigious amount of labour,—have exacted of me an expenditure of time for which I was wholly unprepared when I undertook them. I shall regret neither the one nor the other if the object I have had in view throughout may but be attained. *That* object has been not so much to preserve the names of certain ‘*Good Men*’ from oblivion, as to provoke those who shall come after us to the imitation of whatever there was of noble, or of lovely, or of good report in their beautiful ‘*Lives.*’

Forgive this long Dedicatory Preface,—which however I could not make shorter. I take leave of you in thought in Holywell. We part at our dear Golightly’s door.

You know, my dearest Livingstone, that I am ever, your very affectionate friend,

JOHN W. BURGON.

DEANERY, CHICHESTER,

Holy Week, A.D. 1888.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR TO THE FIRST EDITION.

WHILE these sheets are yet in the printer's hands, the following eloquent tribute, (and true as eloquent,) in a newly published Biography meets my eye ; and may well occupy the present vacant page. I have often tried to say the same kind of thing of SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, but seem never to have said it half as well.

" And here we must take occasion to note the very deep debt of gratitude which Dr. Wordsworth, in common with many others, owed to the influence and example of the Bishop of Oxford at that time. No one who recalls those days will ever forget the magical effect of his presence,—like the coming of spring to a winter landscape,—in the little nooks and corners of that agricultural county: his thrilling Confirmation addresses: his cordial appreciation of what was done by others: the brilliant wit of his conversation: the inimitable tones of his wonderfully-modulated voice; and the fascination of his look and manner.

" How much of the poetry, life, and enthusiasm of Church work is due to Bishop Wilberforce! how much also of its organization and practical development! And it was a happy thing for the future Bishop of an agricultural diocese, like Lincoln, that his work at Stanford-in-the-Vale [1850-1868] brought him not only into contact with a poor and neglected country population, but with that kindling and stimulating spirit, so far in advance of his age in his conception of the duties of an English Bishop, and so marvellously endowed with the power of carrying those conceptions out in active life."—Life of "CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, BISHOP OF LINCOLN,"—pp. 142-3.

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. Martin Joseph Routh.

(1). MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH:

THE LEARNED DIVINE.

[A. D. 1755—1854.]

*Who was 'reserved to report to a forgetful generation what was the Theology of their fathers.'*¹

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years have run their course since the grave closed over a venerable member of the University of Oxford, who, more than any other person within academic memory, formed a connecting link between the Present and the Past. In a place of such perpetual flux as Oxford, the stationary figures attract unusual attention. When a man has been seen to go in and out the same college-portal for thirty or forty years he gets reckoned as much a part of the place as the dome of the Radcliffe, or the spire of St. Mary's. But here was one who had presided over a famous college long enough to admit 183 fellows, 234 demies, 162 choristers. The interval which his single memory bridged over seemed fabulous. He was personally familiar with names which to every one else seemed to belong to history. William Penn's grandson had been his intimate friend. A contemporary of Addison (Dr. Theophilus Leigh, Master of Balliol from 1726 to 1785,) had pointed out to him the situation of Addison's rooms, and narrated his personal recollections of the author of the 'Spectator' while a resident fellow of Magdalen. Dr. Routh had seen Dr. Johnson, in his brown wig, scrambling up the steps of University College. A lady told him that her mother remembered seeing King Charles II walking with his dogs round "the Parks"² at Oxford (when the Parliament was held there during the plague in London); and, at the approach of the Heads of Houses, who tried to fall in with him, "dodging" by the cross path to the other side. (His Majesty's dogs, by the way, were highly offensive to the Heads.) It seemed no exaggeration when, in the dedication of his Lectures on '*The Prophetical Office of the Church*,' published in 1837, Mr. Newman described 'Martin Joseph Routh, D.D., President of Magdalen College,' as one who had been 'reserved to report to a forgetful generation what

¹ Newman's dedication of his '*Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church*,' (1837),—"inscribed, with a respectful sense of his eminent services to the Church, and with the prayer that what he witnesses to others may be his own support and protection in the day of account."

² Many inhabitants of Oxford there must already be who will require to be informed

that, forty years ago, 'the Parks' was the familiar designation of the locality at present covered by the 'New Museum.' A broad raised gravel walk, enclosing a ploughed field,—(a parallelogram it was, of considerable size),—afforded a capital refuge for pedestrians who had no other object but to enjoy for a brief space a dry healthy walk in the immediate vicinity of the Colleges.

was the Theology of their fathers.' He was every way a marvel. Spared to fulfil a century of years of honourable life, he enjoyed the use of his remarkable faculties to the very last. His memory was unimpaired; his 'eye was not dim.' More than that, he retained unabated till his death his relish for those studies of which he had announced the first-fruits for publication in 1788. Was there ever before an instance of an author whose earliest and whose latest works were 70 years apart? The sentiment of profound reverence with which he was regarded was not unmixed with wonder. He had become an historical personage long before he departed from the scene. When at last it became known that he had gone the way of all flesh, it was felt that with the President of Magdalen College had vanished such an amount of *tradition* as had probably never been centred in any single member of the University before.

No detailed memoir of this remarkable man has been attempted, and such a work is no longer likely to appear—which is a matter for regret. Twenty years hence, it will be no longer *possible* to produce any memoir of him at all: and the question we have ourselves often complainingly asked concerning other ancient worthies, will be repeated concerning Dr. Routh:—Why did no one give us at least an outline of his history, describe his person, preserve a few specimens of his talk,—in short, leave us a sketch? Antiquarian Biography is at once the most laborious and the most unreadable kind of writing. Bristling with dates, it never for an instant exhibits *the man*. We would exchange all our 'Lives' of Shakspeare for such an account of him as almost any of his friends could have furnished in a single evening. Ben Jonson's incidental notice of his conversation is our one actual glimpse of the poet *in society*.³ In like manner, Dr. John Byrom's description of a scene at which Bishop Butler was present, is the only *personal* acquaintance we enjoy with the great philosophic Divine of the last century.⁴ Suggestive and precious in a high degree as these two notices are, they are unsatisfactory only because they are so exceedingly brief. And this shall suffice in the way of apology for what follows.

In the district of Holderness, not far from Beverley, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, is a village which early in the twelfth century gave its name to the knightly family of Routhe or De Ruda, lords of the manor in 1192.⁵ A cross-legged warrior in Routh Church is supposed to represent Sir John de Routhe, who joined the Crusades in 1319. A brass within the chancel certainly commemorates his namesake who died in 1557, ('*strenuus vir Johannes Routh de Routh chevalier, et nobilis conthoralis ejus Domina Agnes*'). The president's immediate ancestors resided at Thorpefield, a hamlet of Thirsk, where his grandfather was born.⁶ Peter Routh [1726-1802] a man of piety and learning,—(educated at Caius College, Cambridge, and instituted in 1753 to the consolidated rectories of St. Peter and St. Margaret, South Elmham, Suffolk, which he held

³ In his '*Discoveries*.'

⁴ Byrom's '*Journal*,'—vol. ii. P. I. pp. 96-9.

⁵ The manor of Routh continued in the Routh family for 400 years, viz. till 1584, when there was a failure of direct male issue.

⁶ "My father's birthplace was, as you suppose, at Thorpefield, a hamlet of Thirsk.

Routh is a village more in the neighbourhood of York . . . As to the coats-of-arms, none was distinguished for place. But Routh of Leicester, 3 peacocks."—(Peter Routh to his son, Sept. 6, 1789.)—The arms of Routh (of Routh) first appear in 1280,—with some variety.

till his death,)—became the father of thirteen children (six sons and seven daughters), of whom the subject of this memoir was the eldest. 'I was born' (he says of himself) 'at St. Margaret's, South Elmham, in Suffolk, September 18th, 1755.'⁷ Strange to relate, although throughout the eighteenth century he kept his birthday on the 18th, he ever after kept it *on the nineteenth* day of September. Like many others who have attained to longevity, he was sickly as a child. 'When I was young I had a delicate stomach, and my mother had great difficulty in rearing me.' So, during his declining years, he often told his nephew.

Martin Joseph was named after his great-uncles and godfathers, the Rev. Martin Baylie, D.D., of Wicklewood, in Norfolk (his mother's maternal uncle), and the Rev. Joseph Bokenham, M.A., the learned and witty Rector of Stoke Ash, who stood to him in the same relation on his father's side. Like the rest of his brothers and sisters, he was baptised immediately after his birth.⁸ His mother (Mary, daughter of Mr. Robert Reynolds of Harleston) was the granddaughter of Mr. Christopher Baylie, of the same place, descended from Dr. Richard Baylie, President of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1660, who married a niece of Archbishop Laud. Her first cousin and namesake died in giving birth to Richard Heber, who represented the University of Oxford in Parliament from 1821 to 1826.

When elected to the headship of his college in 1791, it appears from some memoranda in his hand (written on the back of a letter of congratulation), that the event set him on recalling the dates of the chief incidents in his thirty-six previous years of life. The second entry is:—'1758. Removed to Beccles.' So that Peter Routh transferred his family thither when Martin was but three years old; and at Beccles, eight out of the nine brothers and sisters born subsequently to 1758 were baptised. The reason of this change of residence is found to have been that Peter Routh then succeeded to a private school kept at Beccles by the Rev. John Lodington. He also held the rectory for 'old Bence' (as the Rev. Bence Sparrow was familiarly called) from 1764 to 1774. But in 1770 he was appointed to the Mastership of the Fauconberge grammar-school at Beccles,—which he continued to hold till 1794.⁹ At Beccles, in consequence, Martin Joseph spent all his studious boyhood, being educated by his learned father until he was nearly fifteen years of age (1770), when he went up to Oxford; and became (31st of May) a commoner of Queens' College: ¹ the Provost at that time being Dr. Thomas Fothergill, who in 1773-4 was Vice-Chancellor.

Oxford a hundred and seventeen years ago! What a very different place it must have been! The boy of fifteen, weary of his long journey by execrable roads rendered perilous by highwaymen, at last to his delight catches sight of Magdalen tower, and is convinced that he has indeed reached Oxford. It is May, and all is beautiful. He comes

⁷ The President's accuracy in this matter having been questioned, it becomes necessary to state that the date of *his birth* (Sept. 18), as well as of *his baptism* (Sept. 21, 1755), is recorded in the Parish Register of St. Margaret's, South Elmham. (From the Rev. E. A. Holmes, Rector of Harleston,—of which South Elmham is a *district*.)

⁸ One of Peter Routh's children was baptised on the fifth day; two on the fourth; four

(Martin being of the number) on the third day; one on the second day; three on the *first day after birth*.

⁹ On this entire subject, see Rix's '*Fauconberge Memorial*,'—(a privately printed 4to), 1849, pp. 29, 30, 36-8. Concerning the initial letter of p. 25, see p. 36, note 3.

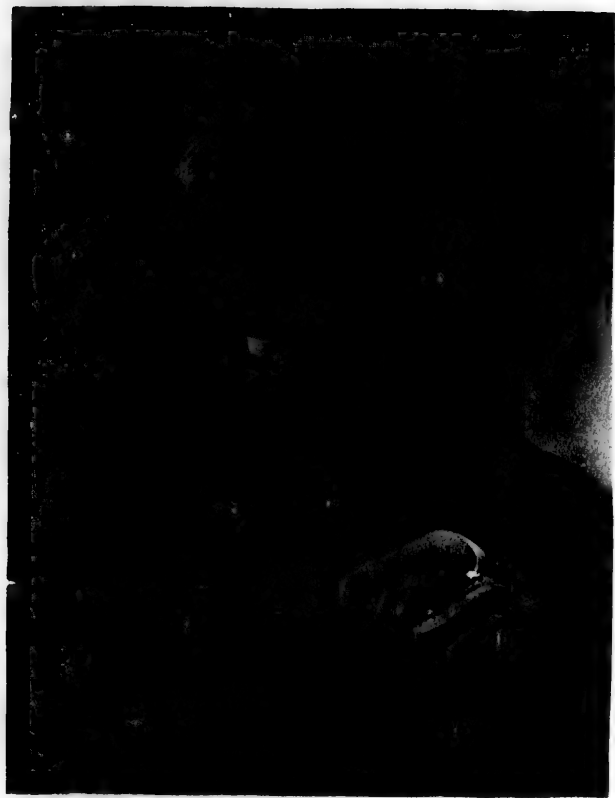
¹ "1770. Martin Joseph Routh, Com'. May 31.—From the *Entrance Book of Queens' College*.

rolling over *old* Magdalen Bridge (a crazy structure which fell down in 1772); looks up with awe as he enters the city by the ancient gate which spans the High Street ("East-gate" demolished in 1771), and finally alights from the 'flying machine' (as the stage-coach of those days was called) 'at John Kemp's over against Queens' College,' *i. e.* at the Angel tavern,—where coffee was first tasted in Oxford in 1650. . . . President Routh could never effectually disentangle himself from the memory of the days when he first made acquaintance with Oxford,—the days when he used to receive such parental admonitions as the following :—"Only do not think of entering the *Yarmouth machine* without moonlight,—the dark nights having produced more than one overthrow."² 'Sir,' (complained one of the tutors in 1850, or thereabouts, addressing him) : 'Mr. Such-an-one has only just made his appearance in college,'—(he came out of Suffolk, and a fortnight of the October term had elapsed),—"I suppose you will send him down?" 'Ah, sir,' said the old man thoughtfully, 'the roads in Suffolk—the roads, sir—are very bad at this time of the year.' 'But, Mr. President, he didn't *come* by the road!' 'The roads, sir' (catching at the last word), 'the roads, in winter, I do assure you, sir, are very bad for travelling.' 'But he *didn't* come by the road, sir, he came *by rail*!' 'Eh, sir? The—*what* did you say? I don't know anything about *that*!' waving his hand as if the tutor had been talking to him of some contrivance for locomotion practised in the moon.³

To return to the Oxford of May 1770, and to the Routh of fifteen. When he sallied forth next day to reconnoitre the place of his future abode, he beheld tenements of a far more picturesque type than—except in a few rare instances—now meet the eye. In front of those projecting, grotesque and irregular houses there was as yet no foot-pavement: the only specimen of that convenience being before St. Mary's Church. The streets were paved with small pebbles; a depressed gutter in the middle of each serving to collect the rain. At the western extremity of High Street rose Otho Nicholson's famous conduit (removed to Nuneham in 1787), surmounted by figures of David and Alexander the great, Godfrey of Boulogne and King Arthur, Charlemagne and James I, Hector of Troy and Julius Cæsar. Behind it, a vastly different Carfax Church from the present came to view, where curfew rang every night at 8 o'clock, and two giants struck the hours on a bell. Passengers up Corn-market on reaching the tower of St. Michael's Church as they glided through the ancient city gate called 'Bocardo'—once the prison of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and till 1771 a place of confinement for debtors—were solicited to deposit a dole in the hat let down by a string from the window overhead. As yet neither the Radcliffe Infirmary nor the Observatory was built. The way to Worcester College lay through a network of narrow passages, and was pronounced undiscoverable. St. Giles's, on the other hand, was deemed a '*rus in urbe*, having all the advantages of town and country—planted with a row of elms on either side, and having a parterre of green before the several houses.' 'Canditch' was seriously encroached upon by a terrace in front of Balliol College, shaded by lofty elms and resembling that before St. John's. The unwonted breadth

² Beccles,—Nov. 27, 1783.

³ From the late President Bulley.



Charles Longuet Higgins.



acquired for the street, when this excrescence was at last removed, procured that its old appellation disappeared in favour of 'Broad Street.' A double row of posts—where boys played leap-frog—marked the northern limit of St. Mary's churchyard. The Radcliffe Library was a rotunda without railings. Hart Hall (which had come to be called 'Hertford College,' and which recovered its ancient title yesterday after its disuse for fifty years) had no street front; and where 'Canterbury quad' now stands there were yet to be seen traces of the ancient college of which Wickliffe is said to have been Warden, and Sir Thomas More a member. St. Peter's vicarage still occupied the north-east angle of St. Peter's churchyard,—where its site is (or till lately was) commemorated by an inscription from the President's pen.⁴ It was but fifteen years since, on St. John Baptist's day, the last sermon had been preached in the open air from the stone pulpit in front of Magdalen College chapel: the Vice-Chancellor, proctors, and masters occupying seats in the quadrangle,—which "was furnished round the sides with a large fence of green boughs, that the preaching *might more nearly resemble that of John the Baptist in the wilderness*. And a pleasant sight it was," adds Jones of Nayland who witnessed the spectacle. The ground on the same occasion was "covered with green rushes and grass."⁵ The preacher was Dr. Horne.

The University life of 1770 presented even a greater contrast. The undergraduates rose early, but spent their days in idleness. Practically, the colleges were without discipline. Tutors gave no lectures. It is difficult to divine how a studiously-disposed youth was to learn anything. 'I should like to read some Greek,' said John Miller of Worcester to his tutor, some thirty years later. 'Well, and what do you want to read?' 'Some Sophocles.' 'Then come to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.' He went, and read a hundred lines: but could never again effect an entrance. This state of things was effectually remedied by the Examination statute and by the publication of the Class-list; but neither came into effect till the year 1801. The dinner-hour was 2; and for an hour previous, impatient shouts of 'Tonsor! tonsor!' were to be heard from every casement. The study, or inner-room, was reserved for the 'powdering.' Blue coats studded with bright buttons, shorts and buckles, were the established costume. A passage from Scripture was still read during dinner,—the last lingering trace of the ancient practice, enjoined till yesterday by statute, of having the Bible read during meals. At 8, all supped on broiled bones and beer. There was not to be seen, till long after, a carpet in a single Oxford common-room. What need to add that undergraduates were without carpets? "Every academic of any fashion resorted to the coffee-house during the afternoon."⁶ The 'dons' frequented some adjoining tavern or coffee-house. Mr. James Wyatt's premises in High Street (known at that time as 'Tom's coffee-house'), were the favourite resort of seniors and juniors alike. The undergraduates

⁴ It ran as follows:—*Olim in hoc angulo sito est Vicariorum hujus Ecclesiae Domus Parochialis, quae, cum vetustate collapsa esset, auctoritate Episcopali remota est, A.D. MDCCCV: ut locus, hortulusque ei contiguus, Cosmeterio adderentur.*

⁵ Jones' 'Life of Horne,' prefixed to his

'Works,' vol. i. p. 117. Pointer's '*Oxoniensis Academia*,' 1749, p. 66,—quoted by Perhall, *ad fin.* p. 31.

⁶ Bliss, note to the *Life of Wood*, prefixed to the Eccl. Hist. Society's Ed. of the *Ath. Oxon.*, 8vo., 1848,—i. p. 48.

drank and smoked in the front room below, as well as in the large room overhead which looks down on the street. The older men, the choice spirits of the University, formed themselves into a club which met in a small inner apartment on the ground floor (remembered as 'the House of Lords'), where *they* also regaled themselves with pipes, beer and wine. The ballot boxes of the club are preserved, and the ancient Chippendale chairs (thanks to the taste of their recent owner) were, until 1882, to be still seen standing against the walls. It is related concerning Queens' and Magdalen, that they "used to frequent 'Harper's,'—the corner house of the lane leading to Edmund Hall."⁶ Drunkenness was unquestionably at that time prevalent in Oxford. Irreligion reigned; not unrebuked, indeed, yet not frowned down, either. It would be only too easy to produce anecdotes in illustration of both statements. Should it not be remembered, when such discreditable details are brought before our notice, that our Universities perforce at all times reflect the manners and spirit of the age; and that it is unreasonable to isolate the *Oxford* of 1770 from the *England* of the same period? The latter part of the eighteenth century was a coarse time everywhere; and the low standard which prevailed in Church matters outside the University is but too notorious. Only because her lofty traditions and rare opportunities set her on a pinnacle apart, does the Oxford of the period referred to occasion astonishment and displeasure.

We are about to show, on the other hand, that the spirit of Oxford in her palmiest days was by no means extinct during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. And I take upon myself to suggest, that he would be rendering good service to the cause of truth who would be at the pains to convince a conceited and forgetful generation that '*vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi*': that classical scholarship and sacred Science were cultivated at our Universities with distinguished success in the worst of times; and that it is a heartless misstatement to represent the unfaithfulness of the period following the date of Bp. Butler's memorable 'Advertisement' as universal,—a calumnious falsehood to blacken the English clergy of more than a hundred years with indiscriminate censure.

Such however as I have been describing was the state of things when young Routh became a commoner of Queens'. Jacobite sentiments he found universally prevalent, and he espoused them the more readily because they fell in with the traditions of his family. It will be remembered that when he became a demy of Magdalen only 28 years had elapsed since the death of President Hough,—who had been deprived and ejected in 1687, and again restored in 1688.⁷ He was remarkable even as a boy. 'I like that little fellow in blue stockings,' said the second Earl Temple (afterwards Marquis of Buckingham), with whom Routh used to argue, when he met him in a friend's rooms. ('I suppose,' remarked the President at the end of eighty years, '*they* [i.e. the blue stockings] weren't very tasty.') But the topic of the hour was the Act of Parliament which had been just obtained for the improvement of the city,—an Act which in a few years effectually transformed ancient into modern Oxford. Meanwhile Dr. George Horn and Dr. Thomas Randolph

⁶ See note 6 on preceding page.

⁷ He died Bishop of Worcester in 1743.

were pointed out as the most conspicuous divines in the University : Dr. Kennicott as the most famous Hebraist : Tom Warton as the most brilliant wit. In the very next year young Routh migrated from Queens' to Magdalen. The record survives in his own writing :—' 1771, July 24th. I was elected a Demy of Magdalen, on the nomination of the President, Dr. Horne.' And now he came under improved influences—the best, it may be suspected, which the University had at that time to offer. Dr. Benjamin Wheeler, Regius Professor of Divinity in 1776, was a fellow of the college, ('my learned friend, Dr. Wheeler,' as Dr. Johnson calls him;) and Dr. John Burrough was his tutor. Especially is it to be considered that young Routh now lived under the eye of Dr. Horne, who had been elected to the Presidentship in January 1768, and was still engaged on his Commentary on the Psalms. It is impossible to avoid suspecting that the character and the pursuits of this admirable person materially tended to confirm in Martin Joseph Routh that taste for sacred learning which was destined afterwards to bear such memorable fruits. He listened to Horne's sermons in the College chapel and at St. Mary's, and must have been delighted with them : while, at the President's lodgings, he met whoever at that time was most distinguished in or out of the University for learning, ability, or goodness.

The youth (for we are speaking of a boy of sixteen) had already established the practice of returning to Beccles once a year, and spending some part of the summer vacation under his parents' roof. This annual visit went on till 1792. On such occasions it is remembered that he sometimes 'acted as the assistant or substitute of his father in the school-room, where his presence was always welcomed by the pupils, on account of his urbane manner and the happy ease with which he communicated information.'⁶ To this period belongs the following letter from the Rev. Peter Routh to his son :—

'Dear Martin,—As you are so desirous of a letter immediately, and have fixed no longer term than as soon as it is possible for you to receive one, not to disappoint you in your expectation, I write this evening. . . . Your surplice, I hope, is not so different from the generality as you seem to describe it, it being cut to the best pattern here ; and others which are brought out of the country I should think must vary enough not to leave you singular.

'As to your studies, you may probably have better directions than I can give you. But in general you may remember what I said of the expediency of allotting the time from chapel to lectures not ordinarily to breakfasting in company, but to the severer kinds of study, in which, if you are not otherwise directed, as a Cambridge scholar I must recommend Locke's "Essay" to be seriously and repeatedly read and epitomized, but not without Dr. Watts's "Philosophical Essays," to guard against some ill prejudices apt to be contracted from the former. The next division of time that you can with most constancy engage to study in, I would have appropriated to Latin and Greek, with a full proportion of the latter, because you are like to be but little furthered in it by the college exercises. English reading of all sorts but what I mentioned under the first article, I used myself, when at the University, to reserve for such evenings as I spent alone.

'Of your moral conduct and religious principles I have no reason to form any such apprehensions as would make me uneasy, but persuade myself that, young as you are, they are too well guarded for people exceptionable in either, how much soever your seniors or superiors, to pervert or unsettle you, even though you should meet with any such among your acquaintance. It may not, however, be amiss to repeat the same caution you have often had from me—that your constitution and

⁶ *Fauconberg Memorial* (already quoted), p. 37.

your years will require more than ordinary precaution in the article of good fellowship, which in your present college you seem to have it much at your discretion to observe or to neglect. Love from all here.

‘Beccles, Oct. 9, 1771.’

‘Your affectionate father,

‘PETER ROUTH.’

In 1774 (February 5th) Martin took his B.A. degree: and it was intended that he should at once ‘go down.’ The interval before he could be ordained was to have been passed at Beccles. His father had a large family to provide for: two children had been born to him since Martin had gone up to Oxford in 1770; and the expenses of an University education already pressed somewhat heavily on the domestic exchequer.

‘I hope by this time you have passed the pig-market,’ writes the anxious parent (Feb. 4th, 1774), indulging in an allusion which will be intelligible at least to Oxford men. Then follow directions as to what the son was to do with his effects before his departure:—

‘This I mention’ (proceeds the writer), ‘on the supposition of your not having a very near prospect of returning to college, which must be the case unless somewhat approaching to a maintenance could be contrived for you there; since, as you must be aware, your education hitherto has been full as much as my circumstances will allow of. The particulars now occurring for the refreshment of your memory are all your cloaths, linen, sheets, and table-linen, spoons, and such books as you think may be useful, if Wormall should become your pupil, in the use of the globes and a smattering of astronomy. . . . Whether you will have heard the bad news from London, I cannot tell; but by a letter from Kelsale on Wednesday, we are informed of the death of Mrs. Heber, who was brought to bed of a son, heir to an entailed estate of 1500*l.* per annum, on old Christmas Day.’

The father’s wish was that, as Martin was to take Cambridge on his way to Beccles, he might have the advantage of making the acquaintance of Dr. Smith, Master of Gonville and Caius College,—his own former Head. He therefore furnished the young man with a letter of introduction; “indulging the partiality of a father in thinking that the Master might find some amusement in even *his* accounts of their sister University.” . . . To Martin himself, the father writes:—

“When at Cambridge, do not neglect my proper commendations to all in due order: and I dare say you will be attentive to their academical customs, and such of the public Exercises as your stay there shall give you opportunities of hearing, even more than to a comparison of the Buildings, &c. with those at Oxford. I recollect nothing more that is of importance at present, besides putting you in mind to write before you leave Oxford, and give us a detail of your intended route, and the time of beginning it.”

The election of Martin Joseph Routh to a fellowship at Magdalen (July 25th, 1775) determined his subsequent career. He was now 20 years of age, and must have henceforth enjoyed the privilege of frequent intercourse with his chief,—the admirable Dr. George Horne, who was President of the college until 1791. He undertook pupils,—one of whom (Edward South Thurlow⁹) was a nephew of the Lord Chancellor and of the Bishop of Lincoln. Granville Penn [1761–1844], grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania, was afterwards another of his pupils.¹ This gentleman (whose name will come before us again by and by) became famous as an author, chiefly on subjects connected with Divinity, and is styled by Routh,—‘*vir nobilis, idemque in primis ornatus et litteratus*,’²

⁹ Eldest son of John Thurlow, of Norwich, esq.,—matriculated as G. C. 9 Oct. 1781, aged 17.

¹ See pp. 24–25.

² *Opuscula*,—i. 93.

in connexion with his "Critical Revision of the text and translation of the N. T." And now Routh wholly gave himself up to study. He was ordained deacon at Park Street chapel, Grosvenor Square, by Dr. Philip Yonge, bishop of Norwich, Dec. 21st, 1777. He had already proceeded M.A. in 1776 (Oct. 23rd): was appointed college Librarian in 1781; and in 1784 and 1785, junior Dean of Arts, enjoying the satisfaction in the latter year of seeing his brother (Samuel) admitted Demy. He had already been elected Proctor,³ in which capacity he was present at an entertainment given to George III, who, with Queen Charlotte, visited the University about this time. The first symptoms of the King's subsequent malady had not yet appeared: but Routh, in describing the scene, while he did full justice to the intelligence and activity which marked the King's face and conversation (he sat opposite to him), dwelt on the restlessness of his eye and manner,—which was afterwards but too easily explained.

In these days,—when College tutors avail themselves of the Easter Vacation to "explore Palestine from Hebron to Damascus, besides paying a visit to Alexandria, Cairo and the Pyramids,"—the following recital of an unsuccessful attempt made about a hundred years ago "to see France, and if possible to reach Paris," sounds fabulous. The exact date of the incident cannot now be recovered, but it appears to have been about 1775. And "I believe" (says my accomplished informant⁴) "I can give you the exact words as they were spoken to me on the occasion of my first visit to Dr. and Mrs. Routh, towards the end of the year 1845:—"

"I had resided in Paris during the previous five years, and I suppose the President thought that a conversation about that capital would interest me more than any other topic. He talked of the *église S. Roch*,—and of *Notre Dame* with its two towers,—and the view which might be seen from them;—particularly asking me about the new bridge across the *Seine*, close to the *Tuileries*, which he thought must be seen from one of those towers. I believed that no one who had not *seen* Paris could know so much about it; and inquired of Dr. Routh how many years had elapsed since he was last there? He replied in the following words:—

"A great many years ago, Madam, when I was a student, I and two of my companions determined to see France. I bought myself a pair of new shoes, and we walked,—yes, Madam, we walked,—to Bristol; intending to find a ship which would take us across the channel, and to proceed on foot to see as much as we could of France, and if possible to reach Paris.

"But when we got to Bristol, I resolved" (with a determined movement of the head)—"to go no further; for *the new leather*, Madam, *had so drawn my feet*, I could scarcely walk. So I returned to Oxford to read about France in books."

Later in life, Routh's desire to travel revived. In April 1788, he planned a visit to some of the continental libraries in order to collate MSS. His father was averse from this scheme. He was himself unacquainted with modern languages; so, after an interview with the gentleman who was to have acted as his interpreter, which proved the reverse of encouraging, he abandoned his project for ever. One would have thought that his intimacy with so considerable and so interesting a traveller as Dr. Richard Chandler [1738–1810], who was a fellow of his own society, would have proved his successful incitement to foreign travel at all hazards.

³ 1784, April. I was elected Senior Proctor of the University in my twenty-ninth year.—MS. note.

⁴ Mrs. Sarah Routh, wife of the President's

nephew (Robert Alfred), in compliance with my request that she would give me the story in writing. (Amport, July 15th, 1880.)

It was the belief of the President's widow, on being interrogated concerning what she knew or had heard of the remote past, that when 'her dear man' first went to Oxford, he interchanged letters with his father weekly. The impression may have resulted from the very active correspondence which certainly went on as long as life lasted between Peter Routh at Beccles and his son at Magdalen. Only a few of the father's letters yet exist; but they betoken a good and thoughtful person: grave, yet always cheerful; affectionate, and with an occasional dash of quiet humour. Between the two there evidently prevailed entire unity of sentiment. Peter Routh keeps 'Martin' informed of what is passing in his neighbourhood: tells him the rumours which from time to time reach remote Suffolk; and relieves his parental anxiety by communicating the concerns of their own immediate circle. The son, in return, chronicles his pursuits and occupations, which are, in fact, *his studies*; and until long after he is thirty years of age—throughout his father's life, in short—submits his compositions as deferentially to his judgment as when he was a boy of fifteen. 'I do not recollect' (he wrote in 1791, with reference to his dedication of the 'Reliquiae' to the Bishops of the Scottish Church) 'that I was indebted for any alteration of the original dedication I sent my father, except in two instances. I adopted the words *non nisi precarium*, and the fine sentence, *et ipsi emineatis in principibus Judae*.'

In another place, Routh commemorates with evident pleasure his father's correction of the Latin rendering by Turrianus of a passage in a certain decree of the Council of Antioch. "Utroque loco" (he says) "vocem, &c. cum voce &c. conjungendam esse vidit pater meus reverendus, *ὁ δὲ ἐν εἰρήνῃ*, quem consului, et in exponendis verbis secutus sum."

It was with reference to the speech which, in pursuance of ancient custom, Martin had to deliver at the expiration of his Proctorship, that his father sent him the following shrewd remarks (April 3rd, 1786) on writing a speech for delivery:—

'In regard to the part of your speech transcribed in your last, I have to remark that, upon revising it, you must pay a particular attention to your own manner of speaking, and how the periods run off your own tongue; and that probably, where you find an obstruction, it will arise from the feet not being sufficiently varied, or the same endings or cases following close upon each other. A little change, I think, would improve a clause which struck me for the last reason, viz. "*Si animos ex desidi improbaque muneris mei executione graviori ictu*," &c. Alter this, if you please, to *per* and the accusative, and think of a better word than *executio*. Again, change some words which occur too often in so short a composition, as *orator*, *oratio*, and *munus*. After *cum*, which you begin with, the subjunctive should follow, according to classical usage, even where the sense is positive and without contingency. Not but I believe there are instances to the contrary.'

At the end of a fortnight, the father enters into minuter criticism, and discovers excellent scholarship. But the correspondence is not by any means always of this severe type. Father and son wrote about books, because learning was with both a passion; and about divinity, because it was evidently uppermost in the heart of either. As a rule, however, these letters have a purely *home* flavour; and sometimes when Martin lets out incidentally what a very studious life he is leading, he draws down on himself affectionate rebuke. 'It may be grown trite by repetition, and I shall not render it more irksome by prolixity:—Air and

exercise and, above all, the cold bath is what you must pluck up resolution to make use of.⁵ The hint was not thrown away. A shower-bath continued to be a part of the President's bed-room furniture till the day of his death.

'I am glad you find more entertainment in Tertullian than I am afraid I could do myself. All I know of him is from quotations, very frequently met with, which have seldom failed of puzzling me with some enigmatical quaintness.'⁶

Next year, Peter Routh writes:—

'Your acquaintance with the Fathers is leaving me far behind; and I am apprehensive of not being qualified to talk with you about them when we meet. By the way, Sam has given me some little hope of seeing you in a wig, which I look forward to as the breaking of a spell which has counteracted most of your purposes of exertion, excursion and amusement.'⁷

Occasionally the old man indulges in a little pleasantry, and many a passage proves that he was by no means deficient in genuine humour. One of his daughters ('Polly') was qualifying herself to undertake a school.⁸ After explaining the young lady's aspirations, he suddenly breaks off:—

'But I think it is not impossible, from the rapid steps taken by our present maccaroni towards working a confusion in the sexes, that if you should ever choose to be a schoolmaster yourself, you may want her assistance to finish the education of your boys by giving them a taste, and a dexterity upon occasion, for tambour-work and embroidery.'⁹

It is, however, when he is communicating to his son some piece of local intelligence, entertaining him with the doings of some familiar friend of his early days, that Peter Routh's wit flows most freely:—

'Last Tuesday, Mr. Elmy¹⁰ derived immensity of happiness from the apotheosis of his daughter. Lest the rite should be disgraced by inferiority in the sacrificing priest, Mr. Prebendary Wodehouse came over upon the occasion. I rather think Sam Carter is making a first attack on Miss ———, who has lately had an addition of 2000*l.* to her fortune. Weddings have been very rife here for half a year past.'¹¹

In the ensuing August (Martin being then in Warwickshire),—'Ought I' (asks his father) 'to run the hazard of spoiling your visit to Dr. Parr by transmitting Mr. Browne's report that Miss Dibdin is not there, but on the eve of marriage to a gentleman in the Commons?'¹² Ten years had elapsed when Peter Routh writes: 'If you do not exert yourself shortly, your friend Boycott is like to get the start of you at least in the matrimonial chase.'¹³

One more extract from this correspondence shall suffice. It refers to a public transaction which was recent in July 1790, and recalls two names which were still famous fifty years ago, or, as the writer would have said, '*agone*':—

'The immaculate patriots, so worthy of trust and honour, are showing themselves every day more and more in their true colours. Having gotten a substitute for their old calves'-head clubs, they figure away with it to purpose. At Yarmouth (where,

⁵ Beccles, May 18th, 1786.

⁶ July 5th, 1787.

⁷ Eventually, two of the President's sisters conducted a boarding-school at Brooke, near Norwich. (*Franconberge Memorial*, p. 37, note 2.)

⁸ June 9th, 1773.

⁹ "The name became extinct on the decease of Mrs. Eleanor Elmy in 1835, but is well

secured from oblivion" by the fact that the poet Crabbe married Miss Sarah Elmy at Beccles church, Dec. 1783. (*Life*, i. 128.)

¹¹ May 18th, 1786.

¹² August 10th, 1786.

¹³ Hungay, February 15th, 1796. Concerning the Rev. W. Boycott, see the President's grateful and graceful memorandum in the *Reliquiae*, vol. ii. p. 329.

by the way, but for the tergiversation of Lacon, the Church candidate, they would have been foiled at the election) an anniversary feast was held, Dr. Aikin in the chair, in the national cockade. He had been till very lately looked upon as a candid moderate Dissenter; but has now vented his rancour in a pamphlet which it has been thought proper to buy in. His sister, Mrs. Barbauld, has signalized herself in like manner.

It would have been a satisfaction to have possessed some specimens of Routh's letters written to his father during these early years. His sisters are said to have preserved some of them, and they may be in existence still. The following note, evidently written before 1791, must have been addressed to Dr. John Randolph (afterwards Bp. of Oxford, Bangor, and London), who was Regius Professor of Divinity from 1783 to 7, and is almost the only scrap of his early private correspondence which has reached me :—

"Mr. Routh presents his respectful compliments to Dr. Randolph, and is much obliged to him for his excellent discourse; which, in his poor opinion, if he may be excused the pedantry of the quotation, *ἔχει ὅτι πλείστα διανοήματα ἄξια πεπω-
δευμένου ἀκριβῶς καὶ οὐ τυχόντος ἀνδρός.*"

The first-fruits of his studies saw the light in 1784 (the year of his Senior-Proctorship), when he was twenty-nine years of age. It was a critical edition of the 'Euthydemus' and 'Gorgias' of Plato,—with notes and various readings which fill the last 157 pages: a model of conscientious labour and careful editorship which will enjoy the abiding esteem of scholars. He is found to have cherished the design of editing something of the same philosopher *thirteen years* before (Dec. 9th, 1771). Some account of the copies of Plato existing in the President's library will be found in the Appendix (A) to the present volume. Dean Church possesses Routh's own annotated and corrected copy,—to which however he had made no additions for 30 years (1812–42), though subsequently he made several. This honourable beginning of a great career, he dedicated to Dr. Thomas Thurlow, Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of St. Paul's, brother of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, whose epitaph in the Temple church Routh wrote.⁴

In correcting the text of this volume, he relates (*Preface*, p. xiv.) that he had been greatly helped by a youth of delightful manners and extraordinary intellectual promise, Edward Jackson Lister, between whom and himself there evidently subsisted a romantic friendship. He thus feelingly lingers over the incidental mention of young Lister's name (he had been dead two years):—"quem jam quidem ad sedes piorum transtulit Deus O.M.; cujus autem memoria ex hoc pectore nulla vi temporis adimetur. Culti et elegantis ingenii specimen ineunte vel prima adolescentia luci edidit, Bionis epitaphium Adonidis, carmine Anglico expressum: ⁵ vix-
dum autem decimum sextum annum superaverat, quum terris æternum vale dixerit. *Ὁν γὰρ φιλεῖ τὸ Θεῖον, ἀποθνήσκει νέος.*" The tender regrets thus gracefully recorded for a boy of sixteen the writer cherished unimpaired to the day of his death. In the north-east corner of St.

⁴ See the Appendix (B). This inscription is printed by Lord Campbell in his '*Lives of the Chancellors*' (v. 632), but 'merendo' appears instead of 'merendi', which provoked the old President immensely. 'His *Scotch* Latin, sir!' he exclaimed indignantly to one who alluded to the fate his inscription had experienced.

Dr. Bloxam quotes an amusing description of an interview between Lord Campbell and the President,—(*Register of Demies*,—p. 24-5.)

⁵ Oxford, 1786,—8vo, pp. 24. It first appeared in print in 1780,—"finished before the Translator had arrived at the age of fourteen."

Michael's Church, on a small mural monument, may be read the following words, which were traced by the same hand in 1852 :—'*In cœmeterio sepultus est inscriptione nunc carens Edvardus Lister, epitaphii Adonidis Anglicus interpres. Vixit ann. xvi. Decessit anno MDCCCLXXXII.; cujus cultissimum ingenium vel excellentiora spondens ab amico septuaginta post annis hic commemoratur.*'⁶ One's interest is not diminished by the discovery that Lister was but a chorister of Magdalen, being the son of a printer, and nephew of the first editor of 'Jackson's Oxford Journal.' I suspect that the youth's family must have come out of Suffolk,—so purely local is the intelligence with which Routh entertains his youthful correspondent in the only epistolary trace which survives of this friendship,—dated from 'Beccles, Sept. 18th, 1780.' It is related of William Julius Mickle (the translator of the '*Lusiad*'), that he frequently made Lister the companion of his walks, and, as they rambled together, invented tales for his amusement.⁷

But though the classics were ever Routh's delight, and scholarship amounted with him to a passion, he had long since given his heart to something nobler far than was ever 'dreamed of in the philosophy' of ancient Greece or Rome. Having already laid his foundations deep and strong, he proceeded to build upon them. Next to the Scriptures (to his great honour be it recorded), he saw clearly from the first, notwithstanding the manifold discouragements of the age in which his lot was cast, the importance to one who would be a well-furnished divine, of a familiar acquaintance with the patristic writings. 'Next to the Scriptures:' for, like every true 'master in Israel,' he was profoundly versed in *them*. This done, besides the Acts of the early Councils and the Ecclesiastical historians, he is found to have resolutely read through the chief of the Greek and Latin Fathers; taking them, as far as practicable, in their chronological order :—Irenæus, Origen, Hippolytus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Eusebius, Epiphanius, Didymus, among the Greeks: Tertullian, Cyprian, Optatus, Jerome, Augustine, among the Latins.

The nature and extent of his patristic reading at this time may be inferred with sufficient accuracy from a mere inspection of his MS. notes in a little interleaved copy of the N. T. (Amsterdam, 1639); into the frequent blank pages of which it is evident that he had been in the habit from a very early period—indeed, he retained the habit to the end of his life—of inserting references to places in the writings of the Fathers where he met with anything unusually apposite, in illustration of any particular text. On the fly-leaf of the first volume of this book (for it had been found necessary to bind the volume into two) is found the following memorandum, which (as the writing shows) must have been made quite late in life :—

'Quæ in sequentibus quasi meo Marte interpretatus sum, ea inter legendum libros sacros a me scripta sunt, raro adhibitis ad consilium interpretibus recentioribus, qui meliora fortasse docuissent.'—*M. J. R.*

⁶ From a letter of the President to Dr. Ogilvie, (Sept. 29, 1852):—"I am about to copy for the stone-cutter's model the following Inscription proposed to be placed in St. Michael's church."

⁷ Bloxam's '*Register*,' etc., vol. i. p. 193.

Mickle, who will be remembered by his beautiful ballad on Cumnor Hall, sleeps in the churchyard of Forest Hill, on the north side of the Church. I found his tomb-stone there, many years ago.

'At vero initio cœptis his adnotationibus, et per longum tempus, meum iudicium his interponere haud consuevi; dum quidquid mihi auctores veteres legenti ad illustrandam S. Scripturam faciens occurreret, illud hic indicare volebam.'

The foregoing statement as to what had been his own actual practice is fully borne out by the contents of these interesting little tomes, where all the earlier notes consist of references to the Fathers, followed occasionally by brief excerpts from their writings. In a later hand are found expressions of the writer's individual opinion; while the latest annotations of all, or among the latest, are, for the most part, little more than references to Scripture. These last were evidently traced by fingers rendered tremulous by age; and, to say truth, cannot always be wholly deciphered. A few specimens will not perhaps be unwelcome. When a young man, he had written against St. Mark xiii. 32,—'*Vid. Irenae. L. 2, c. 28, p. 158 ed. Massueti. Exponere conatus est Didymus, L. 3, De Trin. c. 22, et Tertull. adv. Praxeam c. 26.*' Long after, he added, '*Non est inter ea, quae ostendit Filio Pater, ut hominibus significet, dei illius cognitio. Confer S. Joan. v. 19, 20, et cap. xiv. 28, et xv. 15, et xvi. 13, et Act. i. 7.*'

The following is the President's note on 1 S. John v. 6 :—'*δι' ὕδατος καὶ αἵματος. Deus et Homo. Vid. Reliq. Sacr. vol. i. p. 170, et p. 171, de hoc et commatibus sequentibus. Interpretatio eorum impediri mihi videtur accessionibus Latinis.*' And on ver. 16 : '*ἔστιν ἁμαρτία πρὸς θάνατον. Fortasse designatur peccatum de quo Dominus noster in evangelio pronuntiat,*'—referring of course to S. Matth. xii. 31, 32.—On St. Luke i. 32, he writes : '*Ostenditur his verbis Maria ex Judae tribu orta.*' On v. 23 : '*Τί ἐστὶν εὐκοπώτερον, etc. Sensus verborum est, τί ἐστὶν, etc. An facilius est dicere, etc.*'—On ix. 27 : '*ἕως ἃν ἴδωσι τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ Θεοῦ. Vidend. annon istud de sequentibus exponendum sit. Confer comm. 26 et 32.*'—On xiii. 11 : '*πνεῦμα ἀσθενείας. Confer Marc. ix. 17, ἔχοντα πνεῦμα ἁλαλόν. Hujus capituli comm. 16, Satanae attribuit infirmitatem mulieris ipse Dominus, ac similiter alibi.*'—On St. Mark xv. 21 : '*τὸν πατέρα Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ Ρούφου. Christianorum, ut verisimile est, quod dignum notatu est. Conf. de Rufo, Rom. xvi. 13.*'

But the most interesting of his annotations are often the shortest; as when, over against St. Luke xviii. 8, is written : '*πλὴν ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ἐλθὼν ἄρα εὐρήσει τὴν πίστιν ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς (the old man had taken the trouble to transcribe the Greek in a trembling hand, in order to introduce the pious ejaculation which follows),—Concedat hoc Deus.*'—With the same pregnant brevity, his note on St. Matth. xxv. 9, is but—'*τοὺς πωλοῦντας. Vae vadentibus !*'—In truth, his suggestive way of merely calling attention to a difficulty is often as good as a commentary; as when (of 1 Cor. xv. 23-25) he says, '*Quomodo exponi debent verba Apostoli, disquirendum.*'—Even more remarkably, when he points out concerning St. Luke xi. 5,—'*Quae sequuntur Domini effata, usque ad com. 13, maxima observatione digna sunt.*'—Of Hebr. vi. 1, 2, he says,—'*μήσιν maximi momenti.*'—Sometimes his notes are strictly critical, as when against St. James iv. 5, he writes, '*Difficillime credendum est, Apostolum non attulisse verba alicujus scriptoris incompti.*' His translation of St. Luke vi. 40 is as follows :—'*Discipulus non superat magistrum; sed, si omni parte perfectus sit, magistri aequalis erit.*'—On St. Mark vi. 3, he says, '*ἀδελφός*

δι' Ἰακώβου καὶ Ἰωσή. *Constat ex cap. xv. com. 39 filios hos extitisse alius Mariae, non tñs θεωροῦ.*—And on 1 Cor. xv. 29, 'τὶ καὶ βαπτίζονται, etc. *Mos fuisse videtur ut multi baptizarentur in gratiam Christianorum jam defunctorum qui sine baptismo decessissent, ut vicaria tinctione donati ad novam vitam resurgerent.*—On St. John xxi. 23, he notes,—*Senectus apostoli Ioannis ante scriptum ab eo evangelium hinc fortasse colligenda est.* And on ver. 25,—*Verba ostendunt plurima alia praeclara miracula fecisse Christum; et alia existere posse evangelia de iis scripta.*'

Rare, indeed, are references to recent authorities and modern books; but they are met with sometimes. Thus, against St. Matth. xxi. 7, he writes:—*'His quoque temporibus super asinos vecti iter faciunt pauperes Palaestini, referente Josepho Wolfio in Itinerario [1839], p. 186. Humiliter, super asinos sedent.'* And against St. John v. 17, 'ὁ πατήρ μου ἐργάζεται. *Relegat nos ad Justin. M. Dial. cum Tryph., § 23, D'Israeli "Commentaries on Charles I," [1830], vol. iii. p. 340.'* These are indications of a degree of variety in the President's reading, for which one is scarcely prepared. It is right to conclude with a fairer specimen of his manner. The following is his verdict on a famous critical difficulty (1 Tim. iii. 16):—*'Veruntamen, quidquid ex sacri textus historia, illud vero haud certum, critici collegerint, me tamen interna cogunt argumenta praeferre lectionem Θεός, quam quidem agnoscunt veteres interpretes, Theodoretus ceterique, duobus alteris ὁς et ὁ. Haec addenda posui Notis ad S. Hippolytum contra Noetum, p. 93, vol. i. Scriptor. Ecclesiast. Opusculorum.'*

But I suppose the most important annotation of all will be deemed the following,—which clears up a place of some obscurity in one of St. Paul's Epistles, by merely pointing out that the Apostle's meaning has been hitherto universally overlooked, and his sentiment erroneously rendered in consequence. Against Philippians ii. 26, having noted,—*"καὶ ἀδημονῶν, διότι ἠκούσατε. Verba vix intelligo. For. legendum καὶ ἀδημονοῦντας . . . ἐπιποθῶν ἦν. Confer 2 Tim. i. 4 ἵνα χαρᾶς πληρωθῶ;"*—the President has added, in the same aged writing,—*"At vero, quod multo melius videtur, illa ἐπιποθῶν ἦν πάντας ὑμᾶς, καὶ ἀδημονῶν, de Apostolo ipso interpretanda esse, proposuit vir amicissimus Carolus A. Ogilvie. Confer cap. i. comm. 8."* . . . Yes, he is right. S. Paul is speaking, *not* of Epaphroditus, but of himself. We shall henceforth translate the place,—(with Ogilvie and Routh,)—"For I longed after you all," etc. The Latin, Syriac, Egyptian, Gothic and English Versions have all overlooked this fact^{*}. . . . These specimens of the President's private Annotations on the N. T. may suffice.

In 1782, being then only in his 27th year, and again in 1783 or 4, it became Routh's singular privilege to direct the envoys of the American Church to a right quarter for the creation of a native Episcopate. Incredible as it may seem to us of the present day, who witness constantly the creation of new colonial sees, it is a fact that for nearly two centuries

^{*} Codd, W A C D E, etc. exhibit a corrupt text,—assimilated to the place in Timothy already quoted, and to 1 Thess. iii. 6. Cp. Rom. i. 11.

The attentive reader will note the sequence of thought in ver. 28. St. Paul had said of himself—ἀδημονῶν ἦν. "I have sent him

therefore," (he adds), ἵνα . . . χαρῆτε, πάλιν ἀλυποτερος ᾖ. [Cp. Matt. xxvi. 37, λυπεῖσθαι καὶ ἀδημονεῖν.] The reader will also recall the language of Phil. i. 8 (ἐπιποθῶ πάντας ὑμᾶς); and of 2 Tim. i. 4 (ἐπιποθῶν σε ἰδοὺ . . . ἵνα χαρᾶς πληρωθῶ).

our American colonies were left without a native channel of Ordination. From the settlement of the first American colony in 1607 to the consecration of Bishop Seabury in 1784 (Nov. 14th), or rather until his return home in 1785, all clergy of the Anglican communion who ministered in America were either missionaries, or had been forced to cross the Atlantic twice, if not four times, for Holy Orders. This necessity deterred many from entering the ministry, and of those who ventured on the voyage so large a proportion fell by the way that it was disheartening to contemplate the sacrifice.⁹ The difficulties which attended the just demand of the American Church for a native Episcopate grew out of the political troubles of those times. Because episcopacy was identified with the system of monarchical government, its introduction was resisted by a large party among the Americans themselves, who dreaded (clergy and laity alike) lest it should prove an instrument for riveting the yoke of a foreign dominion. On the other hand, the English bishops, hampered by Acts of Parliament, were constrained to exact oaths from candidates for consecration inconsistent with the duties of American citizenship. Hence it was that the project of obtaining Bishops for members of the Church of England settled in America, though "renewed from time to time from the reign of Queen Anne to that of George III, had always been without result. Petition after petition, appeal after appeal was sent from America. The Episcopate of England was implored to secure the appointment of 'one or more resident Bishops in the Colonies for the exercise of offices purely Episcopal':¹ but their ability did not second their inclination. In the beginning of 1783, the seven years' War of Independence being practically at an end, it was felt by Churchmen in America that the moment had arrived for decisive action. The juncture was critical; for already (viz. in the summer of 1782) a pamphlet had been issued at Philadelphia recommending the temporary adoption of *a substitute* for Episcopacy and recourse to Presbyterian Orders,—the anonymous author of this sad production being the Rev. W. White, who afterwards became Bishop of Pennsylvania.² Accordingly, on the Festival of the Annunciation 1783, ten out of the fourteen remaining Connecticut clergy,—faithful and clear-sighted men,—“met in voluntary convention” (as they phrased it) in the (once) obscure village of Woodbury;³ and, besides uttering a grand protest against the fatal project which had emanated from Philadelphia,⁴ proceeded to nominate one for Consecration as their Bishop. The venerable Jeremiah Leaming was the object of their choice.⁵ As an alternative name to be put forward in case of need, the excellent Samuel Seabury of New York was further designated. Leaming, on account of his age and infirmities, declined the appointment: and Seabury, as bishop-designate of Connecticut, sailed for England in the beginning of June,—reaching London July 7th, 1783, four months before the evacuation of New York by the

⁹ Beardsley's *Life and Correspondence of Samuel Seabury*, (Boston, 1881,)—p. 19.

¹ *Seabury Centenary (Connecticut)*, 1885,—pp. 17, 18.

² *Life of Seabury*,—p. 97.

³ *Ibid.*,—pp. 76-8.

⁴ *Ibid.*,—pp. 98-102.

⁵ See Bp. Williams on this subject, in the *Seabury Centenary*,—pp. 25-6. "Dr. Beardsley stoutly holds" the same view. [*The Living Church*, Aug. 27, 1881,—quoted by Dr. W. J. Seabury in his *Discourse*, on the Election of his great ancestor,—p. 23.]

British troops, and carrying with him a petition to the English Bishops for Consecration. His testimonials were dated April 21st.

While these negotiations were in progress, and while these embarrassments were making themselves most severely felt, the Danish government with well-meant assiduity offered assistance. The Danish Church, however, having only titular Bishops, was incompetent to render the required help. We are assured by American writers indeed, that "the offer of the Danish government, made through Mr. Adams (at that time the American Minister in England), related only to the Ordination of candidates for the diaconate and priesthood."⁶ Inasmuch however as a Church which is competent to ordain Priests and Deacons is competent to consecrate Bishops also, we are not surprised to learn from unexceptionable authority that the project was seriously entertained of resorting to Denmark for Episcopacy on the present emergency. As early as 1782, before the acknowledgment of American independence, Mr. Routh had been invited by Bp. Thurlow to a party at his house in London, where he met the Rev. Dr. Myles Cooper, president of King's (now Columbia) College, with reference to this very subject; and succeeded in impressing Dr. Cooper with the fact (well understood now, but not so patent *then*), that the Danish Succession was invalid. Dr. Lowth, Bp. of London, was present and corroborated Routh's statement.⁷

Quite certain it is (and this is the only important matter) that Dr. Seabury, whose endeavours with the English Bishops were of necessity unsuccessful, was directed (by Lord Chancellor Thurlow) to repair to Routh at Oxford, with a view to consulting the learned young Divine as to the best source for obtaining valid Consecration, and especially as to the validity of the Danish succession: Seabury having been himself persuaded in London that he might safely apply to the Bishops of that country. The President of Magdalen was known in after years to refer with excusable satisfaction to his own share in that (and the earlier) memorable interview. "I ventured to tell them, sir, that *they would not find there what they wanted*." He convinced his auditory on both occasions that the Scandinavian sources—including Norwegian and Swedish as well as Danish,—were not trustworthy. It was Routh in short who effectually dissuaded Seabury from the dangerous project: strongly urging upon him at the same time the unimpeachable claims of the *Scottish* Episcopate,—“of whose succession there is *no* doubt.”⁸ The precise date of this incident is not recorded: but it probably took place towards the close of the interval between July 1783, when Seabury arrived in London, and the 26th of the same month in the ensuing year, when he announced to his friends in America his intention of “waiting the issue of the present Session of Parliament, which it is the common opinion will continue a month longer”; adding, that *then*,—“If nothing be done, I shall give up the matter here as unattainable, and apply to

⁶ *Centenary*, p. 43. Also *Life of Seabury*, pp. 193-4. And see p. 121 where the Abp. of Canterbury (May 3, 1784) tells of the encouragement given by the Danish Bishops to American application for Holy Orders.

⁷ In the same year (1782) it is found that the English Bishops declared their inability to render America the wished for assistance in

compliance with the request which had been made to them on behalf of the American Church by Dr. George Berkeley,—“till the independence of America be fully and irrevocably recognised by the Government of Great Britain.”—*Ibid.* p. 45.

⁸ The reader is invited to refer to what will be found on this subject in the Appendix (C).

the North,—*unless I should receive contrary directions from the Clergy of Connecticut*":⁹—words, by the way, which effectually dispose of the imagination that "the Connecticut clergy at their Woodbury Conference had given instructions to . . . their candidate, that if he should fail to obtain consecration in England, he should seek it at the hands of the Bishops of the disestablished Church of Scotland."¹ As a matter of fact, Seabury delayed to act on Routh's sagacious counsels until the 31st August, 1784: and even then, it was through Dr. Myles Cooper that he approached the Scottish Prelates²—who by that time supposed "that the affair was dropped." Dr. Seabury's "long silence had made them all think that he did not choose to be connected with them." "We are concerned" (they added) "that he should have been so long in making his application, and wish that in an affair of so much importance he had corresponded with one of our number."³ On the 2nd October, however, the Scottish primus,—having in the meantime indirectly ascertained from the Abp. of Canterbury that he and his colleagues would run no hazard by complying with Dr. Seabury's request⁴,—professed readiness to consecrate him: and accordingly, on the 14th November, 1784, in an upper chamber at Aberdeen, Dr. Seabury was consecrated first Bishop of Connecticut by the Bishops of Aberdeen, Moray and Ross⁵. . . . A great separation was thus providentially averted: and it is found to have been mainly due to the counsels of one young in years (for he was but twenty-nine), yet mature in Theological attainments,—a man of singular judgment and who had given himself wholly to sacred learning,—Martin Joseph Routh. In 1792, the spark thus providentially elicited was fanned into a flame,—a flame which has kindled beacon-fires throughout the length and breadth of the vast American continent. At the end of well-nigh a century of years, the churches of England and America,—the mother and the daughter church,—flourish with independent life and in full communion.⁶

In every notice which has appeared of Dr. Routh, unreasonable space is occupied by his friendship with the eccentric Dr. Samuel Parr, who was an enthusiastic (and of course a grandiloquent) admirer of the future President of Magdalen. Bloxam remembers the man's grotesque appearance, in his "canonical full dress, with enormous wig, surmounted by the old clerical three-cornered hat,—jumping and skipping about like a boy, when he saw the President's carriage driving up to his door on the occasion of a visit."⁷ Faithful to the friend of early life until the time of Parr's death in 1825,⁸ Routh must yet have shrunk from his adulation,—which can only be characterized as oppressive: must have been amused by his foolish vanity: must have been annoyed by his pedantry. "My mother told me" (writes Dr. Routh's nephew) "that she was once at a party at the President's, at which Dr. Parr was present. He asked her to light his pipe, observing,—'You can now say *that you have lighted Dr. Parr's pipe.*'" . . . "Any one who remembers the President's face

⁹ Beardsley's *Life and Correspondence of Bishop Seabury*,—pp. 132-3.

¹ *Seabury Centenary*,—p. 5.

² *Life of Seabury*,—pp. 136-8.

³ *Ibid.*—p. 141.

⁴ *Seabury Centenary*,—p. 50.—*Life*,—pp. 138-9.

⁵ *Life of Seabury*,—p. 145.

⁶ See the Appendix (C).

⁷ *Register of Demies*,—p. 14.

⁸ Sunday, March 6, 1825, aged 79.

under the infliction of a prolonged compliment, will easily realize the mixture of amusement and impatience with which he must have read" certain of Dr. Parr's published encomiums.⁹ He complained (not without reason) that he was scarcely able to decipher Parr's letters. John Rigaud expressed a wish to have one (as he collected autographs), and was at once promised a specimen. 'I have a good many of his letters, sir. I haven't read them all yet myself!'

Rigaud remembers the President telling him of an interview between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Parr, in the course of which the former made use of some strong expression which considerably stung and offended the latter. "Sir," (said Parr to Dr. Johnson),—"you know that what you have just said will be known, in four-and-twenty hours, over this vast metropolis." Johnson's manner changed. His eye became calm; and (putting out his hand),—"Parr, forgive me" (he said), "I didn't quite mean it" . . . "But,"—(added the President with an amused and amusing look,)—"I never could get him to tell me, sir, what it was that Dr. Johnson had said."

To myself, when speaking of inscriptive writing, Routh once remarked that all of Parr's inscriptions were to be traced to the pages of Morcellus. ('He got them all from Morcellus, sir,'—with a little wave of his hand.)¹ But he provided a shelter for Parr's books, (they were piled in boxes under the principal gateway of the College), when the Birmingham rioters threatened to burn his library at Hatton, (as they had already burnt Priestley's Meeting-house,) and often entertained him in his lodgings at Magdalen. His dinner-table to the last retained marks of the burning ashes of Parr's pipe.

Porson, another of his guests, shared his kindness in a substantial form; for the President in 1792, with Dr. Parr, raised a subscription for providing him an annuity. In 1794, Routh did the same kind office for Dr. Parr himself; with the assistance of Mr. Kett and Dr. Maltby, raising for him a subscription which procured him an annuity of 300*l.* a year.

We are apt to forget that this was a period (1775–1788) when a great stirring in sacred science was certainly going on, both at home and abroad. Griesbach's first edition of the New Testament (1775–7) marks the commencement of a new æra. The great work of Gallandius was completed in 1781. In 1786, 'codex A' was published by Woide, and Alter's Greek Testament appeared. Birch's 'Collations' (and indeed his edition of the Gospels) saw the light in 1788, and C. F. Matthæi in the same year put forth the last two volumes of his own edition of the Greek Testament. The Philoxenian version also was then first published, and Adler in the next year published his collations of the Syriac text. After an interval of just a century of years, we note with satisfaction a corresponding sudden revival of enthusiasm in the pursuit of the same studies. Interesting it is to have to record that at this very time we first hear of Routh also as a student of divinity. He had taken his B.D. degree in 1786 (15th July),—the subject of his exercise being '*An CHRISTUS sit*

⁹ Bloxam's *Register of Demiss.*—pp. 19, 24.

¹ Steph. Ant. Morcelli *De stile Inscriptionum Latinarum*, libri iiii. [1780], 410.

vere DEUS. Asseritur. The following paper (dated 1788) seems to have been drawn up in the prospect of death:—

‘I request that, after my decease, all the letters and papers of whatever kind in my possession be burnt by my brother Samuel and my friend Mr. John Hind, excepting my *Collectanea* in three volumes, from the Fathers, on various subjects; my collections from the H. Scriptures and the Fathers on the Divinity of the Holy Ghost; the papers relating to a projected edition of the remains and fragments of those Ante-Nicene Fathers who have never been separately published; and finally, an interleaved copy of my *Picco*, wherein the Addenda are digested in their proper order amongst the notes. These papers and books with my other property of whatever nature, I leave to the sole disposal of my Father, at the same time requesting him, if any overplus remain after paying my debts, to present the following books to the following mentioned persons. To the present Lord Bishop of Durham, *Lord Clarendon's Life and continuation of his History*. To Edw. Thurlow, esq., *Bishop Pearson on the Creed*. To Granville Penn, esq., *Ernesti's edition of Livy*. To the Rev. George Hirst, *Forster's Hebrew Bible*. To the Rev. John Hind, *Grotius's comment on the Old and New Testament*, and *Fell's edition of St. Cyprian*.’

But it is time to call attention to the prospectus which Routh put forth in the same year (1788) of the work by which he will be chiefly remembered; the completion of which proved the solace of his age, as the preparation of it had been the delight of his maturity, viz. the ‘*Reliquiae Sacrae*’; the first two volumes of which appeared in 1814. In the Preface he explains that this undertaking, though discontinued about the year 1790, had never been for an instant abandoned; though it was not till 1805 that he was able deliberately to resume his self-imposed task. The object of the work was to bring together and to present, carefully edited, the precious remains of those Fathers of the second and third centuries of our æra, of whose writings the merest fragments alone survive, and whose very names in many instances have only not died out of the Church's memory. Let us hear his own account of this matter:—

“While I was engaged in reading through the ante-Nicene Fathers, I could not but linger wistfully over many an ancient writer whose scattered remains are too scanty to admit of being separately edited; and in fact have never as yet been culled out and collected together. Inasmuch, however, as I had formed the intention of acquainting myself with the constitution, the doctrines, the customs of the primitive Church, by the diligent study to the best of my ability of its own monuments, I resolved to acquaint myself with all the writings of the earliest age. And, to say the truth, on very many occasions I found my determination to overlook absolutely nothing, of the greatest use in clearing up the difficulties which occasionally presented themselves. At all events, systematically to neglect so many writers, strongly recommended to us as they are by their piety, their learning and their authority, simply because of the very mutilated condition in which their works have come down to us, was out of the question. On the other hand, it became needful to submit to the drudgery of hunting up and down through the printed volumes of those learned men who have treated of patristic antiquity, in order to detect any scrap of genuine writing which they might happen to contain. Such a pursuit I could never in fact so much as have approached, had I not been resident in an University. The resources of no private library whatever would have enabled me to effect what I desired.

“While thus engaged, I was inevitably impressed with the conviction that he would render good service to the cause of sacred learning who should seriously undertake to collect together those shorter works and fragments; especially if he could be successful in bringing to light and publishing any of the former which still lie concealed in Continental libraries, besides any genuine remains contained in unedited Catenæ and similar collections. The labour of such an undertaking, I further anticipated, would not prove excessive if I took as my limit the epoch of the

first Nicene Council. I fixed on that limit because the period is so illustrious in the annals of the Church, and because, in matters of controversy, those Fathers are chiefly appealed to who preceded that epoch. Moreover, I could not forget that although in respect of *number* the writers with which an editor would have to do would be by no means small, yet in respect of *bulk* they would be inconsiderable indeed, one or two writers alone excepted, whose more ample remains make one wish the more that we possessed their works entire. I knew that very seldom are passages from their writings to be met with in Catenae, or in other collections from the Fathers; and I did not believe that there were many works set down in Library Catalogues which have not yet seen the light. But of this, hereafter.

"I hoped therefore, if I undertook to edit such a collection, that its usefulness would not be materially diminished by its bulk. I am well aware that Grabe's '*Spicilegium*' (which was never completed) comprises scarcely a hundredth part of what I here publish. But then, his plan was to fill his pages with apocryphal writings, heretical treatises, and those remains of orthodox Fathers which often appear in a separate form. Grabe's work is famous and not without its own proper use. For my own part, I strictly confine myself to genuine remains, and prescribe to myself the limits of Catholic antiquity, leaving all fragments of Fathers, whose works it is customary to edit separately, to those who shall hereafter undertake to produce new editions of those Fathers' works."

Such was the plan of the '*Reliquiae Sacrae*' from the first. The title originally intended for the work had been—'*Reliquiae Sacrae: sive Opuscula et Fragmenta Ecclesiasticorum, qui tempora Synodi Nicaenae antecederant, et quorum scripta vel apud opera aliena servantur, vel cum varii generis auctoribus edi solent.*' But when, at the end of six-and-twenty years, the first two volumes of this undertaking appeared (viz. in 1814), not only the Prospectus³ (freely rendered above) but the very title had undergone material alteration and improvement. The Author was probably already conscious of a design to edit separately certain ancient *Opuscula*. All apart from these, at all events, he proposed should stand his '*Reliquiae Sacrae: sive Auctorum fere jam perditorum secundi tertiique saeculi post Christum natum, quae supersunt.*'

Two additional volumes of this undertaking appeared in 1815 and 1818 respectively; and, looking upon the work then as complete, the learned editor added indices and corrections—some of which had been furnished by Dr. Parr, '*amicus summus, vir doctrinâ exquisitâ ornatus.*' It was the President's wont in this manner to acknowledge literary kindnesses: viz. by enshrining the friend's name in a note, commonly with the addition of a discriminating epithet or some well-turned phrase; and the compliment (as many living will testify) used to be exceedingly coveted, and was regarded as no slight distinction. Thus, speaking of an epistle of Cyril,—'*Ejus autem lectiones variantes humanitati debeo viri reverendi Stephani Reay e Bibliotheca Bodleiana, cujus facilitatem, verecundiam, eruditionemque omnes agnoscunt;*'⁴—as well merited a compliment (be it remarked) as ever was paid to a truly pious and most guileless man.⁵ The '*Muratorian fragment*' was collated for him through the good offices of one whom he describes as "*vir ornatissimus, et mihi dum viveret amicissimus, Georgius Frid. Nott, pluribus scriptis eximiis orbi litterato notus.*"⁶

³ It is reproduced in the '*Praefatio*,'—pp. x-xiii.

⁴ '*Opuscula*,' ii. 95.

⁵ He was Laudian Professor of Arabic, and died aged 78 years, 20 Jan. 1861. "Under the superintendence of the learned Mr. Reay

of the Bodleian library" (writes the President of Magdalen) Bp. Beveridge's work on the XXXIX Articles was printed by the Delegates of the Oxford University press in 1840 from the original MS. in Dr. Routh's possession.

⁶ *Reliqq.* i. 403.

It is impossible to handle these volumes without the deepest interest. The passionate yearning which they exhibit after primitive antiquity,—the strong determination to get at the teaching of the Church in her best and purest days, ere yet she had 'left her first love' and declined from the teaching of her Founder, or had shown an inclination to corrupt the deposit ;—this, added to the conscientious labour and evident self-denial with which the learned Editor has prosecuted his self-imposed task, must command the sympathy and admiration of every one who has toiled ever so little in the same fields. To the diligent reader of the *Ecclesiastical History* of Eusebius, Routh's *Reliquiae* will have a peculiar interest : for it becomes more than ever apparent how precious are the golden remains which that remarkable man freely embalmed in his pages. Let the truth be added—for it *is* the truth—that *without* Eusebius there would have scarcely been any *Reliquiae Sacrae* for learned men to edit. Reckoning the patristic matter in these four volumes (exclusive of Appendices) as covering 45c pages, it is found that these would be further reduced to 260, if the excerpts, for which we are *solely* indebted to Eusebius, were away : and with the 190 pages which would thus disappear would also disappear the names of Quadratus, Agrippa Castor, Dionysius Corinthius, Pinytus, Rhodon, Serapion, Apollonius, Polycrates, Maximus, Caius, Alexander Hier., Phileas ; besides almost all that we possess of Papias, Melito, Claudius Apollinaris and Hegesippus ; together with Anonymus Presbyter, Auctor contra Cataphrygas, the account of the Martyrs of Lyons, and the famous epistle of the churches of Vienne and Lyons ; besides the notices of the *Concilium Caesariense* and the *Concilium Lugdunense*.

What, then, constitutes the peculiar merit of the work now under consideration ? Chiefly the erudition and sagacity with which whatever has been here brought together is edited. Unlike the industrious Grabe, to whom nothing came amiss that belonged to a primitive age (no matter who was its author), Dr. Routh confined his attention strictly to the undoubted remains of high *Catholic* antiquity. He might easily have enlarged his store from unpublished *Catenae*, and other similar sources ; but no one ever knew better than he with how much caution such excerpts are to be entertained. Whatever the President deemed open to suspicion, *that* he unceremoniously rejected. A remarkable illustration of his method in this respect is supplied by the latest of his publications, a tract to be described hereafter, in the course of which he edits from the *Chronicon Paschale* four fragments of Petrus Alexandrinus—(thus, at the end of thirty-nine years, adding ten pages to the twenty-nine he had put forth of the same Father in 1814) ; because he made the discovery in the last years of his life that what he had formerly suspected of being a fabrication, proved after all to be an undoubtedly genuine fragment of the same Alexandrine Father.*

Next, the vast research with which, from about forty different sources, the President had gleaned the several articles which make up the col-

* Haec S. Petri Alexandrini fragmenta, quae in limine Chronici Paschalis, seu Alexandrini, sita repperunt critici, propterea quod Athanasius aliquanto post Petrum scribens in iis afferri videbatur, nunc ego caeteris S. Petri reliquiis, sed tardus addidi ob verum

titulum eorum in MS. Vaticano a Cardinali Maio repertum, et a Dindorfio nuperae Chronici editioni praefixum. Quam quidem editionem, cum vidita esse haec Fragmenta crediderim, de iis consulete neglexi.—p. 19.

lection (they are fifty in all), merits notice. Very scanty in many instances, it must be confessed, is the result. In the case of 'Aristides' (A.D. 125) *not a single word* of what the man wrote is preserved:⁷ while of many other authors (as of Aristo Pellæus, Ambrosius Alexandrinus, Pierius, &c.) so wondrous little survives (a few lines at best), that it might really appear as if the honours of typography and the labour of annotation were thrown away. Learned persons, however, will know better: and to have said this must suffice. It is believed that one only article in the entire collection first saw the light in the President's pages: viz. a fragment of Africanus, about fifty lines long, which he edited from two MSS. at Vienna and one at Paris.⁸ But he also recovered the Greek of a certain fragment of Petrus Alexandrinus from a MS. in the Bodleian,—the passage having been hitherto only known in the Latin Version of Leontius Byzantinus⁹ A second edition of the '*Reliquiae*' was called for in 1846; in preparing which for the press, C. A. Ogilvie, Richard Walker, and William Henderson rendered valuable help:—the first,—'*praemiis pietatis et doctrinae donatus*'; the second,—'*ipsis deliciis bonarum litterarum contentus*'; the third,—'*vir lectissimus, amplis honoribus Academicis haud ita pridem insignitus*.'¹

On Tuesday, April 12th, 1791, Dr. Horne, who in the preceding February had taken his seat in the House of Lords as Bishop of Norwich, sent in his resignation of the Presidentship of the College; an office which he had held for 23 years; and next day, (the 27th, having been fixed for the choice of his successor,) Dr. Burrough, Dr. Metcalfe, Mr. B. Tate, Mr. Parkinson, and Martin Joseph Routh, announced themselves as candidates. The election was made a matter of elaborate canvas. Next to Routh, Parkinson was the greatest favourite. Those who wrote to congratulate the new President on his honours, naturally wished him length of days to enjoy them. Seldom certainly have wishes more nearly resembled effectual prayers. But it was of course from the modest parsonage at Beccles, (whither he sent at once a thank-offering for distribution among the poor,)—that 'Martin's' heartiest congratulations proceeded. And now an honourable independence, and the prospect of learned leisure, together with as much of external happiness as a reasonable man ought to desire for himself, opened in large measure upon him.

Bishop Horne's successor (henceforth [5th July] '*Doctor Routh*') devoted himself forthwith to his new duties, and obtained a mastery of the subject which surprised the society which had elected him to be their head. We hear little or nothing of him during the next few years. But a passage in one of his father's letters to him (dated April 9th, 1793), explains how he proposed to supply an imperious want which was sure to make itself felt by the newly made (bachelor) President:—

⁷ '*Reliqq.*' l. 76. Note, that what the Abbé Martin edited under this name in 1883—[*Analecta Sacra spicilegio Solesmensi parata*,—Paris,—pp. 6-11; 582-6], is explained in his *Prolegomena* (pp. x-xi) to be the work of '*Aristeas*': but because "nullum scriptorem antiquum novimus qui nominis Aristee gau-

deat. *haec est ratio cur editores* fragmentum homiliae retulerint apologetae Atheniensi, quem universa laudavit antiquitas."

⁸ '*Reliqq.*' ii. 228-31.

⁹ '*Reliqq.*' iv. 48, line 3. Cp. p. 77.

¹ '*Reliqq.*' iv. 525.

"Your request of Sophia's company and attendance will be complied with: with pleasure, I will say, considering the mutual advantage you may derive from it: but not without much abatement, from the regret we shall both feel at parting from her. Your Mother more especially, to whom she is truly a right hand."

This loved sister, who afterwards became Mrs. Sheppard, we shall presently hear about again. In the autumn of the ensuing year, the President's father transferred his family to Bungay. "His appearance made so deep an impression on me, then a little child," (writes a correspondent to *Notes and Queries*), "that it yet stands forth clearly and vividly from the dim shadows of the past. He always wore the gown and cassock."² Concerning Martin himself we know nothing except that he continued to be a devoted student of Patristic Divinity.

Of the many precious letters he must have written, none are forthcoming. They exist—if at all—among the papers of departed scholars and divines. But here is his own draft of one of them (to whom addressed does not appear) which certainly deserves to be preserved:—

'Dear Mr. — As I had no permission to communicate your papers to any one, I thought myself bound to keep them as private as possible.

'I hope you will forgive my reluctance to entering into a discussion of the terms of the proposition you have laid down; but I think myself obliged, for more reasons than one, to declare I know of no method by which the *genuine* doctrine taught by the Church, of the SON's being, as well as the FATHER, very and eternal GOD,—and of the HOLY GHOST's being, as well as the FATHER, very and eternal GOD,—can be defended against the charge of Tritheism and Idolatry; but by stating *ab initio* that the Church believes in one Eternal Being *really* distinguished in its essence; which Being is transcendently One, if Unity admits of increase and diminution. If I am wrong in my judgment of your mode of answering Dr. Priestly or other heretics, I hope to be excused: and remain,

'Dear Sir, with very great regard, &c.

To this period of the President's life belongs an incident of interest, concerning which however I have been able to discover nothing beyond what I proceed to relate. For the use of the Gallican Clergy who took refuge in England during the horrors of the French Revolution, the Convocation of the University of Oxford (March 10th, 1795) munificently voted that an edition of 2000 copies of the Vulgate Text of the N. T. should be printed at the University Press, and freely distributed among the unfortunate exiles;—"Namque" (to quote the words of their spokesman) "*et illud profugis ereptum fuerat solatium ut Sanctos Libros secum adportarent, exilii sui comites dulcissimos.*"³ Most of them in fact had made their escape from France in such haste, that they had brought away nothing with them.⁴ A copy of this Edition,—in a solander case lettered behind "M. J. ROUTH ET G. PENN,"—(with Granville Penn's book plate inside the cover,) was presented to me some years ago by one⁵ to whom I am largely indebted for information concerning the President

² *N. & Q.* 1st Ser. xii. pp. 293, 2.

³ From the prelatory "*Litteræ ad Academiam Oxoniensem à Joanne Francisco Episcopo Leonensi datæ, et in domo Convocationis die Mercurii 11^{mo} Maii 1796 publice recitatæ.*" [M. l'Abbé Martin informs me that the writer of this letter was 'Mgr. Jean François de la Marche, évêque d'une petite ville connue sous le nom de S. Pol de Léon, au diocèse actuel de Quimper, dans le département de Finistère, à l'extrémité de la Bretagne, dans l'arrondissement de Morlaix': *ib.* 1729, d. in London

1806.]

⁴ Cox's *Recollections of Oxford*,—1st ed. p. 19.

⁵ My old friend, now my neighbour, the Rev. Dr. Bloxam, for 28 years fellow of Magdalen, now rector of Upper Beeding in this county. His "*Register of the Presidents, Fellows, Demies,*" &c. of the College which he has no long adorned and faithfully served, will be an abiding monument of his constancy, dutifulness, and pious zeal.

of Magdalen. It is thought that the work was carried through the press jointly by the President and by his former pupil: but one would have been glad to repose on something better than surmise in respect of so interesting an incident. It is clear at all events that the copy which has suggested these remarks was Granville Penn's, and that the President had some close connexion with it; though the Annals of the University Press afford no evidence that either 'G. Penn' or 'M. J. Routh' was concerned in producing the edition of which it is a sample.

"Forty years ago," (wrote Samuel Rickards, sometime fellow of Oriel, to James Mozley in 1854), "I had a friend at your college, a gentleman-commoner; and a very odd, though well-meaning man he was,—especially given to *religious* oddities. One of these was the turning up the whites of his eyes in chapel, which was a very visible token of some other things about him unseen. This only brought the President to call upon him oftener and more kindly, it seemed; and he did not omit to tell him that such ways were not a desirable distinction from other people engaged side by side with him at their devotions in a more usual manner. I remember on one occasion, as he stood before the fire, just going away, his eye fell upon a little bust of either Wesley or Whitfield, (I forget which,) with a very impassioned expression on the countenance. He asked who it was; and on being told, he said with great good-nature and seriousness too,—'Surely, for many reasons besides love for the college, the spirit as well as the presence of Bishop Horne would be better dwelling here, than such a stranger!' . . . This rebuke had the desired effect,—as the person to whom it was addressed admitted to me long after."⁶

In 1810, he was presented to the Rectory and Vicarage of Tylehurst, near Reading (worth 1000*l.* a year), by Dr. Thomas Sheppard. The President had declined the same presentation eleven years before, disapproving of the condition subject to which it had been then offered him: viz. that he should appropriate 300*l.* of his annual income as President* to the 'Livings' fund' of Magdalen College. Dr. Sheppard had in the meantime married the President's youngest sister, Sophia,—who till then had done the honours of his house; and Tylehurst had become again vacant by the death of Dr. Richard Chandler, the celebrated traveller. At the mature age of fifty-five, Dr. Routh therefore received priest's orders at the hands of Dr. John Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, in the Bishop's private chapel, August 26th, 1810. (By the way, Dr. Landon, Provost of Worcester, had enough of humour to inquire whether the President was *properly examined* on that occasion.) There were not wanting some to insinuate that conscientious scruples had been the cause why the President of Magdalen had continued in deacon's orders for three-and-thirty years. He himself not unreasonably supposed that his '*Reliquiae*' was the best answer to such a calumny; and explained that his only reason for deferring priest's orders had been because he had never before held any ecclesiastical preferment. Henceforth then, in his case, the cares of the pastoral office were superadded to the claims of a college, and the occupations of a laborious student.

He made no secret that at Tylehurst he preached Townson's Sermons—abridged to a quarter-of-an-hour and corrected—every Sunday to his

⁶ Stowlangtoft Rectory, Dec. 27th, 1854.—Mozley's correspondent concludes, (referring to the President's recent death),—"It seems strange to write of things so long past; but such an event brings one's recollections into extraordinary freshness; and it may be that while you are again and again going over the

loss that has fallen upon you, any remembrances of one so very venerable may drop upon your mind with something of comfort in them. This at least is my way of consoling you, and I will not doubt that you will take it in good part."

rustic flock: though it remains a marvel how he could possibly decipher the manuscript which he carried with him into the pulpit. "There are no better sermons, John,"—(he used to say to his nephew, who was also his curate,)—"and the people cannot hear them too often." He always preached at the morning service, weather permitting, during his residence of three months; and always in his surplice:—yet not by any means so much for conscience sake, as for a sanitary reason. He was apprehensive of taking cold if he took off his surplice. His practice therefore was, after giving the blessing, to precede the congregation out of Church,—to avoid encountering draughts. But he told his nephew, (when the agitation on the subject was at its height,) that in Suffolk, *se puero*, the surplice was universally and exclusively worn. To his parishioners he was always courteous; kind to them all, and liberal in reducing the tithe payments when there was any *real* call for it. One of the latest acts of his life was the enlargement of the Church, and,—'*incolarum paroeciae suae aetate provectorum haud immemor*,—the erection of a porch on the south side.

To this period of the President's life belongs the following letter, addressed by him to the Rev. William Aldrich, fellow of Magdalen and Senior Proctor; who, at the conclusion of his period of office, having to prepare his Proctorial speech, had evidently applied to the President for a few appropriate sentences to commemorate the chief event of the year, viz. the decease of Dr. John Eveleigh [Provost 1781–1814] and the succession of Edward Copleston to the Provostship of Oriel. Such a letter, it is thought, well deserves to be placed on record:—

‘Tylehurst, April 1st, 1815.

‘Dear Sir,—I omitted leaving the few sentences here subjoined before I left Oxford, being at that time unusually occupied and engaged; but last night, as the time pressed, I determined on making you wait no longer, at the same time hoping that you might only now be returned to Oxford:—

‘Dein paucis mensibus interjectis e medio nobis ereptus est vir gravis et sanctus, Oriensis Collegii praepositus, qui, junctâ doctrinâ tum sacrâ quam externâ cum literis Hebraicis, in scriptis suis non tantum divinas Scripturas feliciter exposuit, sed etiam fidem orthodoxam invictissime defendit. Religionis praemia, quae innocentia vitae atque inculpatis moribus DEO adjuvante meruerat, virtutibus et annis plenus, jam melius nosse incepit.

‘Huic egregio viro, quem diu lugebunt cum ecclesia et academia, tum vero praecipue celebri musarum domicilium in quo habitabat, successit grande decus atque tutamen rerum nostrarum, is, qui omnium tulit suffragia, nec meo vel cujusquam aliûs egens praconio.

‘These lines such as they are I have sent, depending on your secrecy, and remain your faithful servant,

‘M. J. ROUTH.’

But the following memorandum, written by the President's hand, refers to an event in his history of far too much importance to be any longer withheld:—‘1820, September 18th, my birthday. I married Eliza Agnes, eldest unmarried daughter of John Blagrove, esq., of Calcot Park, in the parish of Tylehurst.’ The marriage was solemnized at Walcot church, Bath,—in which city (as she explained to me) Mrs. Routh had been brought up by her aunt. She resided at 22 Queen square, and had known her future husband about seven years. He was now exactly sixty-five. This lady (born in 1790) the tenth of a single family of twenty children, survived him fifteen years,—dying (March 23rd, 1869)

aged seventy-eight,—and lies interred in Holywell Cemetery. Dr. Chandler (she said) used to tell her that ‘she was a tithe, and belonged to the Rectory’: it was but fitting therefore that she should have married the next Rector. Mrs. Routh loved to talk about her husband,—whom she greatly revered. She remarked to me that he used always to say his private prayers leaning against a table and standing. He had told her (she said) that when he was twelve years of age he wrote a sermon which so surprised the family, that his sister was curious to know whether it was his own. To convince her, he wrote another. Far better deserving of attention, however, is Mrs. Routh’s share in the following incident which I had from her own lips.

Many will remember a shameful murder committed in 1845 by a Quaker named Tawell. Some may be aware that the telegraphic wires were first employed to promote the ends of justice on the same occasion, and that the murderer’s apprehension was the consequence. This man’s relations lived about four miles from Beccles, were well known to the Rouths, and were much respected in the neighbourhood. One morning after breakfast, the President, who had been perusing the sentence passed on Tawell by Baron Parke, exclaimed—‘Eliza, give me a pen.’ She obeyed: whereupon he instantly wrote the following letter, which was duly put into the hands of the miserable man in his cell, and read by him before his execution. The Chaplain of the gaol was brother to the well-known Oxford bedell, Mr. Cox,—who, as a former member of Magdalen, knew the handwriting. The document appeared in some of the public prints immediately after :—

‘Sir,—This comes from one who, like yourself, has not long to live, being in his ninetieth year. He has had more opportunity than most men for distinctly knowing that the Scriptures of the New Testament were written by the Apostles of the Saviour of mankind. In these Scriptures it is expressly said that the blood of JESUS CHRIST, the SON of GOD, cleanses us from all sin; and that if we confess our sins, GOD, being merciful and just, will forgive us our sins on our repentance.

‘I write this, not knowing how long you have to live, but in the name of the faithful, just, and merciful God, make use of your whole time in supplications for His mercy.

‘Perhaps the very circumstances in which you are now placed may be the means of saving your immortal soul; for if you had gone on in sin to the end of your life you would infallibly have lost it. Think, say, and do everything in your power to save your soul before you go into another life.

‘YOUR FRIEND.’

But we were speaking of the President of Magdalen as incumbent of a Berkshire village. His nephew John thus writes :—

‘His chief occupation at Tylehurst, when not engaged in literary pursuits, was visiting Theale, (a hamlet of the parish distant three miles from the rectory,) for the purpose of superintending the building of the Church there which was done at the sole expense of his sister Mrs. Sheppard:’ begun in 1820 and finished in 1830, —(as long he used to say as the siege of Troy,)—at a cost of 26,000*l.* including the parsonage house: a sum which in these days would have built, I imagine, three Churches of the same size. I have known him walk to this Church and back

† This loved sister sleeps in Ampthorp church. Her tablet bears the following epitaph by the President :—*Requiescit, donante, Deo, in pace, Sophin, vidua, Thomae, Sheppard, S. T. P. vixit, ann. lxxxix, mens. ix, decessit, die Julii, xxxi, anno Salutis*

MDCCCLXVIII. moerentibus, | undique, auxilio, orbis, et, perpetuas, | lacrymas, fundente, domo, sua, nisi, viventem, cum, Christo, semper, deflare, | nefas, esset, | Vale, vale, quas, fuisti, carissimam.

(6 miles) with a severe hill to climb, when he was in his 94th year, and under a July sun.

The other work, on which the President of Magdalen founds his claim to the Church's gratitude, appeared in 1832, with this title: '*Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Opuscula praeicipua quaedam.*' Within the narrow compass of two octavo volumes we are here furnished with what, after exhaustive search, the learned editor deemed most precious among the remains of primitive ecclesiastical antiquity. The prefatory address 'To the Reader,' in which the contents of the book are briefly reviewed and explained, deserves very thoughtful perusal. Hippolytus contributes a treatise on the Divine Nature. Against heretical depravation, Irenæus and Tertullian write. Some precious authorities concerning the doctrine of the Sacrament of CHRIST'S Body and Blood follow. Against Gentile superstitions Cyprian furnishes a treatise. The Creeds and Canons of the first four General Councils witness to what was the faith, what the discipline, of the Church Universal. And so much for doctrine. Polycarp, Tertullian, Cyprian contribute what tends to practical piety. Lastly, the pretensions of the see of Rome to authority and infallibility are tested by an appeal to antiquity. We are shown that Stephanus, Bishop of Rome, was held by the ancients to have *excommunicated himself* when he excommunicated the Orientals; and that Honorius, another Romish bishop, was first condemned by a general Council, and then anathematised his own successors. To these, some important treatises were added in 1840, when a second edition of the work was called for. The late learned and pious Bishop of Chester (Dr. Jacobson) re-edited the '*Opuscula*' in 1858, with much self-denying labour and learning; withholding nothing—but his name. It shall but be added that every one aspiring to be a student of Divinity should possess himself of Routh's *Opuscula* and *Reliquiae*, and should master their contents. The prefaces to both,—to the latter especially,—should be carefully laid to heart.

But it were a very inadequate sketch of Dr. Routh's work and character which should represent him *only* as a divine. In 1823, he relates,—(his autograph memorandum lies before me,)—"I published an edition of Burnet's *History of his own Time*, accompanied with the hitherto unpublished Notes of the Earls of Dartmouth and Hardwick, and the whole of Dean Swift's, and additional ones of my own; besides the passages of the first volume in folio, which had been suppressed by the first editors." Of this work, a second and enlarged edition appeared in 1833. His mind seemed saturated with the lore of the period of which Burnet treats; and (as Dr. Charles Daubeny, one of his fellows, remarked) when he made it the theme of his conversation—

'he seemed to deliver himself rather like a contemporary who had been an eye-witness of the scenes he described, than as one who had drawn his information from second-hand sources; so perfect was his acquaintance with the minutest details, so intimate his familiarity with everything relating to the history of the individuals who figured in those events. On such occasions one could hardly help interrupting him in the course of his narrative by inquiring whether he had not himself witnessed the rejoicings at the signature of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, or shaken hands with President Hough at the time of his triumphant return to his college, on the restoration of the fellows. Availing himself of the privileges of

seniority, he had the tact to lead the conversation into those channels with which he was most at home, and astonished the eager listener with the extent and accuracy of his knowledge. It was thus, only a few years before his death, that he surprised Mr. Bancroft, the American historian, with his knowledge of the reign of James II, and of the early settlements in America. Nothing in the meantime can be conceived more dignified, more courteous, more ingratiating than his address and manner, especially during his latter years, when the peculiarities of his dress and appearance were set down to his great age, and the fashion of a period long gone by,—which enhanced the effect of his affable and kind, though formal deportment.*

In 1852 he published, in a single volume, with many additional notes, Burnet's '*History of the Reign of King James II.*' "I am going on at the press with King James' Life," (he writes to Dr. Ogilvie, Oct. 4th, 1851),—"but not at so quick a pace as I wish. It affords me some amusement." The last words of his short Preface deserve to be transcribed:—"Under all our changes, the public press by its disclosure and powerful advocacy of the truth, has been found protecting right against wrong, and maintaining real liberty." In the first draft this sentence ran thus:—"A free press will be found as essential as ever to the preservation of real freedom." His own politics savoured altogether of a bygone age. He belonged to no modern party. Daubeney relates (from hearsay) that 'in early life, Routh's was a kind of theoretical Jacobitism, such as had been cherished very generally by the clergy and country squires of the last century.' But disloyalty was abhorrent to his whole nature. He was all for the prerogatives of the Sovereign, and jealous of the encroachments of the aristocracy. Thus his Toryism carried with it a dash of liberalism. This endeared him to Sir Francis Burdett, who with generous warmth paid an eloquent tribute to his friend's merits in the course of a debate in the House, May 8th, 1828. His churchmanship was that of the best Caroline divines. Popery he abhorred. "They have no support in the Fathers, sir. In the first three centuries, not one word."† He recognised in the teaching of the reformed Church of England the nearest approximation to the teaching of the Apostolic age. On the other hand, he formed no alliance with any party in the Church. He was *above* party, taking his stand on Scripture and primitive antiquity; although concerning his sympathies, there could be *no* doubt. "I never saw the President look so black" (writes Dr. Bloxam) "as when the epithets 'Tractarian' or 'Puseyite' were employed in his presence." Keenly alive to politics, (for he read 'the Times' to the last, and watched with extraordinary interest the progress of the Russian war,) he chiefly regarded the movements of the State as they affected the independence and purity of the Church. Even from the government and public business of the University he kept himself aloof, contented to administer his own college well. But, as I have said, he was an anxious, as well as attentive observer of what was passing around him. The democratic tendencies of the age filled him with alarm. The phrase '*Imperial* Parliament' so offended him that (January 17, 1800) it called forth from him a long and indignant protest, —to whom addressed, I know not. The vulgar error that our tripartite Constitution consists of '*King, Lords, and Commons*,'—(whereas, as

* *Biographical sketch*,—a leaflet, signed 'C. D.'

† To Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester College.

every student knows, the three Estates of the Realm are 'the Spirituality, the Nobility, and the Commonalty,' the Sovereign being above and over all);—*this* also used greatly to disgust him. The interference of the University Commission (of 1854), he resented with unmingled indignation and abhorrence. What would he have said to the revolutionary Commission of 1876? He would have despaired of Oxford altogether could he have known what was in store for the institutions he had loved so well, at the end of thirty years.

The present is the sketch of what was confessedly an uneventful life. The President grew very aged amid the regards of a generation whose sires remembered him an old man. Well informed in every topic of the hour,—weighty in his judgments,—animated and instructive in his conversation,—he was resorted to with affectionate reverence; and every one on coming away had something to relate in proof of his unfailing readiness, clearness, shrewdness,—the extent and minuteness of his knowledge—his unique aptitude at reproducing names and dates when he told a story. Everything about him was interesting,—was marvellous: his costume, his learning, his wisdom, his wit, his *wig*. He never came abroad; so that, with the many, his very existence rested on tradition. One of his fellows in the beginning of February 1834 writes,—“Newman was closeted the other day for two hours with Dr. Routh, receiving his opinions as to his work [the History of the Arians], which were very complimentary.”¹ It may have been in consequence of those two hours of colloquy that the President used to speak of him, as ‘that clever young gentleman of Oriel, Mr. Newman’: but there were several other interviews. In the last volume of his ‘*Reliquiae*,’ (it was published in 1848,) he designates him as “*vir valde perspicax et eruditus*”². . . . He certainly cherished great personal regard as well as respect for the vicar of S. Mary’s: sending him some of his books, and once going out of his way to find and give him a copy of Casaubon’s ‘*Adversaria*.’ “Up to 1845” (writes Dr. Bloxam) “when Newman declined the appointment, he always sent me over to Littlemore to ask Newman to be examiner for the Johnson Scholarship. On the last occasion, Newman wrote to decline it in the following words:—

“I wish I could convey to you how much I felt the great kindness of your message to me by Mr. Bloxam. It seems almost intrusion and impertinence to express to you my gratitude, yet I cannot help it. You are the only person in station in Oxford, who has shown me any countenance for a long course of years; and, much as I knew your kindness, I did not expect it now.”³

“Up to the last,” (continues my informant), “he used to speak to me of Newman as ‘the great Newman.’” Routh’s attitude, in fact, throughout the period referred to, admits of no mistake. The appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity (in 1836) aroused a storm of indignation in the University which was never appeased. Convocation resolved to petition the Crown against it, and an extraordinary scene was witnessed in the Sheldonian Theatre (March 22nd)

¹ Mozley’s *Letters*,—p. 39.

² *Reliqq.* v. 368.

³ For the rest of this letter, and for more on

the same subject, see Bloxam’s *Demiss*,—pp. 34-7.

in which however the most interesting feature,—(James Mozley calls it “one of the most pleasant sights,”)—“was old Routh, the venerable head of Magdalen College, who appeared for the first time, I suppose, in these many years, in his place among the Doctors. At the first glimpse of his wig, a general acclamation was raised, which the old gentleman returned with several bows, in all the courtesy of the old school”⁴. . . We smile, of course: and yet, when about this very time we encounter the venerable President in person, he moves before us like one of his contemporaries, and excites nothing but grave respect. Take the following letter of his to Hugh James Rose,—written at the same critical period in the history of our Church:—

‘Magdalen College, Oxford, March 31, 1835.

‘Reverend Sir,—I return you many thanks for the opportunity you have given me of sooner reading your *Concio ad Clerum*.’ The judicious remarks it contains on former periods of our history, expressed in excellent Latin, afforded me much pleasure; at the same time that the apprehensions you entertain for the future safety of the Church, corresponded with my own. Let us however trust that GOD will favour our cause, which is that of justice and truth.

‘I have to request further favours at your hands: the first is, to thank in my name, as I am ignorant of his address, Mr. Maitland (the author of Letters to you on Milner’s Church History) for the perusal of his appropriate and unanswerable Strictures; the other is to offer my kind respects to Mr. Ogilvie, your coadjutor at Lambeth.—I remain, Reverend Sir, with great esteem, your obedient and obliged Servant,

‘M. J. ROUTH.’

Something was said above about the President’s marvellous retention of his faculties,—his vivacity and intellectual vigour. His clearness of mind and ready recollection of dates gave him a great advantage in conversation. He was once telling Dr. Daubeny of the wish entertained by an illustrious person to be Chancellor of the University. ‘And why was he not elected?’ asked Daubeny. ‘Because the Chancellor chose to live, sir!’—‘But,’ rejoined Daubeny, ‘why was he not elected after the Chancellor’s death?’ ‘*Because he was dead himself, sir,*’ he replied;—with a rapidity which was very diverting to those who overheard the conversation.

The retentiveness of his memory, even in respect of trifles, was truly extraordinary. His nephew, John Routh, having had a seventh child born to him in 1851, the President (who had entered on his 97th year) remarked to John Rigaud (fellow of Magdalen) ‘*That was your number.*’ How he came to know the fact—yet more why he should have remembered it—no one present could imagine. Shortly before his death, on being shown in a newspaper⁶ an account of himself in which his age was mentioned, and the persons specified with whom he might have conversed, he exclaimed—‘I am described as being a little *younger* than Pitt. The blockhead, as he knew my age, might have known that I was four or five years *older*.’

Dr. Jacobson described to me a visit he once paid him; when, after a little talk, the President challenged him to adjourn to the garden for conversation: remarking that it was somewhat gloomy within, but cheerful

⁴ *Letters*, p. 55.

⁵ At S. Paul’s (20th Febr. 1835), *Jussu*

Reverendissimi,—p. 19.

⁶ *Maldstone Journal* some time in 1853.

out-of-doors. (It was during the dog-days.) The clock struck 3 as they entered the old-fashioned demesne (part of the garden of old 'Magdalen Hall,') and the venerable man prolonged a most animated discourse concerning the '88, until the clock struck 5,—when a servant came to announce dinner. There was he, dramatizing every incident; giving the actual words of the several speakers; relating the fortunes of the house of Magdalen at the period; "and, at times, looking uncomfortably over his shoulder, as if not without a lurking suspicion that the very gooseberry-bushes had ears." . . . My informant greatly regretted that he had kept no notes of his many conversations with the old President.

Side by side, however, with all this quick intelligence, he would ever and anon betray the fact that he belonged to a quite bygone generation. He retained many obsolete expressions. For instance, he was known to exclaim to his servant,—'Bring it back, *sirrah!*' . . . 'There comes *my lord of Oxford*,' he would say of the Bishop. . . . But in fact, it was impossible even for those who revered him most not to be merry over the little details which occasionally transpired. Thus (June 4th, 1844) he sent the following official note to H. P. Guillemard (Senior Proctor):—'Mr. Woodhouse, a gentleman commoner of this college, has my permission to *hire a one-horse chaise, if it meets with the approbation of the Senior Proctor.*' And in the following October, R. W. Church, the present Dean of St. Paul's (Junior Proctor), received a similar message:—'Mr. Wm. Woodhouse, a gentleman commoner of this college, has my permission, if he obtains the Proctor's consent, *to make use of a vehicle drawn by one horse.*' . . . Little did the venerable writer dream of the metamorphosis which, on the other side of the Cherwell awaited the 'vehicle' which had been 'drawn by one horse' as far as Magdalen bridge! . . . Add certain peculiarities of costume and manner, and it will be readily understood that there were many good stories current concerning the dear old President,—some of which were true.

I should despair of exhibiting a scene which I once heard (or rather once *saw*) John Rigaud describe of an examination at which he assisted in the President's library,—the last which the President ever conducted in person. The book was Homer, of which the youth to be examined was profoundly ignorant. What with the President's deafness and the man's mistakes, Rigaud thought he must have expired. The President had two copies of Homer, one at each side of his chair; and with immense urbanity handed a copy to the youth as he entered. When the man read the Greek, the President thought he was construing into English, and *vice versa*. "What was that you said, sir?" he would inquire earnestly. The man confessed what he had said. One of the examiners was down upon him in an instant. The President stood up for the victim, on the charitable hypothesis that, "perhaps he had been taught so." The man speedily put it out of all doubt that his method was entirely his own. Thereupon the President construed the passage for him. Rigaud was fain to conceal himself behind the newspaper, and sat in perfect terror lest he should be appealed to, and be compelled to exhibit a face convulsed with merriment.

Dr. Routh was very fond of his dogs. It was his way, when a super-

fluous bit of bread-and-butter was in his hand at tea-time, to sink back in his chair and at the same instant to drop the morsel to the expectant and eager quadrupeds, which have been known so far to take advantage of his good nature as fairly to invade his person, in order to get rather more than he had contemplated bestowing. Very mournful was the expression his features assumed if ever Mrs. Routh, in the exercise of a sane discretion, took upon herself to expel the dogs from the apartment. . . . The Vice-President once informed him, in the name of the fellows, that they had resolved to enforce the college order, by which it was forbidden to keep dogs in college. "Then, sir," he rejoined, "*I suppose I must call mine--cats!*" It was a characteristic reply, as well from its drollery as from the indication it afforded of his resolution to stand up for his favourites. His dogs must perforce be permitted to reign undisturbed. At the same time, his respect for authority and concern for the discipline of the college over which he presided would have made him reluctant to violate any rule of the society.

John Rigaud helped him to prepare the single volume of Burnet's work for the press. This brought him constantly into contact with the venerable President, and rendered him so familiar with his manner, that he narrates his sayings to the life. It also introduced him to much of the President's mind on the subject of Burnet, for whom he entertained wondrous little respect. When the Bishop speaks of himself, "Here comes P. P., clerk of this parish!" he would say, ejaculating to himself afterwards,—"*Rogue!*" . . . 'Why is it, uncle,' (once asked his nephew, John Routh,) 'that you are always working at Burnet, whom you are always attacking?' To whom the President,—'A good question, sir! Because I know the man to be a liar; and I am determined to prove him so' . . . When Burnet was at last finished, he sent a beautifully bound copy to the Chancellor, and pleased himself with the prospect of receiving an autograph acknowledgment from the great Duke, for whom he entertained an ardent admiration. Day after day elapsed, and still no letter; but the President suffered no one to know that he was greatly vexed and disappointed. At last he opened his grief to Dr. Bliss, with the simplicity of a child who has been denied a lawful gratification. The Duke's letter, after many days, was discovered lying on a little table by his side. It had been accidentally overlooked.

One of the President's most characteristic stories related to a privilege case, of which I am only able to relate a portion. It exhibited the House of Commons (for which he entertained very little respect) in antagonism to the Courts of Law. The Speaker entered the Court, with purpose to overawe the Judge in the administration of justice. "I sit here to administer the laws of England," was the solemn dictum of the great legal functionary. "And I will commit *you*, Mr. Speaker; yes, *you*, Mr. Speaker; if you had the whole House of Commons in your belly." . . . But no trick of style can convey the least idea of the animation with which these words of defiance were repeated. The President, having brought the Speaker into the presence of the Judge, grew excited, and his speech at once assumed the dramatic form. At "I sit here," &c., his whole frame underwent emotion: he raised his voice, and fixed his eyes

severely on the person before him. At "the laws of England," he struck the table smartly with his extended fingers. The threat to commit the Speaker was uttered with immense gusto, and evidently repeated with increased gratification. But the concluding hypothetical defiance was overwhelming. The patriotic narrator chuckled and fell back in his chair, convulsed with merriment at the grotesqueness of the image which the Judge had so deliberately evoked.

What goes before reminds me of the zest with which he used to repeat a quatrain relating to the threatened fate of one of the seven deprived Bishops:—

‘And shall Trelawny die? . . .
And shall Trelawny die? . . .
Then thirty-thousand Cornish boys
Will know the reason why!’

The energy exhibited by the aged and enthusiastic speaker will be readily understood by those who knew him: some idea may be conveyed to those who did *not*. The interrogation in the first line was exactly repeated in the second. There was the same grand rolling enunciation of ‘*Trelawny*’: the same emphatic interrogating ‘*die?*’: the same pause, as if waiting for an answer at the end of the line. And the last couplet followed as if the silence of the Government must be interpreted fatally: as if, therefore, those ‘thirty thousand Cornish boys’ might be expected to enter the room at any moment.

He delighted in the company of two or three intimate friends at dinner, on Sundays especially: as Dr. Bloxam (whose place was always next to him, on his left hand), and the late loved President, his successor (Dr. Bulley); James Mozley (also recently deceased), and John Rigaud of his own college;—or again, Dr. Bliss (Principal of St. Mary Hall), Philip Duncan of New College, and “*Mo Griffith*,” of Merton, &c. On such occasions he would be very communicative and entertaining, abounding in anecdote. He always drank the health of his guests all round; once, so far deviating from his usual practice as to propose a toast. It was the Sunday after the Duke of Wellington’s death: and he gave “the memory of our great and good Chancellor, who never erred except when he was over-ruled.” . . . His way was, after giving his cap to the servant, to say grace himself:—before meat, —“For what we are about to receive, the LORD be praised!” Very peculiar was the emphasis with which on such occasions he would pronounce the Holy Name, giving breadth to the “o” till it sounded as if the word “awe,” as well as the sentiment, was to be found in it; rolling forth the “r” in the manner which was characteristic of him; and pronouncing the last words with a most sonorous enunciation. His manner at such times was to extend his hands towards the viands on the table. After dinner, “For what we have received,” as before. . . . John Rigaud could never forget the solemn emphasis with which he pronounced the word “wrath” in the Communion service.

Favourably known to the dear old President, acceptable to his wife, and intimate with most of his Fellows, — I could easily have got myself invited to one of those quiet little Sunday dinners of which I had heard so much. But I shrank from making the first move. The reader is the

gainer, for the description which follows is from the pen of James Mozley's sister:—

"Yesterday we dined at the President's—such a curious, interesting scene! The President is more old and wonderful-looking than anyone could imagine beforehand. He must always have been below middle height; but age has bent and shrunk him to something startlingly short when he walks. In his chair one does not perceive it so much. The wig, of course, adds to the effect. —such a preposterous violation of nature! It seems quite to account for his not hearing what people say. His manner was most kind and courteous to Mamma; and he took the opportunity (in taking her in to dinner) to say some complimentary things of James, of whom I think he is very fond.

"It is really very nice to see his Fellows round him. They seem so fond of him. An indulgent respectful reverence, with a good deal of fun all the while, is the general manner; and he is very cheerful, and often laughs with the greatest heartiness. Mrs. Routh, in her way, is as unusual a person to meet; and harmonises with the scene. She is extremely good-natured, and probably had always something of the manner of a child,—so wonderfully simple and unassuming! James says, 'What an absolute contrast their drawing-room presents to that of any other Head of a House in Oxford, in the terms of easy familiarity between the Fellows and their Head!'

"The look of things there was all so characteristic. The house full of books; the dining-room filled with folios and quartos,—drawing-room, stair-case, passages &c., with smaller books. Mrs. Routh complains she shall soon not be able to get about, from the accumulation of bookshelves; for he still buys, and knows where every book in his library is. She took us into his dressing-room. The appointments were of the most limited kind; but the walls up to the ceiling are covered with books, and there is a set of steps, which Mrs. R. said he could ascend quite nimbly, to reach any book he wants.

"James was the one to talk to the President, and to draw him out. They talked of Hume, Adam Smith, Home, Parr, Hurd, Jortin, Dr. Johnson,—(whom, by the way, Dr. Routh remembered on his last visit to Oxford; describing him to us, as though seeing him, in '*a brown tradesman's wig*'),—and discussing style, &c. . . . I could not hear much distinctly; but knew what it was all about . . . Mrs. Routh calls the President '*my own*.' ('Take care, *my own*,' I heard her cry out.) She is very attentive to him."⁶

Let me recall the occasion, the pretext rather, on which (Dec. 10th, 1846) I obtained my first interview with Dr. Routh. I had been charged with a book for him, and, having obtained his permission to bring it in person, presented myself at his gate. Moss received my name in a manner which showed me that I was expected. With a beating heart, I followed the man up the old-fashioned staircase—grim old Doctors in their wigs and robes, and bearded divines with little books in their hands, and college benefactors innumerable, eyeing me all the way from the walls, with terrible severity. My courage at last almost failed me; but retreat was impossible, for by this time we had reached the open door of the library,—a room completely lined with books, (the volumes in that room were reckoned at 5000),—the shelves (which were of deal painted white) reaching from the floor to the ceiling; and the President was to be seen at the furthest extremity, his back to the window, with a blazing fire at his left. At the first intimation of my approach, I noticed that he slipped the book that he was reading into the drawer of the little table before him, and hastened to rise and come into the middle of the room to receive me. The refined courtesy which evidently was doing its best to persuade me not only that I was a welcome visitor but that I found the master of the house *entirely disengaged*, struck me much. Most of all, however, was I astonished by his appearance. He wore such a wig as

⁶ Mozley's *Letters*,—(June 11, 1849),—p. 200-1.

one only sees in old pictures : cassock, gown, scarf and bands, shorts and buckles. And then *how* he did stoop ! But besides immense intelligence, there was a great deal of suavity as well as dignity in that venerable face. And "You have come to see a decrepid old man, sir !" he said, as he took me by the hand. Something fell from me about my "veneration for so learned a Divine," and my having "long coveted this honour." "You are very civil, sir, sit you down." And he placed me in the *arm-chair*, in which he told me he never sat himself.

After a few civilities, he began to congratulate me on my bachelor's gown, pointing to my sleeves. I learned to my astonishment that he supposed he was going to have an interview *with an undergraduate*. He inquired after my standing in the University,—my late, my present college. "And you are a fellow of Oriel, sir? A very honourable college to belong to, sir. It has produced many distinguished men. You know, sir, when you marry, or take a living, you can always add to your name, 'late fellow.' I observe, sir, that Dr. Pusey always does so." It was impossible not to smile. My name (he thought) must be of French origin,—must be another form of *Burgoyne*. It soon became painfully evident that he was only talking thus in order to relieve me from the necessity of speaking, in case I should be utterly at a loss for a topic. So, availing myself of a pause after he had inquired about my intended pursuits, I leaned forward (for he was more than slightly deaf) and remarked that perhaps he would allow me to ask him a question. "Eh, sir?" "I thought that perhaps you would allow me to ask you a question about Divinity, sir." He told me (rather gravely) to go on. I explained that I desired a few words of counsel, if he would condescend to give me them—some directions as to the best way of pursuing the study which he had himself cultivated with such signal success. Aware that my request was almost as vague as the subject was vast, and full of genuine consideration for the aged oracle, I enlarged for a minute on the matter, chiefly in order to give him time to adjust his thoughts before making reply. He inquired what I had read? "Eusebius, Hooker and Pearson, very carefully." He nodded. The gravity which by this time his features had assumed was very striking. He lay back in his chair. His head sank forward on his chest, and he looked like one absorbed in thought. "Yes—I think, sir," (said he after a long pause which, besides raising my curiosity, rather alarmed me by the contrast it presented to his recent animated manner,) "I think, sir, were I you, sir—that I would—first of all—read the—the Gospel according to St. Matthew." Here he paused. "And after I had read the Gospel according to St. Matthew—I would—were I you, sir—go on to read—the Gospel according to St.—Mark." I looked at him anxiously to see whether he was serious. One glance was enough. He was giving me (but at a very slow rate) the outline of my future course. "I think, sir, when I had read the Gospel according to St. Mark, I would go on, sir—to the Gospel according to—St. Luke, sir." (Another pause, as if the reverend speaker were reconsidering the matter.) "Well, sir, and when I had read those three gospels, sir, were I in your place, I would go on—yes, I would certainly go on to read the Gospel according to St. John."

For an instant I had felt an inclination to laugh. But by this time a very different set of feelings came over me. Here was a theologian of ninety-one, who, after surveying the entire field of sacred science, had come back to the starting-point; and had nothing better to advise me to read than—the Gospel! I believe I was attempting to thank him, but he did not give me time. He recommended me, with much emphasis, to read a portion of the Gospel *every day*. “And after the Gospel according to St. John,” he proceeded;—(Now for it, thought I. We are coming to the point at last.) “I would in the next place, sir—I think” (he paused for an instant and then resumed);—“Yes, sir, I think I would certainly go on to read the—Acts of the Holy Apostles: a book, sir, which I have not the least doubt was the work of—St. Luke.” “No more have I, sir.” (I really could not help it.) “No, sir. But what is quite evident, it must needs be a book of altogether Apostolic antiquity, indeed of the age it professes to be. For you may have observed that the sacred writer ends by saying that St. Paul dwelt at Rome ‘two whole years in his own hired house.’ Now, sir” (here he tapped my fingers in the way which was customary with him when he desired to enforce attention), “no one but a contemporary would have ended his narrative in *that way*. We should have had all about St. Paul’s martyrdom” (he looked archly at me, and slightly waved his hand,—as much as to say, ‘And we all know what kind of thing *that* would have been!’)—“all about his martyrdom, sir, if the narrative had been subsequent in date to St. Paul’s death.” I said the remark was new to me, but I saw its force. He only wanted me to nod. He was already going on; and, not to presume on the reader’s patience (for it cannot be a hundredth part as amusing to read the story as it was to witness the scene), after mentioning the seven Catholic epistles, he advised me to read those of St. Paul in the order of Pearson’s “*Annales Paulini*.” He spoke of the book of Revelation, and remarked that Rome is certainly there, whether Imperial or Papal. Then he referred to Eusebius: to Scaliger’s shrewdness about his “*Chronicon*”; and remarked that there is no Arianism apparent in his ecclesiastical History. Next, he advised me to read the seven epistles of Ignatius, which he was convinced were genuine, notwithstanding what Cureton had written; also *that* of Clement (for the Clement mentioned by St. Paul wrote only one epistle. It had been doubted, he said, but the extracts in Clemens Alex. are no valid evidence against the authenticity of our copies). “Read these, sir, in the edition of my friend Mr. Jacobson.” I said I possessed the book. “Ah, you do, sir? Well, sir, and after the epistles of Ignatius”—I was longing for an opportunity of showing him that I was not *plane hospes*; so I ventured to say significantly that “I thought I knew which book to read next!” He understood me: smiled pleasantly, and nodded. “You are very civil, sir!” ... It was time to go. Indeed the fire was so exceedingly hot that I could bear it no longer. My cap, which I had used for a screen, had been smoking for some time, and now curled and cracked. What annoyed me more, if possible, than the fire, was the President’s canary, in a cage near his elbow. The wretched creature was quiet till we got upon Divinity; but the moment his master mentioned the Gospels, away

it went into a paroxysm of song—scream, scream, scream—as if on purpose to make it impossible for me to hear what he said. If ever the President dropped his voice, the bird screamed the louder.⁷

I said I had kept him too long; but wished him to know what a comfort and help his example and witness had been to me. He spoke of Mr. Newman with many words of regret; declared his own entire confidence; assured me that the Truth is with us. Before leaving, I knelt down and asked him for his blessing, which he instantly proceeded to bestow. "No," he exclaimed, "let me stand;" and standing, or rather leaning over me, he spoke solemn words. As I was leaving the room, he very kindly bade me come and see him again.

A full year elapsed before I ventured to repeat the intrusion. Mrs. Routh met me in the street, and asked 'why I did not go to see her dear man?' 'I was afraid of being troublesome.' 'But he tells me that he wishes to see you.' So I went. (It was Nov. 29th, 1847.) Would that I had preserved a record of what passed! But I believe it was then that I ventured to address him somewhat as follows: "Mr. President, give me leave to ask you a question I have sometimes asked of aged persons, but never of any so aged or so learned as yourself." He looked so kindly at me that I thought I might go on. "Every studious man, in the course of a long and thoughtful life, has had occasion to experience the special value of some one axiom or precept. Would you mind giving me the benefit of such a word of advice?" . . . He bade me explain, -evidently to gain time. I quoted an instance.⁸ He nodded and looked thoughtful. Presently he brightened up and said, "I think, sir, since you care for the advice of an old man, sir, you will find it a very good practice"—(here he looked me archly in the face),—"always to *verify your references*, sir!" . . . I can better recall the shrewdness of the speaker's manner than his exact words; but they were those, or very nearly those.

Several days before the visit just referred to, I left at his door the first volume of my copy of his '*Reliquiae*' and '*Opuscula*,' with a request that he would inscribe his own name besides mine on the first blank page of both. Those two volumes he now restored to me, either of them furnished with a graceful (and quite different) inscription. We conversed about Patristic remains. I suggested "that the Editor of Cyril of Jerusalem,—I forget his name at this instant,"—"O but I don't, sir: *De Touttée*. Go on, sir:)"—"had not quite accurately culled out the Creed of Jerusalem." "Ah, indeed, sir?" (thoughtfully) "I will look to it."—He informed me, in passing, that he had a fifth volume of the '*Reliquiae*' ready for the press. I got him to tell me something about it. And so I left him. But imagine my surprise at finding myself pursued in a few minutes by the President's servant, who was the bearer of a note. It was to say that,—

"Before Mr. Burgon left the lodgings, it occurred to the President that as the measure of a fifth volume of the *Reliquiae* had not yet met with the approbation of the Delegates of the Press, it would be as well that it should not be publicly spoken of. But Mr. Burgon was not within hearing. Excuse this scrawl."

⁷ Strange to relate, *that* canary died on the day his successor was elected.

⁸ See below,—p. 424.

I came away from him with a truly golden precept: but on a subsequent occasion he gave me another, which I have many a time acted on with advantage. Of course, I never approached him without *some* excuse or provocation. Once, for example (it must have been in 1848), he sent me word that "he had a book for me, and would be glad to put it into my hands, if I would do him the favour to call at his lodgings." It proved to be the fifth volume of the '*Reliquiae*.' I think it was on *that* occasion that I ventured to ask him (I have often been ashamed of the question since) if there was any Commentary on Scripture which he particularly approved of, and could recommend. He leaned forward, murmured something to himself (of which all I could catch was a prolonged and thoughtful "No—I don't know, sir," or something to that effect), and so evidently did not wish to make any reply, that I quickly changed the subject; thanking him again for the book he had given me, and opening it with unfeigned interest and curiosity. He took the volume out of my hands, and proposed to show me something which he expected I should "find worth my notice." He turned with difficulty to the last page, and drew me towards him. I knelt. "Attend to this, sir;" and he began reading the long note which fills the lower half of p. 369. The print was too small for his aged eyes: so I read aloud. I remember his tapping my shoulder smartly with the extremities of his fingers when I came to the words, "*Et velim animadverti: decantatos Petri viginti quatuor annos ad episcopatum pertinere universae ecclesiae, non unius Romanae; et junctos cum Lini annis . . . complere tempus inter mortem CHRISTI et martyria apostolorum Petri et Pauli computari solitum.*"

It was the President's wont, by the way, when speaking with animation, to lay his extended fingers on your hand, or even to seize it. Sometimes he would tap your hand with his. Not unfrequently, in order to rivet attention to what he was saying,—(his method certainly had the desired effect),—he would draw his fingers together, and as it were *peck* at your arm, or your shoulder, as might happen.

In the last year but one of his life (1853) he sent me a little tract (his last production!), in which he reprinted the precious note described above, with important additions and corrections. It disposes of the pretence that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years, by an appeal to dates furnished by the same ancient catalogue on which we depend for the chronology of the early Bishops. . . . When I was going away with the volume of the '*Reliquiae*' in my hand, he offered to send the book after me by his servant. I assured him that I would a great deal rather carry away the treasure home myself. "You remind me," he exclaimed, "of"—(naming some famous scholar),—"who used to say *he was not ashamed of being seen carrying his tools.*"

Another year elapsed. Mrs. Routh told me that the President had remarked that I never called. To remove all ground of complaint, I speedily found myself again in the President's library. I began to pave the way for some patristic question. He turned to me, and said rather abruptly, "When you have finished, sir, I have something to say to you." I was dumb. "Do you remember, sir, about a year ago asking me to

recommend to you some Commentary on Scripture?" "Perfectly well; but I am altogether astonished that *you* should remember my having taken such a liberty." He smiled good-naturedly; remarked, with a slight elevation of his hand, that his memory was not amiss, and then went on somewhat thus:—"Well, sir, I have often thought since, that if ever I saw you again, I would answer your question." I was delighted to hear it, and told him so. He went on,—“If you will take my advice, sir—(an old man, sir! but I think you will find the hint worth your notice),—whenever you are at a loss about the sense of a passage in N. T., you will be at the pains to discover how the place is rendered *in the Vulgate*; the Latin Vulgate, sir. I am not saying,” (here he kindled, and eyed me to ascertain whether there was any chance of my being weak enough to misunderstand him:) “*not that the Latin* of the Vulgate is inspired, sir!” (he tossed his head a little impatiently, and waved his hand). “Nothing of the sort, sir: but you will consider that it is a very faithful and admirable version, executed from the original by a very learned man,—by Jerome, in the fourth century; certainly made therefore from manuscript authority of exceedingly high antiquity; and in consequence entitled to the greatest attention and deference.” I have forgotten what he said besides; except that he enlarged on the paramount importance of such a work. It was very pleasant to hear him. He seemed happy, and so was I. Very distinctly, however, do I remember the impression he left on me, that, having fully delivered this testimony, he did not care to prolong *that* topic of conversation. I remember, in fact, being afraid to ask him to give me just one illustration of his meaning. It is only fair to add that I have since discovered for myself several proofs of the soundness of his advice; and the anecdote is put on record in the hope that other students may profit by it likewise. Consider, for example, the Vulgate rendering of *ἐν* in S. Mark ix. 11, 28, (*Quid ergo*): and of *ἐκείνου* in 2 Tim. ii. 26, (*ipsius*).

The President lived habitually in his library,—a room on the first floor, of which the windows looked out on St. John's quadrangle.⁹ It was the same room, by the way, in which the intruded President (Parker) had died. There, surrounded by the books he loved so well,—(a copy of Laud's ‘*Devotions*’¹ always lay on his table),—he was to be found engaged in study: poring over small print (by the light of a candle), without the aid of glasses, to so late an hour, that Mrs. Routh, in the exercise of her conjugal discretion, has been known to insist on taking away his candle. But she found him an unapt pupil. It was commonly past midnight when he went to rest; and he would sometimes sit up till one in the morning, without, however, rising later in consequence next day. At ninety-seven, besides admitting the consolation of a cane,—which his friend “Walker has brought me, to support me in my occasional visits to

⁹ The lodgings occupied by Presidents Horne and Routh were demolished in 1886. One surveying a representation of the south front of the old house will recognize three rows of windows, (1-5: 6-10: 11-15): and may like to be informed that windows 1 to 7 belong to bed-rooms:—that windows 8 and 9 indicate *the library*:—windows 13 and 14 (under the library)

the dining-room: while windows 10 and 15 lighted the staircase. The drawing-room was behind. While I write (1887) new lodgings are arising on the site of that picturesque old house.

¹ ‘Oxford, 1667.’ He had given the copy to his sister Sophia, July 1818. It was excepted from his gift to Durham.

his garden," he acknowledges the benefit of "a substitution of spectacles of a little higher number. Such I have procured in London, and am now writing with. I have found my eyesight of late much improved." This was on the last day of July, 1852. On the 16th August,—“I am no longer able to read by candle light.” But such revelations were only made in confidence to his friend, Dr. Ogilvie. When he had occasion to approach his windows, *his wig* was all that was discoverable from the quadrangle beneath. During the latest years of his life, being seldom or never able to attend the chapel service, he was scarcely ever seen except by a privileged few. ‘For a long time’ (wrote the Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, shortly after the President’s death) ‘I had been in the habit of visiting him nearly every week when I was in Oxford, and rarely saw him without learning from him something worth the hearing.’

Another of my intimate friends who enjoyed the privilege of visiting the President whenever he pleased, was the Rev. Edmund Hobhouse, fellow of Merton, sometime Bp. of Nelson. Three short letters of his to his father written about this time ([1847-49-50], when he was Vicar of S. Peter’s in-the-East,) will be acceptable to the reader on more than one account :—

“ [Merton Coll.] New Year’s Day, at night, 1847.

“ My dear Father,—I have been carousing with one of my—(not the youngest, but most youthful-for-his-age, which is 91),—parishioners,—the President of Magdalen. I was obliged to leave the *boy* ‘Moses’ at home alone, for although his young friend asked him to come under the Subwarden’s wing,² his boyish feelings overcame him and he spent New Year’s Day alone,—at least in single combat with a turkey. We met a blooming bridegroom of 70 [‘the north-east side of 70,’ as Mo declares,] Vaughan Thomas, and a belle of 80, who is as wonderful in her way as most octogenarians.

“ The good old President talked from 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. on all subjects, almost incessantly : memory surprisingly accurate. The only faculty that fails at all is the hearing. It is quite a treat, intellectual and spiritual, for his humility is as striking as his learning ; and his charity in speaking of individuals is very admirable. He enquired after you as a friend of Mr. Heber.”

“ [Merton Coll.] Sept. 19, 1849.

“ Dearest Father,—This has been an interesting day. The ven. President of Magdalen having completed his 94th year, laid the cornerstone of the new Grammar-School of the College. After the ceremony, he expressed a wish to say a few words, which were as follows,—

‘ Floreat Grammatica.
Floreat hæc Schola Grammaticalis,—
Academicis olim propria,
Omnibus jampridem patefacta.’

“ They are singularly appropriate, as they sum up the whole matter which was at issue, and which was remitted by the Rolls Court to the Visitor. They also record the original intention of the School, and the wider scope which has since been given to it. It was clearly proved by evidence that the School was intended for the Choristers and for the Demies who came up ignorant of grammar.

“ The School is designed by Buckler. It is exactly the same proportions as the old one, and much of the elevation is borrowed from the Founder’s School at Waynfleet, Lincoln.”

² ‘The boy Moses’ is old ‘Mo Griffith’ (concerning whom, see below, pp. 397-8) ; ‘his young friend’ being President Routh ; and ‘the Subwarden’ of Merton, Bishop Hobhouse himself.

"Dearest Father,—I called on the venerable Routh the day after he entered his 95th year, *honoris causa*, and found him full of Macaulay. He thinks that M. is too '*onesided a gentleman*' to hold high rank as a historian. He disproved, from documents in his possession, the charge against Penn of tampering with Hough, the President of Magdalen Coll.; and showed that Macaulay had suppressed facts relating to James II's interview with the Fellows of Magdalen Coll. in Ch. Ch. hall, by which James's conduct appeared blacker: and also facts relating to Charles I. seizing the four members of the Commons, which would have put that act in a fairer complexion. He has a MS. account of a conversation between James II and the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford with whom he lodged, (Dr. Ironsides of Wadham), which shows that the King viewed all opposition to his Religion as personally insulting to himself.

"It was a very interesting interview with the good old man. He apologized at the end for taking up so much of my time."³

And now the reader has been presented with portraits of President Routh by several different hands. It is hoped that by this time he has obtained a living acquaintance with the man: can portray him to himself. It will be observed that we all independently conspire in exhibiting the same features,—for the most part, in reproducing the self-same expression.

He had been all his life a book collector: watching as vigilantly the productions of the Continental press as the home market. 'I should esteem it a favour' (he wrote to a bookseller in 1801) 'if you could procure either at home or abroad any or all of the undermentioned books, as you mention your extensive foreign correspondence.' And then he specifies twenty-five recent foreign publications, the very titles of which recall a remark of Dr. Bliss that the President's library, though probably one of the most valuable in England, to a superficial observer might have seemed of small account. His habit of reading booksellers' catalogues enabled him in the course of a long life to form a truly wonderful collection. It consisted of upwards of 16,000 volumes. An analysis of its structure, by the hand of an accomplished friend who has made personal acquaintance with its contents, will be found in the Appendix (A) to the present volume. But in connexion with what has last been offered, the following incident, related to me (in 1856) by Dr. Jacobson, to whom it happened, is perhaps sufficiently characteristic to deserve insertion here.

Once, on entering the President's library, he observed three booksellers' catalogues standing on end open before the fire; and was presently asked, —'Pray, sir, did you ever acquire a habit of reading booksellers' catalogues?' He answered in the negative, admitting however that he had sometimes been guilty of the act. 'Then, sir, if you never did acquire the habit, I would advise you to avoid it: for it consumes a great deal of time.'—(The truth is the dear old man used to insert into his books laborious references to booksellers' catalogues;—of which, as I learn from Canon Farrar of Durham, he possessed so vast a collection, annotated often by his own hand, that they fill no less than *thirty yards* of shelves. To this practice of his Peter Elmsley is thought to have playfully alluded when he spoke of the President as *ὄντι* job-ικώτατος). Some time after, being on a visit to his brother-in-law (Sir Francis Palgrave) at Hamp-

³ From Merton Coll., Sept. 27th, 1850.

stead, Dr. Jacobson devoted the evening to examining a catalogue of Rodd the bookseller's, which had just arrived damp from the printer. Having marked about a dozen small articles which he coveted, behold him early next morning in Newport street, presenting to Rodd his list of *desiderata*. He learns that scarcely half of the lots are any longer for sale. 'Well, that is odd! why, it was only yesterday,' &c., &c.—Then, after a pause, —'If it is not an unfair question,—May I ask *who* has been beforehand with me?' 'The President of Magdalen, sir, always receives from our printer *early proof-slips of our Catalogues*; and it so happens that, two days ago,' Further explanation was of course needless.

The library of the President of Magdalen,—the product of a long life devoted to sacred Science,—was essentially the library of a 'learned Divine.' It had been formed *for use*, and contained every work which one engaged in Patristic research can require. Not a few publications of this class—(as eager students furnished with a slender exchequer know but too well)—are costly, as well as of rare occurrence. The *prix de collection*, (so the French happily phrase it), is especially felt in a library which has been formed as his was. Moreover the habit of collecting was persevered in to the very end. In 1851 (Oct. 4), he told Dr. Ogilvie,—

"I am still buying scarce and estimable books that are offered to me. Amongst others, I lately purchased a MS. History in English of the English Bishops from the first to the year 1670, when the unknown Author discontinued his work. It is a folio volume, written in a fair and legible hand."—[Again, in 1852 (Jan. 9th),—

"I have been lately buying more books than usual, *editiones principes*, and other varieties. This would scarcely be rational, if it was on my own account. Yet, I confess, it amuses me. But enough of myself, although I am writing to a friend."

Moreover, he loved his books,—was acquainted with them, and appreciated them, singly. Though unsolicitous about the external attractiveness of his copies, he was at the pains, whenever he sent any to be lettered, *to design in capitals* the precise formula which he intended to have impressed on each.⁴ The result of so discriminating a taste, supported by a sufficient income, might well prove extraordinary. The monetary value of the President's printed books may be estimated by the fact that Queen's College offered him for the entire collection, at the time of their receiving the Mason bequest for the increase of their library in 1847, the sum of 10,000*l.* The negotiations which ensued fell through from the single circumstance that Dr. Routh would only part with his books on the condition—(surely not an unreasonable one!)—of being allowed the use of them for the remainder of his life; an arrangement which the terms of the Mason bequest prevented the College from acceding to. By consequence, the Library became alienated from the University of Oxford. In 1852, (March 29th), 'being desirous that it might serve the purpose of promoting the glory of GOD through the advancement of good learning, and feeling a deep interest in the recently established University of Durham,' the President of Magdalen carried out the intention he had in the

⁴ E.g.

VSSERII
OPVS
DVO

To be half-bound.

MVSAR
OXON
SVB
OLIVERO

To be half-bound and lettered on the side.

meanwhile formed of transferring his library, (so far as the printed books were concerned,) by deed of gift to the warden, masters and scholars of the northern University; and at Durham this inestimable treasure is carefully preserved at the present hour;—a remarkable indication of the freshness of spirit which at the age of ninety-seven could thus reach out with generous sympathy, and something more, to the youngest rival of our ancient Universities. Singular to relate, the deed of gift in question was discovered after the President's death,—“thrown, by accident apparently, into a portfolio of waste papers.”⁵ . . . This unique collection of books fills the upper floors of the ancient (xvth century) Exchequer buildings of the Prince bishops of Durham.⁶

Bp. Jacobson “mourned much over this transference of the President's library in its entirety to Durham, without allowing the Bodleian first to select from it some fifty or a hundred volumes as *θρέπτρα*.⁷” Every real student of Divinity must share his regret; and some may be aware that a far larger number of volumes would have to be claimed on behalf of Bodley. John Rigaud recalls an occasion when the President remarked in his hearing,—(he had been speaking of books of criticism on the New Testament),—“I do not say it vauntingly, but there are *there*” (pointing to a particular part of his library) “two hundred books which are not to be found in the Bodleian.”⁸

The reader may be glad of some further details, for which I am indebted to Professor Farrar of Durham:—

“About half of the Library is Theological (Divinity and Ecclesiastical History); the other half, secular,—the larger portion of this latter being connected with English History. In the Theological part, about a fifth (roughly speaking) relates to the Fathers; about a fifth to Dogmatic Theology proper (exclusive of Controversial Theology). The Controversial part is very extensive and almost complete. The most perfect part, a collection probably without parallel, relates to the Romish controversy, and consists especially of works of the xviii century. It occupies (being works in 8vo. or 12mo.) no less than about 20 yards of shelves; the other miscellaneous controversial literature only filling about 25 yards.—In the secular part of the Library, it is interesting to observe that there is a small collection of works on Physical Science, on Topography, and on Political Economy; and a fairly large collection of materials for the history of literature. The enormous collection of materials for the history of the English nation has been above named. It should be mentioned that this comprises, besides Pamphlets hereafter described, an antiquarian library of Heraldry, Family and County histories, and the like. It was said to be the intention of Dr. Routh at the time when the first volume of Macaulay's History of England was published, to write a refutation of the statements of the celebrated third Chapter on the social and moral condition of the English Clergy at the Restoration. This portion of Dr. Routh's Library had doubtless furnished to his mind the historical materials of which he would have availed himself, had he executed his design.”

The manuscript portion of his library fell into his general estate, and was dispersed in 1855.⁹ The most valuable MSS. were purchased by Sir Thomas Phillipps. Two of these were a Cyprian of the xiith (or early in the xiiith century), “from the Meerman Collection and probably used by

⁵ From Dr. Bloxam.

⁶ From Canon Farrar.

⁷ From Canon Gray,--July 22, 1884.

⁸ In some of these is an entry to that effect: e.g. in the work “*Antonii Champnaei Angli, Sacrae Facultatis Parisiensis Doctoris Sorbonici De Unionis Ministrorum Tractatus*,—Paris 1618,” Routh has written “*Liber hand*

extat in catalogo Bibliothecae Bodleianae, de quo videndus Antonius Wood in Athenae Oxon, Tom. i mo. voce Francis Mason.”

⁹ It was sold by auction by Sotheby in July 1855, at prices lower than was anticipated. The Catalogue consists of 29 octavo pages and specifies some Arabic and Persian MSS.

Rigaltius, Fell, and Baluzius," which fetched 26*l.*; and an unpublished MS. (xii century) of Florus Magister, diaconus Lugdunensis, [A. D. 837], which sold for 63*l.* This portion of Routh's Library abounded in curiosities,—patristic, theological, antiquarian, historical. Thus, it contained the original autograph of Bishop Beveridge on the XXXIX Articles, from which the Oxford edition was published in 1840.¹ At one time the President had been possessed of a collection of documentary annals of the Society of Friends, the first volume of the Records of the Oxfordshire Quarterly Meeting of the Quakers, from the establishment of their Society to the year 1746. This volume had long been missing, and till 1828 had been sought in vain. Having ascertained that it was in the possession of the President, two of their body waited on him. The account 'they have given of their interview with Dr. Routh' (so runs the Quaker minute) 'has been very satisfactory. It appears that the gratification he has derived from the perusal of the volume (which from its instructive tendency he considers creditable to the Society) had induced a wish to retain it. Notwithstanding, he obligingly offered to relinquish it, from the respect which he felt for the Society, and a willingness to render complete those records which ought to be in the possession of the meeting. As he wished to transfer it through the medium of some friends appointed by the body, William Albright, Daniel Rutter, and John Huntley are directed to wait on him for that purpose.' In 'grateful acknowledgment of his kind and liberal conduct,' the Quakers presented him with 'a few volumes of our Friends' writings, both ancient and modern,' the names of which follow.

Among Dr. Routh's MSS. were several connected with Genealogy,—a study which he was evidently very fond of. It should be added, (but indeed it is very well known) that he was exceedingly liberal in communicating his books and MSS. to scholars.

The President wanted (or thought he wanted) no assistance in finding his books; and to the last would mount his library-steps in quest of the occupants of the loftier shelves. Very curious he looked, by the way, perched up at that unusual altitude, apparently as engrossed in what he had found as if he had been reclining in his chair. Instead of ringing for Moss, his servant, he would also on occasion help himself to a folio as readily as to a smaller tome. Once (it was in February 1847) a very big book, which he had pulled out unaided, proved 'too many' for him, and grazed his shin. The surgeon (Mr. Lewes Parker, who told me the story) advised him to go to bed at once. 'No, thank you, sir' (laughing); 'No, thank you! If you once get me into bed, I know you will never get me out again.' 'Then, sir, you must really rest your leg on a chair.' This was promised; and a sofa, unknown before in his rooms, was introduced. Two days after, the doctor reappeared; outstripped Moss, and, coming quickly in, found his patient pushing about the library-steps. 'O sir,' (scarcely able to command his gravity,) 'this will never do. You know you promised'—'Yes, yes, I know, sir' (laughing;) 'a little more, sir, and I should have been in the right position. You see, sir, you came in so quickly!' . . . The injury might have proved dangerous, and it did occasion the President serious inconvenience for a long time. A friend (I

¹ See above, p. 21, note 4.

think it was Dr. Ogilvie) called to condole. The old man, after describing the accident minutely, added very gravely in a confidential voice, 'A *worthless* volume, sir! a *worthless* volume!' This it evidently was which weighed on his spirits. Had it been Augustine or Chrysostom or Thomas Aquinas, patience! But to be lamed by a book written by a dunce. . . .

His leg, however, was one of his weak spots: the organs which are most affected by catarrhus colds (to which he had been subject throughout his life, and from which he suffered severely) being another. In consequence, "he would not be five minutes in a room, if he knew it, with the window open," (writes his nephew), "and he always had a fire. He told me that, as a young man, he never went from the Cloisters to the new buildings after dark without putting on a great coat." As for his leg, he confided to Dr. Jackson in his old age that "he used to be fond of taking longish walks;" but that on a certain occasion,-- (which Dr. Jackson ascertained to have been when the President was upwards of sixty,)-- having walked to Islip on one side of the Cherwell, and returned on the other, when at Marston he heard Magdalen bells begin to strike up for afternoon chapel. Disliking to be absent, he started off 'at a trot,' and arrived only just in time. In chapel he felt something trickling down his leg; and on coming out, found his stocking and shoe saturated with blood, and sent for Tuckwell. He had burst a varicose vein, which always troubled him afterwards. In fact, the consequences of that 'trot' from Marston occasioned him inconvenience to the last.² But before that incident, his nephew notes it as remarkable that although he remained for many months within the walls of the College, he would sometimes take a walk of nine miles round Oxford without apparent fatigue.

It was in 1848, when he was ninety-three years of age, that he published a fifth and last volume of his '*Reliquiae*,'-- just sixty years after the issuing of the original prospectus of the work. He had already printed, in two Appendices, at the close of his fourth volume, several pieces which do not strictly fall under the same category as the '*Reliquiae*' proper; and had only excluded the Disputation held (A.D. 277) between Archelaus, Bishop of Mesopotamia and the heretic Manes, because of its bulk. (It extends over 200 octavo pages.) The publication of this remarkable monument is found to have been part of the President's original design in 1788. On the other hand, the prospectus of 1788 specifies the following names which do not however re-appear in any of the published volumes of the '*Reliquiae*':--Sextus,--Ammonius Alexandrinus,--Magnes Hierosolymitanus,--Diodorus,--SS. Anastasia and Chrysogonus. He styles this fifth volume, 'Appendix iii,' into which, besides the 'Disputation' already mentioned (first published in 1698), he introduces two tracts, one by Augustine, the other by an unknown writer, together with the creed of Aquileia. But the most interesting feature unquestionably in this concluding volume is the 'Catena,' with which it concludes. He calls it '*Testimonia de auctoritate S. Scripturae ante-Nicaena*,' and prefixes a 'Monitum,' which may be thus freely rendered:--

'According to some of our recent writers, followers themselves of a teaching alien to that of our own Communion, the primitive Church did not hold that the

² From Dr. Jackson,--Holywell, Jan. 27, 1878.

Christian Faith is based on Holy Scripture, or that the Scriptures are to be regarded as the Rule of Faith. How entirely the Truth lies the other way may be easily shown by an appeal to ecclesiastical documents of the earliest ages. For the effectual refutation therefore of an opinion which in itself is fraught with perilous consequence, behold, thou hast here a collection of testimonies to the authority of Holy Scripture, gleaned out of the writings of primitive Christendom, and disposed in long and orderly series.'

Accordingly, collected from thirty-one several sources, beginning with St. Peter (2 Pet. iii. 15, 16), St. Paul (1 Cor. xiv. 37, 38), St. John (xiv. 26),—Clemens Romanus (c. xlvii.),—and ending with Eusebius, about seventy-four important quotations follow. The same volume, by the way, supplies (at pp. 251 2, a cancelled leaf!) another interesting illustration of the President's favourite and truly Anglican method, namely, an appeal to primitive Antiquity on the subject of the Invocation of Saints. What he delivers on this subject will be found of great interest by the general reader: but English Clergymen should without fail acquaint themselves with the well-weighed sentiments contained in the precious foot-note just now referred to.

Even this, however, was not the President's latest literary effort. It had always been the Academic custom to issue something from the University Press at the installation of a new Chancellor. Accordingly, when the Earl of Derby became Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1853, it seemed to the venerable President of Magdalen a fitting occasion for producing a *strenua* (so he phrased it), or auspicious offering; and there were three distinct subjects on which he had thought much, and collected something important, which, carefully edited, he foresaw would constitute an interesting pamphlet. This little work, extending to twenty-five pages, appeared in the beginning of December 1853. He was then in his ninety-ninth year. He called it '*Tres breves Tractatus*:' the first, '*De primis episcopis*;' the second,—'*S. Petri Alexandrini episcopi fragmenta quædam*;' the third,—'*S. Irenæ illustrata præcis, in qua ecclesia Romana commemoratur*.' They are introduced by the following brief notice ('Lectori S.'), bearing date 'A. D. 1853. Oxonio ex Collegio Magdal.':—

'Inasmuch as there is perpetual discussion among us at the present day concerning Apostolical Succession, Episcopal Ordination, and the authority of the Church of Rome, I judged that I should be rendering useful service if I produced in a separate shape whatever remarks on these subjects I had already put forth in the Annotations to my "*Reliquiæ Sacræ*." The object I had in view in thus amplifying and adding to my old materials was to illustrate how these several matters were accounted of in the beginning, in order that thus the Truth might be the more firmly established. Farewell.'

After this, follows the President's note ('*De Episcopis et Presbyteris Adnotata quædam*') on the Council against Noetus,³ as enlarged by himself on two subsequent occasions, and now amplified and added to until it attains to more than twice its original bulk. Next come four fragments from the lost work of Peter of Alexandria '*De Paschate*': and these are

³ '*Reliq.*' iv. 247. See pp. 326, and v. 369.

followed, thirdly, by a restoration of the original text of a passage of Irenæus, (iii. 3,⁴—it exists only in Latin),—which is minutely discussed, and shown to lend no countenance to those pretensions which writers of the Romish communion have industriously founded upon it. He bestowed on this subject an extraordinary amount of labour, the rather because an Anglican Divine of the highest reputation for learning and orthodoxy (Dr. Wordsworth) had in a recent work⁵ failed to fasten the true sense on [the lost original of] the central expression in the phrase,—‘*Ad hanc ecclesiam, propter potentiorem principalitatem, necesse est omnem convenire ecclesiam; hoc est, eos qui sunt undique fideles.*’ The President (and his friend Dr. Ogilvie) were strenuously of opinion that ‘*recourse to,*’ (not ‘*consent with,*’) is the thing here spoken of: ‘*concursum non consensum,*’ as the President neatly puts it. *Resort* was to be had to Rome, by the faithful who lived round about, “in order to learn the tradition which had been there preserved uninterruptedly from the Apostles’ time; although *not there alone,*” (as Ogilvie justly points out,) “for Irenæus alleges afterwards, in the same chapter, the examples of both Smyrna and Ephesus.”⁶

Such then was the last literary effort of “the learned Divine,” of whom I have been solicitous that coming generations should both cherish the memory and be able to reproduce the image. It was, (as I have said,) designed as a “festal present” to the new Chancellor of the University,—who found in the copy which was sent for his acceptance a highly characteristic inscription. The author described himself as, ‘*Collegii Magdalenensis Præses, possessorum [et] aliorum coheres, etsi olim suis sedibus spretâ Chartâ Magnâ expulsum, tamen postliminio redeuntium.*’ The learned Chancellor returned the compliment by addressing to the old President a copy of Greek verses; playfully assuring him that it was not without dire self-distrust:—

“I have something of the feeling [with] which in years earlier still I used to take up a copy of verses to my tutor; and I also hope that no flagrant blunders will bring the Chancellor of the University into disgrace in the eyes of its most venerable member.”⁷

There resulted from this little publication what must have been Routh’s latest literary annoyance. Dindorf had recently produced a new edition of the ‘*Paschal Chronicle*,’—on the very threshold of which lie the four fragments of Peter of Alexandria already referred to. His revised text had perforce, in turn, undergone critical revision at the hands of the President: and an interview with the German was the consequence,—the unsatisfactory nature of which might have been confidently predicted. But we are not left to conjecture. The courteous old man wrote as follows to Dr. Bliss, who was entirely devoted to him, and with whom he was on the most confidential terms:—

“Professor Dindorf honoured me with a call; but in consequence of my deafness, and his broken English, his visit was not long. I made him a present of my short Tracts, for one of which he furnished the Text,—which text I have endeavoured

⁴ It may be seen at pp. 175-6 of Massuet’s ed.:—p. 428, *ed. Stieren*.
Hippolytus and the Church of Rome, &c.

(1853).—pp. 195-204.

⁵ *Koss.*—July 18, 1853.

⁷ From S. Leonard’s,—June 25, 1853.

to amend. Perhaps I have offended him,—which was far from my intention. I shall be glad to see you."

A few days after, the President recurred to this interview (Sept. 16th, 1854.) in a letter to Dr. Ogilvie :—

"On Tuesday, my nephew and Dr. Bliss are coming to Oxford to keep my birthday . . . After scrawling short answers to my daily received epistles, I am still able in a morning to peep into books. I have lately been looking at the authors whose text required most emendation, and have left behind me my second thoughts. I have had Dindorf, a German scholar, calling on me, who seemed rather angry at my attempt to correct his evidently faulty text."

I would fain proceed with what seems to be a very interesting letter : but,—strange as it may sound, —it is impossible to decipher what comes next. Presently, one is able to grope one's way :—

"I have had a letter from my good friend Duncan at Bath, who is unable to move thence, as he till lately intended. I have reason to think that the Preface to the reign of James II has given great offence,—I lately purchased a MS. of a published work of Marcus Antonius De Dominis, Abp. of Spalatro, but containing at the end of it a long inedited letter to him by Morton, Bishop of Durham.—Dr. Jacobson has lately printed an edition of Bishop Sanderson's works, and inserted six sermons preached by the Bishop at Carfax, from a MS. which I lent him.—I have lately recovered a document which proves the villainous conduct of the Earl of Sunderland more directly than has hitherto been done.—October will soon be here, when I hope to see you again, for altho' not stronger, yet I am in a better habit of body than some time since. GOD bless you and yours!"

There is in all this—what need to say it?—none of the decrepitude of ninety-nine. Yet was it remarked by many how freely during the last year or two of his life the President alluded to his own end ; speaking of his approaching departure as one might speak of a journey which had long been in contemplation, and which must needs be undertaken very soon. "I sometimes think of the possibility of retiring to Tylehurst for the short remainder of my life,"—he wrote to Dr. Ogilvie at the end of August 1854 : as if fully sensible that there was now indeed but a step between himself and death. Among his papers,—(but there is reason for believing that what follows belongs to an earlier date),—were found several rough drafts of his own intended epitaph, which may perhaps be thus exhibited :—

"O all ye who come here, in your Christian and charitable hope, wish peace and felicity, and a consummation thereof afterwards, to the soul of Martin Joseph Routh, the last Rector of the undivided parish of Tylehurst, and brother of the pious Foundress of this Church. He departed this life _____, aged _____ ; dying, as he had lived, attached to the Catholic Faith taught in the Church of England, and averse from all Papal and Sectarian innovations."

But it should be stated that the writer had evidently found it impossible to satisfy himself with the opening sentence. At first he wrote,—‘Of your charity and trust to GOD’s mercy, wish peace and increase of bliss at CHRIST’S coming :’ and though he ran his pen through *those words*, he was loath to part with *that sentiment*. ‘Of your Charity which hopeth the best, wish peace and final felicity,’ presented itself as an alternative. Then, ‘Of your charity’ began to sound questionable. : *In* your Christian charity’ seemed better ; but this had given way to ‘charitable hope,’ when the pious writer seems to have been reminded of the impossibility of

elaborating a sentence by processes like these. There perhaps never existed a scholar who found it more difficult to satisfy himself than Dr. Routh. A third and a fourth draft of the above inscription has been discovered. In one of these is found that he "lies buried in the adjoining crypt, with his wife, Eliza Agnes Blagrove of Calcot, whom the LORD grant to find mercy from the LORD in that day."

The fastidiousness of his taste in such matters was altogether extraordinary. But in fact it extended to everything he wrote for publication. It was as if he could *never* satisfy himself. Addressing his friend Ogilvie,—

"I send you" (he says) "the last corrected sheet. I should be glad to have your opinion whether the comma after '*vera*' (in the words I have added at the end) had not better be removed. Your answer would oblige me, sent at any time before one o'clock."^a

It should be added that his inscriptions (and he wrote many) are for the most part singularly original and felicitous. Room has already been found for a few of them: several others will be found collected in the Appendix (B).

But a document of more importance than the President's epitaph remained incomplete until the end came. He had postponed to the last month of the last year of his life the business of making his will; and inasmuch as the draft (prepared from instructions furnished a few days previous), was only sent by the lawyer to Dr. Ogilvie for the President's signature on the 20th, that is to say, *two days before his death*, his will was perforce never signed at all. Its effect would have been to divert from the family a large part of his property to charitable institutions. The President was heard repeatedly inquiring for 'pen and ink' when it was all too late. . . . Such an incident seems more impressive than any homily. It is believed that at a much earlier period Dr. Routh had made a will, which he subsequently cancelled.

"The last time he attended in his stall at Chapel at the consecration of the Eucharist,"—(writes one of his Fellows, and as faithful a friend of the aged President as ever lived, —Dr. Bloxam,) "knowing that he could not come up to the altar, I took the elements down to him. Seeing me approach, he tottered down the steps from his seat, and knelt on the bare floor of the Chapel below, to receive the consecrated bread and wine,—'out of reverence' as he told me. It was no common sight to see the old man kneeling on the floor. I shall never forget it."

I have reserved till now some account of a friendship which, more than any other, was the solace of the latest years of the venerable President's life. The strictest intimacy subsisted between himself and Dr. Ogilvie (Professor of Pastoral Theology and Canon of Christ Church),—a gentleman whose friendship I was so fortunate as to enjoy, and to whose sound scholarship, admirable Theological learning, and exceeding personal worth, it is pleasant to be able to bear hearty testimony. I have been shown a large collection of letters (most of them short notes) which the President addressed to Dr. Ogilvie between the years 1847 and 1854. It is a

^a Nov. 1, 1853.

strange thing to have to say, but it is idle to withhold the avowal,—viz. that they are, for the most part, *illegible*. Even where one succeeds in making out one or two connected sentences, there is commonly a word or two about which one feels doubtful to the last. Subjoined is a striking illustration of the inconvenience complained of. The letter which follows was addressed by the President (in his 97th year) to the Rev. John Oxlee, author of "*Three Sermons preached at three different times, on the Power, Origin, and Succession of the Christian Hierarchy, and especially that of the Church of England*"⁹ (1816-21), a very remarkable performance. The learned and faithful writer was one of the many pioneers (overlooked by an impatient generation) who, up and down throughout the country, for 40 or 50 years had been preparing the way for the revival which it is customary to date from 1833. But now for the letter:—

"Magdalen College, Oxford, July 23, 1852.

"Reverend Sir,—In the course of this year I saw in the Oxford Herald, as it is called, an advertisement of your [work] on Apostolic Succession, which I sent for and read with great satisfaction, particularly that part of it which that Jewish Presbytery and not the Hierarchy the Christian Church. But I am surprised to find on looking at the title page, that it was not recently published by you, as the date was some years earlier.

"I hope God grants you the comfort of proceeding in your learned researches for the benefit of His Church. I am, Reverend Sir, with great esteem,

"Your faithful Servant,

"M. J. ROUTH."

The four or five words above omitted have defied the skill of many an expert:¹ but *the thing intended by the writer* is plain. The second of Oxlee's three Sermons (which is to prove "that the Christian Priesthood is a perfect Hierarchy, emanating immediately from GOD Himself,") argues "that the primitive regimen of the Church must have been a close imitation of the Jewish presbyteral bench": and seeks to establish "that the government instituted in the Church by the Apostles was a mere transcript of the Jewish presbyterate."² No apology can be requisite for these details. Apart from the interest and importance of the subject, the proof of Routh's mental activity to the very last, and the eagerness of his disposition on a point of sacred science, fully warrants the foregoing brief episode.

It was of his confidential letters to Dr. Ogilvie that I was speaking,—a few of them sealed with his favourite impress, IXΘYC. Trivial as most of such letters perforce must be, they rise at times to the highest standard of interest. Truly characteristic of the man is an incident which belongs to the very close of the President's life; and which, on more than one account, deserves to be recorded. It relates to the great mystery of the Sacrament of CHRIST'S Body and Blood. But I must first explain that three years before (viz. in 1851) Dr. Routh had held many a colloquy with Dr. Ogilvie on this subject; in consequence of which he repeatedly formulated in writing the result of his own frequent and prolonged meditations. On Feb. 16th, 1851, he writes,—

⁹ York, 8vo. 1821,—pp. 94, 116 and 108.

¹ 'was constituted in'?

¹ 'Concerns'? 'sums up'? 'secures'?—

² Title-page, and pp. 18 and 24.

"I am reading every day a portion of Holy Scripture, and noting what makes me hesitate about its meaning. I am now able to do little besides. I told you, I believe, that I [have] been considering what was said in Scripture respecting the Sacrament of the LORD's Supper, without any reference to succeeding writings. In confidence, I will submit to your consideration the following brief result of my humble inspection of S. John's viii chapter; the account of the other Evangelists of the institution; and of S. Paul in 1 Cor. xi and Heb. [ix], xiii:—

"Take this Bread, representing the Bread which came down from Heaven, and the Body which was crucified and broken for thee. Feed on that life-giving Sacrifice, by faithfully believing in, and thankfully remembering, the LORD's death."³

Later in the same year, on a fragment of paper, (the contents of which may be gathered from what will be found printed at foot),⁴ Ogilvie has written,—

"N.B. This Paper was put into my hands by my revered friend, the President of Magdalen, in the evening of July 20th, 1851, after I had dined with him. It relates to the subject of several conversations which we had previously held; and is intended briefly to express the result of his meditations on the Holy Eucharist and the participation of CHRIST therein:—meditations, to which he had been led by views lately put forth in some quarters; but according to his sound judgment and well-ordered affections, utterly irreconcilable with Holy Scripture and the sentence of Antiquity. C. A. O."

But on the 5th June 1854, (when he was within a few months of his departure), he wrote as follows and gave the paper to the same friend, with the remark that *this* statement of his belief was the one on which his mind at last rested:—

"The Bread broken and the Wine poured out, symbols in the Eucharist of the Body and Blood of CHRIST, impart to the recipient, through his faith in the Sacrifice on the Cross [*or* in CHRIST's Passion for him], life spiritual,—the abidance of himself in CHRIST, and of CHRIST in him. Our SAVIOUR, interpreting His own words, saith that they are Spirit and Life: [*or* explaining His precept of eating His flesh and drinking His blood, saith that His words are 'Spirit and Life.'"]

President Routh's desire to give deliberate expression to his own settled convictions on this great subject is observed to have become intensified as he drew nearer to his end. Once and again did he preface his paraphrase with such words as these,—“On account of the existing differences about the Eucharist, the following is with all humility offered as a strictly Scriptural exposition of the doctrine.”

Quite in harmony with what goes before is the record which survives of what had been the President's Easter meditations on the latest Easter of his life. “Soon after my return to Oxford after Easter 1854,” (writes Dr. Ogilvie), “my revered friend put into my hands a paper of which the

³ These last words (“Take . . . death”) I transcribe from the writer's corrected formula, wrapped round the letter.

⁴ Feb. 16th, (and July 20, 1851, except where indicated within square brackets):—Take this [+ blessed (*Apr. 27*)] Bread [+ rightfully thine (*Apr. 27*)], representing the Bread which came down from Heaven, and the Body [+ which was (*Apr. 27*) crucified and [—crucified and (*Apr. 27: July 20*)] broken for thee. Feed on, by thy believing, this Sacrifice for the acquisition of everlasting life, in thankful remembrance of CHRIST's dying for thee. [*or* Feed on that

life-giving Sacrifice by faithfully believing in, and thankfully remembering, the LORD's death. (*uncertain date*) . . . *or* Eat of that Sacrifice by thy faith in it, and thankful remembrance of CHRIST, for the acquirement of life eternal, and union with Him (*Apr. 27*) . . . *or* Eat of that one Sacrifice for Sin by faithfully believing and thankfully remembering it, for the attainment of indwelling holiness and everlasting life (*July 20*) . . . *or* Feed by thy faith, and by thy thankful remembrance, on that one Sacrifice for Sin; that CHRIST may dwell in thee, and thou mayest have everlasting life (*Dec. 17*).]

following is a copy,—the result of his Easter meditations and reflections :—

"In our own and other Liturgies, on Easter Eve and Easter Day, the occurrences of each day are related on the same day. This has occasioned the omission of an additional proof of the truth of the Resurrection from the publicly recited relation of the event on Easter-Day.

"It is related (in the Gospel for Easter Day) that two Disciples of CHRIST, Peter and John, 'went into the Sepulchre and saw the linen clothes lie, and the napkin that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself;—and' [of the latter, it is said that he] 'saw and believed'—that He was risen from the dead.

"The Jewish story of the body being taken away, while the Roman guard, known by all to be placed at the Sepulchre, were asleep, is thus refuted; for no persons would spend their time in a leisurely disposal of the investments, after having taken them from the body, whilst they were in danger of perishing, if the soldiers should awake. But the time which it would take to divest is much increased by what is recorded in the verses of the xixth Chapter of S. John's Gospel, immediately preceding the verses of the xxth chapter that form the Gospel of Easter Day; and therefore not read to the congregations of our churches, on that Festival:

"Nicodemus brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight,—and they wound the Body of JESUS in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury."

"A long process would have been necessary to effect the divestment of a body thus bound in swathes and with ointments.

"It is to be regretted that, in consequence of what has been before mentioned, this additional proof is omitted."

Who can read such remarks on S. John xix. 38-42, without a secret aspiration O that so occupied I may pass the last Easter of my own earthly pilgrimage?

The President's latest literary annoyance has been described above. Infinitely more serious was the sorrow of heart which the Universities' Commission of 1854 occasioned him. On the 3rd of Aug. he complained to Dr. Ogilvie,—

"I have no one, either niece or nephew, with me. I have no friend to write my thoughts to, on the all interesting state of affairs, but yourself. Can you account for the desertion of the Bishops from the protection of the Church and University?"

The Commission fell—(as well it might)—like a dark shadow over the close of his long life; the harbinger of worse things to come,—viz. the Disestablishment of Religion in Oxford, and the Dechristianizing of the University at the end of six-and-twenty years. I forbear to enlarge on this subject, or even to insert the protest of the President of Magdalen⁵, on the occasion of forwarding to the Commissioners, as demanded, a copy of the Statutes of his College. The reader will scarcely require from me the suggestion that it was as if with Dr. Routh the old order of things departed from the University, and the irreligious Revolution began of which it is to be feared that we have not yet seen the bitter end. But, in all this, as I have said, and as the reader sees, the President's chief earthly consolation was derived from sympathetic intercourse with his friend, Dr. Ogilvie. What need to say that his one great resource was the same which has been the stay of GOD'S Saints in every age?

⁵ Having delivered my own sentiments on this sad subject very plainly in another place,

I pass it by here. The reader is referred to a paper in the Appendix (E).

"I wish" (he says) "I was saying my prayers at Tylehurst before I go hence. But a notion that I may be in some way serviceable in the crisis that is approaching, keeps me here."⁶

Let me not however end the story of such a life, with words of evil omen. "In the autumn of 1853,"⁷ (relates Bishop Hobhouse,) "when I was going with the S. P. G. Deputation to attend the triennial Convention of the U. S. Church in New York, the President sent by my hand, as a present to the Presiding Bishop, the Tractate which he had just republished from the '*Reliquiae*.' He added a message,—(which however I did not deliver) as an apology for his presumption."⁸

The keepsake I carried was "an evidence" (says Hobhouse) "of the deep interest which he had felt for the Church of the U. S. ever since 1783:" in which year, (as already stated),⁹ Dr. Seabury came to England as Bishop-elect of Connecticut to seek Consecration, and was by Routh persuaded to go for that purpose to Scotland. On Hobhouse's return from America the old man immediately sent for him, and required an account of his mission. He "inquired with keenest interest of the proceedings of Convention,"—"repeated the main facts above stated,—and expressed his joy at hearing that the infant over whose birth he had watched, had grown to be so prolific a mother." "His interest in the whole business was surprisingly lively." "At the end of this amazing span of years, he finds himself transmitting a message to the President of 40 Bishops." . . . This incident (which belongs to the last days of 1853) must have brightened, like sunshine, the latest year of President Routh's protracted life.

His earthly span was brought to a close on the evening of Friday, December 22nd, 1854. For several days he had been fully conscious that his end was approaching: and on the previous Sunday, though ill and weak, had left orders that the Provost of Oriel (Dr. Hawkins) should be admitted if he called; explaining that he had done so, 'Because I thought perhaps I might never see you again.' He was singularly talkative on that day (Sunday): but "a change was observed in him. Still, he had his usual party at dinner; and though he did not join his guests at table, he saw them at tea. He was more sleepy than usual then. The next day he was worse; but on Tuesday he revived so much that Bloxam lost all immediate apprehension, and the President himself said,—'I think I shall be a little longer with you, sir.'"¹ He requested Bloxam, who had called by the President's request, to guide his hand in signing a cheque for some charitable purpose, and to convey it to Dr. Macbride.—"He spoke" (writes Dr. Hawkins) "with animation and cheerfulness, sometimes with more than his usual felicity of expression. 'Richard Heber' (he said), 'collected more books than any other person; he had four libraries, one at his own place, Hodnet, another at Paris, another at Brussels, another at Amsterdam. His library at Hodnet sold for 53,000*l.*;

⁶ June 30th, 1853.

⁷ The President furnishes the approximate date of this visit; announcing to Dr. Ogilvie (Aug. 5th, 1853).—"Mr. Hobhouse is going to the great triennial meeting of the American Episcopal Church at New York."

⁸ Letter to myself, *Lichfield*, Nov. 28th,

1878. The next ensuing paragraph is contemporaneously written (by Bp. Hobhouse) inside the cover of the copy of Routh's pamphlet which the author gave him on his return from America.

⁹ See back, pp. 15-18.

¹ Mozley's *Letters*, (Dec. 23, 1854).—p. 225.

and his Paris library was very good. I have the catalogue, sir, in my room. "Mr. Heber," said Porson to him, with his usual caustic humour, "you have collected a great many books: pray when do you mean to begin to read them?" But the present Dean of Christ Church, sir, a great authority, told me that he never asked Mr. Heber about a book without finding him well acquainted with it.' Thus, even in respect of a trifling matter, the speaker's nature became apparent." The Provost of Oriel (from whom I am quoting) remarks on what goes before,—

"Though he enjoyed a joke, he was supremely anxious that whatever he said should be true. The very accuracy and retentiveness of his memory had probably been assisted by this constant anxiety for *Truth*. And in his later years, when it was not quite so ready and alert as formerly, it was curious to observe the working of his mind, intent to gather up again any fading recollections, and not permitting you to assist him, but recalling his thoughts, and regaining any lost clue himself.

"For some time past," proceeds Dr. Hawkins, "he had rather lain on his chair than sat upon it; and on this occasion, in order to support himself, he grasped one arm of the chair with his right hand,—with his left, stretched over the other arm, touching or clasping mine. He said emphatically that he was 'ready.' On my observing that a very long life had been assigned him with very little illness and many sources of happiness,—'Yes,' he said, he was deeply grateful. 'Sir, I believe everything is ordered for the best. Do not you believe that, sir?'"

Later in the day, (Tuesday, 19th Dec.), Dr. Cotton (Provost of Worcester) visited him: 'You are come, sir,' said the President, 'to one that is going.' He conversed cheerfully with Dr. Acland next morning (Wednesday): regretted that the new Museum was to be placed in the Parks; and remarked,—'We are said to have the air in the Parks from the Highlands of Scotland. I do not know whether this is correct, sir; I think the hills in Westmoreland must intervene: but I have not inquired into the fact.' To Dr. Jackson, his physician, (who for ten days had been unavoidably away from Oxford, and in whose absence Dr. Acland had attended the President),—'I will do what you desire, sir; take anything you please; but I know that it is useless. I shall go to-morrow.' He went to his bed reluctantly on that same night,—Wednesday, December 20th: went, for the last time. He was in a state of great prostration.

He used to sleep in the 'Founder's Chamber,'—('King Charles's room,' as he himself called it),—the ancient apartment over the College gateway, in which no less than seven royal personages have been entertained; an old banqueting-room therefore. Dr. Jackson, paying an early visit on the morrow, which was Thursday, was informed by his patient, that "it was the first time that a *physician* had ever seen him in bed. He had been seen by a *surgeon*," (instancing Tuckwell,) "on more than one occasion." Jackson visited him a second, and a third time. On Friday (22nd December) he was clearly sinking; but at 2.30 p.m. spoke a little, and was quite sensible. He expressed a wish to see Dr. Ogilvie, who, as he knew, had his unsigned will in his keeping,—'to-morrow'; a to-morrow he was destined never to know. It was plain to Dr. Jackson that the

time for transacting business of any kind was past. 'The President' (he wrote to Dr. Bliss) 'is as ill as he can be to be alive.'

In the evening, when Esther Druce, his faithful old servant, was standing at the foot of his bed,—'Now, Esther, I seem better.' He crossed his hands and closed his eyes. She heard him repeat the LORD'S Prayer softly to himself.² Presently she proposed to give him some port wine, as the doctor had recommended. He drank it; feebly took her hand, thanked her for all her attention to him, and remarked that he had been 'a great deal of trouble;' adding that he had made some provision for her. His leg occasioned him pain. 'Let me make you a little more comfortable,' said the poor woman, intending to change the dressing. 'Don't trouble yourself,' he replied. Those were the last words he spoke. It was near upon half-past seven in the evening. Folding his arms across his breast he became silent. It was his *Nunc dimittis*. He heaved two short sighs and all was over. . . . 'I have just seen him,' wrote Dr. Jackson. 'He lay perfectly placid, with his arms crossed just one over the other, as if asleep. May my end be like his, at a much less advanced age!'

"The representatives of my dear uncle," (wrote his nephew³ on the 24th) "have decided that he shall be buried within the walls of the College.

"This decision has been come to in consequence of a *strong* and *unanimous* wish expressed by the members of the College that his remains should not be taken from them. I confess, after reading the very precise manner in which he has given directions [for his burial at Theale], I could hardly bring myself to consent to their non-fulfilment; but my Aunt concurring with the view taken by his other friends, that if he had known the grief it would occasion them to lose the last relics of their beloved and venerated Head, he would,—(as he has uniformly done on other occasions in matters relating to himself,—[the taking his portrait for instance⁴]),—have sacrificed his own feelings to the general wish of the [Society over which he presided],—I have at length acceded to their views."

In the beautiful chapel of the College of which he had been President for 63 years, Dr. Routh was accordingly buried (Dec. 29th, 1854) on the Friday after his decease; being followed to the grave by a vast concourse of persons, including the principal members of the University, the fellows and demies of his own college, and a troop of friends. The funeral *cortege* filled two sides of the cloisters. 'It was the most touching and impressive scene, I think, that I ever witnessed,' wrote one of the fellows a few days after. But the weather was intensely cold,—the wind blowing strong and bitter from the north-east, as Bodley's librarian (H. O. Coxe) remarked in a letter to a friend. Not a note of the organ was heard; the whole body of the choir chanting the Psalms without music. The open grave was immediately in front of the altar; and on the coffin was recorded the rare circumstance that its occupant was *in his hundredth year*.⁵

"I remember when our President died,"—(I am quoting the words of the most thoughtful member of the Society over which Dr. Routh presided,⁶)—"making the

² I obtained all these particulars from *her*. The truthful simplicity of her narrative was very striking.

³ To Dr. Ogilvie. The words in square brackets are from a duplicate of the letter addressed to Dr. Bliss.

⁴ Concerning portraits of the President, see Bloxam's *Demies*, iv. 31-4.

⁵ Anyone desiring a particular description of the President's funeral is referred to Bloxam's *Register*, (The Demies.)—iv. 26-31.

⁶ Mozley's *Letters*,—(Jan. 31, 1873): p. 300-1.

observation to myself that one is more surprised at the death of old persons than at the death of young ones. I mean that, though the laws of nature prepare one for it, when it actually takes place it is more of a downfall, and what one may call a crash, than the younger death is. There is so much more fabric to fall down.

"The old man does, by his very length of life, root himself in us; so that the longer he lives, the longer, we think, he must live; and when he dies it is a kind of violence to us.

"I do not know whether you at all recognise this aspect of the departure of a long life,"—(proceeds the same writer, addressing the same friend,)—"or whether you partake of the impression. I recollect I had it very strongly when the whole College, with all its train of past generations that survived, followed the old President to the grave. The majestic music and solemn wailings of the choir seemed to mourn over some great edifice that had fallen, and left a vast void, which looked quite strange and unaccountable to one."

There is no reason why this narrative should be further prolonged. If I have not already succeeded in setting before the reader a living image of the man whose name stands written above these pages,—by nothing which can now be added shall I effect the object with which I originally took up my pen. Martin Joseph Routh belonged to a class of Scholars and Divines of which specimens seem likely to become more and more rare in England as the ages roll out: but the example which he has left behind him of reverence for catholic Antiquity and inflexible attachment to the Church of his Baptism,—above all, of an ardent faith, and an absolute prostration of the intellect before the revelations of GOD'S written Word;—*this* is for every succeeding generation.

As a literary man, he lays no claim to originality of genius, or power of imagination. His marvellous memory (so accurate and so comprehensive), his quick perception, his tenacity of purpose, his indomitable industry and calm judgment,—these stood to him in the place of genius. But here again he invariably proposed to himself a far loftier standard of critical excellence than he was capable of attaining: while yet he resolutely strove to attain it. He was a truly remarkable instance of self-culture. Humour he had, and a certain genialness of nature which greatly endeared him to those with whom he had to do. Above all he had an unfailing courteousness of mind and of manner,—courtesy based on charity,—which became in him *a power*, and prevailed. His knowledge of human nature was great, and he was skilful in dealing with men. Apt was he to form a kindly estimate of every body. Firm as a Governor, on matters of principle he was inflexible: but his administration of discipline was weakened by the tenderness of his disposition. Though of a somewhat choleric temper, his fit of passion was soon over and there was ever a ready apology at hand. He was of a truly kind and affectionate nature. 'Given to hospitality' too he was, but wholly without ostentation. His repasts, when he entertained, were even severely simple. It should be added that in his private charities, he was prompt and munificent. As his sister's steward, he gave away very large sums to Church institutions. The deep unobtrusive piety of his spirit,—the religious calmness of his habitual temperament,—caused him to be greatly revered by those who knew him best. He was observed to fast—from dainties. His reverence for Antiquity was great: for Authority, far greater. He would not however have been a Non-juror. (He said

so.) The abuses in Church and State of his early days, he thoroughly abhorred. He was by no means the blind *laudator temporis acti*. On the contrary. He took a hopeful view of the issue of all the movements of mind around him. He was so heartily Anglican, because *he knew*—to an extent not attainable by most men—that the English Reformation was achieved on the primitive lines, and was the nearest return to primitive Catholicity possible. It was the supreme desire of his soul to be remembered as one who “died, as he had lived, attached to the Catholic Faith taught in the Church of England, and averse from all Papal and Sectarian innovation.” His calm delight in the Gospel: his adoring admiration of its perfections: the childlike spirit in which he sustained his soul by feeding upon its very letter to the last hour of his life:—these are a legacy for all time. And

“There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these!”

One cannot, as it seems, too greatly admire the indomitable energy of character,—the consciousness of high and holy purpose,—which, at a period when Churchmanship was at its lowest ebb, (the last quarter of the 18th century, I mean,)—could deliberately gird itself up for such an undertaking as that which the President commenced in 1788,⁷ as well as faithfully prosecuted throughout all the ensuing years of his life. Among his contemporaries he was unapproached for Patristic learning. Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the great Bishop of Lincoln [1869–85], might reasonably experience gratification when, after reading his work on Hippolytus, the President, in his 98th year, sent him word⁸ that he found it “the production of a writer better acquainted with primitive Antiquity than any man I supposed to exist among us.”

Then further,—The generous sympathy with which in his extreme old age he reached out hopefully to a new institution like the young Church University of Durham:—his affability to strangers, and the unwearied kindness he was prepared to lavish on such as loved sacred Science, but knew next to nothing about it:—above all, the affectionate cordiality which subsisted between himself and the Fellows of his College;—these are features of character which will endear his memory to not a few who shall come after him. And yet this was not nearly all. To the very last he was a faithful and true man,—with nothing of the timidity of age, though the experience of a long life had taught him caution. He was one of those who signed the petition to the King against the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity (Feb. 11, 1836). A fortnight later (29 Feb.), a Requisition having been addressed to the Hebdomadal Board that Hampden's Works should be brought before the Convocation of the University, the Heads divided,—20 against, and 4 for it. The minority consisted of *Routh*, Gaisford, Gilbert, and Jenkyns. He was a fearless Confessor. Had his lot fallen in times of cruel persecution, he would have been prepared to die a Martyr's death.

No worthy pictorial representation of President Routh exists,—a circumstance which is much to be regretted: for *his* was a face and a form

⁷ See back, pp. 20, 21.

⁸ July 30, 1853.

which really did deserve commemoration by the hand of a consummate artist. His eyes beamed with intelligence: his features bore the impress of character. A general impression of his appearance is all that can now be derived from a survey of the efforts of Thompson, Pickersgill, Hartmann. The attempt to pourtray him should have been made fifty, forty, at least thirty years sooner; and then by a first-rate hand. Concerning his portraits, see above, p. 56.

There appeared in the University on the occasion of the venerable President's departure 'A CENTURY OF VERSES,'—which, it is hoped, may without impropriety be reproduced here. They are the work of one who knew him only slightly, but who revered him greatly, and to whom he had been exceedingly kind:—one on whom the stroke of domestic affliction had recently fallen heavily; and who, on returning to Oxford after the Christmas Vacation, sadly bent his steps in the direction of the President's lodgings. To go back to his own College, and write such 'a Century of Verses' as the following, was a kind of instinct of nature:—

"Grief upon grief! it seems as if each day
Came laden with a freight of heavy news
From East or West. My letters, fringed with black,
Bring me but sighs: and when the heart is full
One drop will make the bitter cup o'erflow.

Grave, reverend Sir! I scarcely knew how dear
I held thy mem'ry, till I stood before
Thy darkened gate, and learnt thy message kind,—
'When next he calls, he must be made come in.'
Alas, 'twas now a message from the grave!
There was no voice nor motion: calm the scene
Around me, as the mem'ry of the blest.
For still, the quiet precinct of thy home
Seemed like some little favoured nook apart,
Where no rough wind might enter, no harsh sound
Make itself heard, nor chance nor change intrude.
Waynflete's time-honoured gateway, decked about
With kneeling Saints, and shielded from rude hands
By the low fence which girds thy modest lawn,
O'erhung me like a blessing; and a few
Faint flowers were lingering near me: and no sound
Broke the sweet silence, save a bird that trill'd
Farewell to Summer from a wintry thorn.

Would I had seen thy honoured face once more!
So loath was I to weary thee; to tax
Thy reverend courtesy; and add the weight
Even of a feather to thy pile of years,
That still I keep aloof from one whose words
Were ever words of kindness; whose discourse
Was pleasant to me as a skilful song
Which haunts the heart and brain, and will not die.
How could it fail be so? for *who* like thee

To talk of ancient times, and ancient men,
 And render back their image? *who* like thee
 For sacred lore? Thy speech recalled the days
 When Truth was deemed eternal: when men's eyes
 Were taught to hail the everlasting hills
 As beacons of their journey; and their hearts,
 Not tossed as now on wretched waves of doubt,
 Were anchored fast to that eternal shore
 Where thou didst make, and now hast found, thine home.

And there already,—(for not mine the creed,
 O no, not mine the cold unlovely creed
 Which dreams of treasures lost when good men die,)—
 Already, doubtless, on that starlit strand
 Hast thou been welcomed with glad words, as when
 Some voyaging barque, long time detained at sea,
 Looms in the offing, and a thousand hearts
 Flock to the beach, impatient for their joy.
 There, as I think, thou wilt behold the eyes
 And hear the voices of those ancient Saints
 Whose few yet precious pages, once the sport
 Of gusty winds, became thy pious care:
 The Sardinian Melito,—Polycrates,—
 Papias the Phrygian,—Pinytus of Crete,—
 Julius,—and Hegesippus,—and the rest;
 Who lived before those Seven, to whom St. John
 Spake words of warning, gave their souls to GOD.

Calm life, that labouring in forgotten fields
 Didst hive the sweets of each! calm happy life
 Of learned leisure and long studious days,
 Spent in a curious Paradise of Books;
 How wert thou spared to witness to the sons
 The manners and the wisdom of their sires!
 Resembling more some marvel of the past
 Than aught of modern fashion. Let me long
 Cherish thy precious mem'ry! long retain
 The image of thy venerable form
 Stooping beneath its century of years,
 And wrapped in solemn academic robes,
 Cassock, and scarf, and buckles, bands and wig,
 And such a face as none beheld before
 Save in an ancient frame on College walls,
 And heard of as 'the portrait of a grave
 And learn'd Divine' who flourished years ago.

Yet would thy sunken eye shine bright as day
 If haply some one touched thy favourite theme,—
 The martyred Monarch's fortunes and his times:
 Yet brighter, if the mem'ries of thy youth
 Were quickened into sudden life: but most

'Twas joy to hear thy solemn voice descant
Of Fathers, Councils, and the page Divine :
For then thy words were precious and well weighed,
Oracular with wisdom. Or if men
And manners were thy theme,—scholars and wits,
The heroes of past years,—how rich thy vein !
Thy speech how courteous, classical, and kind !
Each story new because so wondrous old :
And each particular exactly given,
The name, the place, the author, yea the page,—
Nought was forgotten. ' But I tire you, sir,'
(So would he say :) ' I fear I tire you, sir ?'
An old man, sir !'—while one's heart danced for joy.

He sleeps before the altar, where the shade
He loved will guard his slumbers night and day ;
And tuneful voices o'er him, like a dirge,
Will float for everlasting. Fitting close
For such a life ! His twelve long sunny hours
Bright to the edge of darkness : then, the calm
Repose of twilight, and a crown of stars."

BEATI MORT'LI, QVI MORIVNTVR IN DOMINO.

(II). HUGH JAMES ROSE:

THE RESTORER OF THE OLD PATHS.

[A. D. 1795—1838.]

*'Who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us,
and betake ourselves to our true Mother.'*

MANKIND show themselves strangely forgetful of their chiefest benefactors. The name above written, besides being a boast and a praise, was reckoned a tower of strength by Churchmen of a generation which has already well nigh passed away. Pronounced now in the hearing of those who have been in the Ministry ten, fifteen, twenty years, it is discovered to be unknown to them. And yet this was the man who, sixty years ago, at a time of universal gloom, panic, and despondency, rallied the faint-hearted as with a trumpet blast ;—awoke the sleepers ;—aroused the sluggish ;—led on to glory the van of the Church's army. It shall be my endeavour, however feebly, to repair the omission of half a century of years, (for Hugh James Rose died in 1838); the rather, because his only brother was also mine. But *his* was a life which deserves to have been written by some far abler hand. Moreover, it should have been written long long ago.

Not unaware am I what it was that originally deterred the Rev. John Miller of Worcester College, (another sometime celebrated, but now scarcely remembered name, to whom all the materials for writing Mr. Rose's life had been entrusted),—from accomplishing his task. The discovery was speedily made that to write it *adequately* would be to write the History of the Church of England during the same brief but eventful period; and such an ample Memoir was expected at the hands of the Biographer. Many words on this part of the subject are unnecessary. The events were all too recent in which Mr. Rose had played a prominent part, for he was "taken away in the midst of his days." Under inconveniently reversed conditions the selfsame problem now solicits *me*. But besides that I enjoy access to the same written evidence, I have lived continuously with those who revered Mr. Rose's memory supremely, and whose discourse was perpetually of *him*. I will therefore do my best to relate, at least in outline, the story of his important life. Long have I been troubled by the conviction that it would be a shame if I were never to make the attempt; and an opportunity has at last unexpectedly arrived.

A singular contrast will the present biography be observed to present to



Hugh James Rose.

that which immediately precedes it. Routh's was the longest of the Twelve Lives here recorded; Rose's, the shortest. He was yet unborn when Routh saw his 39th birthday, and Routh survived him sixteen years. Rose, driven from place to place in quest of health, succumbed at last in a foreign land to the malady with which he had wrestled in agony throughout eighteen years of intellectual warfare. Routh,—who until after he had entered his 100th year had never been seen by a physician in bed,—passed 83 calm studious years within the walls of the College from which he had never wandered. He died in his nest. Both alike bore unfaltering witness to the same Divine truths; but they served their Master in vastly different ways, and their pathways in life never met. I have already sought to embalm the memory of Martin Joseph Routh. It is of HUGH JAMES ROSE that I am to speak now.

And first,—He was lineally descended from one of the oldest of Scottish houses; his grandfather, Hugh Rose of New Mill, Aberdeenshire,—(who by the way narrowly escaped hanging after the field of Culloden, for all the Roses were on the Prince's side,)—being a cadet of the Roses of Kilravock.¹ Dr. William Rose of Chiswick, the translator of Sallust and friend of Johnson, was this gentleman's brother. Samuel Rose therefore, his son, the friend and correspondent of the poet Cowper, was Hugh James Rose's second cousin.

HUGH JAMES,—elder son of the Rev. William Rose [*b.* 1766, *d.* 1844] and Susanna his wife [*b.* 1762, *d.* 1839],—was born in the parsonage house of Little Horsted, in the county of Sussex, where his father was at that time Curate,—on the 9th of June 1795. His young nurse, who had never before had the care of an infant, is remembered to have delighted in the child greatly and to have taught him the alphabet before he could speak:—

"In a lobby of the house we inhabited at Uckfield, to which place we removed when he was about a year old," (writes his Mother,) "there hung some maps and charts of History in which were many large letters. Martha Summers used to show him the letters, until the baby—if you asked him where any particular letter was—would look at the chart, and if held up to it, would put his little finger on the letter required."

For a prolonged period, during which (owing to indisposition) his Mother was unable to have him with her,—

"his Father took him into his school to keep him out of the way of mischief. When I proposed to take him again,—'No,' (said Mr. Rose) 'he is learning the Latin grammar. He wanted to read so much English every day, that, not having time to hear him, I gave him a Latin grammar to employ him.' Before he was four years old he had mastered it. I have often heard him say he could not remember the time when he did *not* know the Latin grammar. How he learned to read at all, I am unable to say. I suppose his maid helped him. I recollect one summer morning, (he then slept in our room),—knowing he was awake and yet not hearing him,—his Father asked—'What are you doing?' 'Reading Knox's *Elegant Extracts*.' 'You can't understand what you are reading?' 'O but I can, Papa,' and he told us what it was. He was then about four years old.

"Sent, a few weeks after to Seaford, for the benefit of sea air and bathing, his great amusement was to read the newspaper and the Arabian Nights to some ladies

¹ See the '*Genealogical deduction of the Family of Rose of Kilravock*,'—1848, (printed by the Spalding Club), 4to.

there. They said it was not like the reading of a child, but really a pleasure to listen to.—I recollect his once asking his Father for a book, when the only one at hand was a volume of French plays. In order to keep him quiet, his Father said —‘Read *Le Cid*.’ Two or three hours after, he had finished it. ‘You cannot have read the play?’ ‘Yes, I have;’ and he instantly repeated the plot, and then construed every sentence his Father pointed out. ‘To me he never seemed to *read* a book; but to cast his eye over the page and to know its contents.”

From Little Horsted then, the Rev. Wm. Rose removed to Uckfield, about two miles off, a chapelry of the parish of Buxted. His change of abode was chiefly occasioned by his desire to increase the number of his pupils. These now grew into a considerable school which he grafted on a small parochial foundation endowed by a former rector of Buxted, Dr. Saunders. Mr. Rose afterwards became curate of Uckfield, under the then rector of Buxted, Archd. D'Oyly; and here his only other (surviving) child (Henry John) was born, 3rd January, 1800. Both sons alike inherited from their Father, besides a singularly calm and equable temperament, the same inflexibly upright and guileless nature;—from their Mother, the same masculine good sense, clear understanding, and strength of purpose. They grew up, until they went to College, under the parental roof,—severed from one another by no other barrier but that formidable span of five years of early life. I am here to speak exclusively of Hugh James Rose; but I propose not to lay down my pen until (however briefly) I have separately commemorated the singular goodness, the rare gifts and graces, of Henry John, his younger brother,—who, by his marriage with my sister, became an elder brother to me. Yes, and the best of brothers.²

A few other incidents remembered in connexion with Hugh's boyhood are not without interest. Foremost in respect of date is the friendship of Dr. E. D. Clarke, the accomplished traveller [*b.* 1769, *d.* 1822], whose grandfather and father had been successively rectors of Buxted, and whose widowed mother continued to live at Uckfield with her family. A mind intelligent and appreciative as his, joined as it was to a disposition singularly generous and enthusiastic, could not fail to be attracted by the youthful promise of such an one as Hugh James Rose, who was all the while pursuing his studies with rare diligence under his father's roof. Notwithstanding their great disparity of years, a strong attachment sprang up between them, which only ended with Dr. E. D. Clarke's death in 1822. But it commenced a long way back; for Clarke is remembered to have taught the child, when only four years of age, to repeat the Greek alphabet. “To be heard say his *Geek*” was thenceforth a prime satisfaction to the youthful Hellenist. The preceptor's endeavour to instil in the same quarter at the same tender age a taste for fossils and mineralogy, by showing him choice specimens in a glass case, broke down calamitously. To the philosopher's discomfiture a preference was candidly avowed for the look of the sugar-plums in the window of the village ‘shop’... Dr. Clarke evidently delighted in the child, and must have had his full share in developing his powers.

The calamitous health from which Hugh suffered so direfully later on in life had its beginning when he was five years old. An attack of croup,

² See below, page 149.

though effectually subdued, left him liable to frequent inflammation of the lungs. Always patient under suffering, it is remembered that he was perfectly satisfied while able to read and amuse himself. When too ill for this, he would urge his maid (if his mother was not with him) to read to him: and so excellent was his memory that he retained all he heard. During a prolonged confinement to the house, some one suggested to the child collecting impressions of seals. The armorial bearings on several of these set him on the study of Heraldry,—which his parents encouraged by procuring for him the best books they could on the subject. Blazoning coats-of-arms was a delight to him,—till a neighbouring gentleman, weary of the study of Chemistry, sent him all his retorts, crucibles, &c. Hugh at once transferred his homage to the new science,—which he cultivated with assiduity and success. “We indulged him in these pursuits” (writes his Mother) “as he was never able to join in the active sports of other boys.” It may be added that he acquired early in life great proficiency in the use of his pencil. A water-colour drawing of the interior of Buxted church survives to attest his youthful skill. “Yes, *that* was our family pew!”—remarked the late Bp. of Lincoln with a sad smile, when I once showed him the representation of his Father’s church. Poetry was already one of his delights; a taste which grew with his growth and never forsook him.

Besides such instances of mental activity and extraordinary precocity of intellect, the fond Mother treasured up many an interesting trait indicative of her son’s singular loveliness of character: as, his considerateness for the feelings of others,—his anxiety to relieve suffering and to mitigate distress,—his entire dutifulness to his parents. No young man’s heart ever pointed more faithfully to “home,” as the scene of his greatest enjoyment,—the haven of his fondest hopes. The “Commandment with promise” was written indelibly on his inmost nature. To the very end of his life it was his supreme delight to repair back to his Father and his Mother.

But, as hinted already, his health became early a source of anxiety to his parents. Especially from the age of 11 to 14 his state was such, (he had in fact outgrown his strength,) that the best medical advice became a necessity. In a happy hour Mrs. Rose resorted to the admirable Dr. John Sims, who became to Hugh James Rose much more than a physician. His house³ was looked upon by the youthful student as a second home; while, between the children of Dr. Sims and himself, there sprung up a warm friendship,—but in fact it was love, “love stronger than death.” Rose revered and loved Dr. Sims with something of filial piety, and was cherished by that accomplished physician with almost parental tenderness.

Better deserving of commemoration perhaps than any other incident of this period of his life, is the friendship Hugh Rose enjoyed with the family of John, first Earl of Sheffield, a nobleman of excellent character and first-rate abilities. Owing to the proximity of Uckfield to Sheffield Place, (but indeed it was for a better reason,) from very early days Hugh had attracted the Earl’s notice and became a favourite with him. At the age of fourteen

³ At that time, 67 Upper Goidford Street.

he was in consequence invited to take up his residence for the Midsummer holidays at Sheffield Place, in order to read with Lord Sheffield's little son, George. The old peer showed his discernment; for not only were Rose's classical and literary attainments already those of a much older person,—(his translation of Simonides' '*Danaë*' written before this time reads like the production of one-and-twenty),—but his pure sentiments and lofty example were beyond price. The *honorarium* with which his services were rewarded, he dutifully forced on his Mother's acceptance,—who relates that she invested it for his benefit in an excellent watch. For many succeeding vacations he was an inmate of Sheffield Place,—indeed he spent all his leisure time there.

"I shall offer to return" (he wrote to his parents in July 1812) "for a week before George goes to school, just to put him in training. More than this I *cannot* do . . . The loss of this month will throw me grievously back, or at least will give me double lag for a long time. Another month, I should hardly recover before college time. Only I can know the additional fatigue of mind and vexation of spirit produced to me by a loss of time." [Next day (27th July), he wrote,]—"I am sure, when you consider that I cannot study at all here, and of how much consequence it is to me to lose nothing in my learning, since everything depends on my own exertions,—you will see that I cannot, consistently with any rational ideas of progress in my studies, consent to stay longer, even were I asked. Eight or nine weeks idleness, I should scarcely recover before I go to Cambridge."

At the close of the ensuing month (24 August 1812) Hugh James was entered as a member of Trinity College, Cambridge: and went up to reside in the October term of 1813,—being then 18 years of age. His tutor was Dr. Monk, afterwards Bp. of Gloucester and Bristol, who proved his constant friend, and was the great encourager of his studies. In the next year (1814) he gained the first Bell's Scholarship, and in 1815 was elected Scholar of his College. The tidings were conveyed to his Father in this characteristic letter:—

"Cambridge, April 8th, 1815.

"Dear sir,—I could bite my thumbs! This is Saturday night and there is no such thing as throwing a letter at you, so as to hit you before Tuesday. I suffered last night's post to slip through my fingers,—else could I have told you a piece of *News*. Now perhaps it is "*no News*." But your son has got all that he wished to get in consequence of his perilous journey into the midst of the fever. *He is one of the Scholars of Trinity*. They brought the list to me, and I read *his* name there: so, joy to you all!"—(A deal of general gossip follows. The letter ends,)—"χαῖρε, which does not mean *farewell*, but *hail*! E. D. CLARKE."

That the subject of the present Memoir should have drawn to himself the most intellectual of his Cambridge contemporaries was inevitable. That he became a devoted student does not require to be told. He also made a great figure in the Cambridge 'Union.' But in fact I may not linger over this interesting period of Hugh's life. From a boy he had been a prodigious reader, and cherished, as a very young man, a burning desire to acquaint himself with every department of polite learning. It was a thirst for knowledge, of which ordinary spirits seem scarcely to have a notion. To the writers of antiquity he chiefly devoted himself, and not a few trustworthy tokens survive of his exhaustive method of study. His copies of the classics, interleaved and laboriously annotated in Latin by his own hand throughout, witness eloquently to the extent of his reading, and the accuracy with which he read. So considerable and

excellent are the critical helps now-a-days provided for beginners that it sounds fabulous to be told that, 80 years ago, if a student coveted for himself exacter and fuller information than the ordinary schoolboy Greek or Latin grammar furnished, his only resource was (like Ehud) to manufacture the weapon for his individual use with his own hands. One is the less surprised, after all this, to learn that so early as in the spring of the year in which he went up to Cambridge, Rose addressed C. J. Blomfield (whom the public only knew as yet as a scholar) on the subject of his edition of '*The Seven against Thebes*,' which had just appeared: offering critical suggestions and pointing out inaccuracies. Blomfield took the remarks of his youthful critic, (as might be expected,) in very good part, —admitted the mistakes,—encouraged him to write to him again freely,⁴—and on learning six months later that Rose was proposing to go up to Cambridge, "rejoiced to hear that Alma Mater was about to have so promising a son."⁵ When two years had elapsed, and Hugh James was but 20 years of age, C. J. Blomfield (Sept. 6th, 1815) addressed him as follows:—

"I shall always have pleasure in hearing from you on these subjects. There are not more than five people in England who really understand or care about these things; and I am glad to perceive that you are going to be a sixth. Let me exhort you not to lay aside your classical pursuits as soon as you have taken your degree."

It will have been shortly after Mr. Rose's lamented decease (in 1838) that his aged Mother, being entreated to commit to writing a few recollections of this period of her son's life, penned the memorial page from which I have already once and again quoted. She relates that "he was a weekly correspondent during the whole of his residence at Cambridge. His college vacations were our delight:—

"He was much beloved by his Father's pupils: much regretted by them when he left home. He made himself very pleasant to them, and selected from them the friends of his after life. As a token how tenderly he loved them,—The servant coming in one day when we were at dinner and telling us suddenly that young Chatfield, who had left us some time before for Cambridge, was dead; he fell forward on the table, and fainted."

"I recollect once saying to Lady Louisa Clinton,—(who was gratifying his fond Mother by her praise of him and his gentlemanly manners),—'I think, for his manners, he is indebted to the society he meets *here*,' (i. e. Sheffield Place.) 'No,' she answered, 'he came here with manners as perfect as if he had lived in a Court all his life; and what I particularly admire is *this*,—His conduct towards my Father, who is not famed for his patience. But he bears with contradiction from your son,—who always treats him with due respect, but contrives to maintain his own opinions without giving the smallest offence. He does this by his good sense and good feeling.'"

Immediately after his Ordination (Jan. 4th, 1819), the aged Earl appointed Mr. Rose his domestic Chaplain.

At Cambridge, he was joint author of a *jeu d'esprit* which occasioned much merriment in the University. The mock examination-paper referred to attained more enduring celebrity than usually falls to the lot of such effusions, having been transferred to the '*Annual Register*' for 1816. It is noticed here as affording evidence of that vein of humour which seems never to be wanting from minds of the highest order.

⁴ Danton,—March 17th, 1813.

⁵ Danton,—Oct. 3th.

In 1817 Rose took his B.A. Degree: his name appearing in the Tripos as fourteenth wrangler of the year. His great powers would have inevitably won for him much higher mathematical honours had he been willing to do as so many far less highly gifted men than himself have done, viz. sacrifice everything to his place in the honour list. The mischievous tendency of an exclusive devotion of the mind to Mathematical science finds frequent expression in his writings, and was one of his most deliberate convictions. Thoroughly persuaded of the danger of such exclusive study, he had the courage to act accordingly, and to lay his foundations on a broader and securer basis. Scholarship with him amounted to a passion. He cultivated the acquaintance of a far greater number of the writers of antiquity than are prescribed for, or indeed are supposed to come within the purview of, the University curriculum. It was no matter of surprise to find that his classical success was complete, for he was declared first Chancellor's medallist of the year. (The classical Tripos it will be recollected was not established until some years later.) To him also was awarded in 1818 the first Members' prize for a dissertation in Latin prose, of which the subject was a comparison of the Greek and Roman historians,—among whom Rose awarded the palm to Thucydides and to the Greeks. He had already (1817) distinguished himself by the publication of some learned "Remarks on the first Chapter of the Bishop of Llandaff's [Marsh's] *Horae Pelasgicæ*," in which he shewed cause against some of the propositions of that prelate, and still stronger against some of the conclusions of Dr. Jameson, in his '*Hermes Scythicus*.'

In the ensuing October (1818) he was, to his infinite disgust, an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship at Trinity, and it was out of his power ever to sit again. By the result, it was the College rather than he that lost an accession of honour. Relinquishing University residence at once, and giving up his pupils, Rose transferred himself to the family of John, fourth Duke of Athole, in order to become private tutor to Lord Charles Murray, the Duke's son. His pupil's illness however brought this engagement so speedily to a close that he was at liberty to receive Deacon's Orders (Dec. 20th) at the hands of Bishop Howley, at Fulham; and to accept the Curacy of Buxted, March 16th in the ensuing year,—1819. His Mother relates that,—

"from the time he could speak, he always said he would be a clergyman 'like Papa.' I remember seeing him one Sunday put on his Father's gown, stand up on a chair and speak with great energy over the back of it to his brother and cousins."

So true is it that 'the child is father to the man.' At a very early period Divinity held the highest place in his regard: and it is remembered that throughout his College career, he had been girding himself up to what was shortly to become the one business of his life. The examining Chaplain declared with astonishment that Mr. Rose's papers (for Priest's Orders) displayed the knowledge and attainments of a man of forty.

His affections had in the meantime been drawn to a young lady who, in 1816, had been on a visit to his Parents,—Anna Cuyler Mair, youngest daughter of Capt. Peter Mair of the Hill House, Richmond, Yorkshire;

and this attachment, ripening with his return to Uckfield, effected a change in his immediate plan of life. "I am sure I shall not do for an old bachelor," (he had written to his Mother at the age of fifteen from Sheffield Place);—"for if I have not some one to whom I may communicate my happy and my unhappy sensations, I lose half the pleasure that the former might impart, while the weight of the latter seems doubled." He was united to Miss Mair in 1819 (June 24th), and found in her the most devoted and helpful of wives.⁶—In the days of her widowhood, after an interval of some twenty-five years from the period of which we are speaking, I knew this lady intimately: and now find it impossible to withhold the tribute of a few words of loving remembrance. She was less demonstrative of her feelings than any woman I have ever known; but her affections were wondrous deep and strong. Constitutionally reserved too she was; but she could throw this off entirely when she felt *sure* of the person she was addressing. Her understanding was excellent: her piety ardent and humble. All her instincts were good. She adored as well as revered her husband, over whom she watched with unwearied devotion until in a foreign land she closed his eyes in death, while yet in the zenith of his reputation and of his powers,—cut off by disease midway in his career of earnest, holy zeal for his Master's service. She returned at once, with love's true instinct, to the darkened home of his parents, and did a daughter's part by them to the last hour of their lives.—Let us go back.

Hugh James Rose's Rectors were successively Dr. D'Oyly, Rector of Lambeth, and Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity: both of whom became his fast friends and eager patrons. At Christmas, 1818, he removed to the neighbouring village of Maresfield, carrying with him the pupils whom he had begun to take at Uckfield, but retaining his curacy. Here he continued, with his labours divided between parish and pupils, (who were chiefly young men of rank,) until he was presented by Abp. Manners Sutton to the Vicarage of Horsham. He was ordained Priest (Dec. 19th, 1819) by Bishop Law, at St. James', Piccadilly; and in the ensuing year (1820), published, with his name, a pamphlet, bearing the title of "*A critical examination of that part of Mr. Bentham's Church-of-Englandism which relates to the Church Catechism.*" Bentham's pedantic scurrilities, which have long since been forgotten, scarcely deserved the honour of such notice.—In October, 1821, there appeared in the '*Quarterly Review*' a powerful and justly severe article from Rose's pen, on Hone's '*Apocryphal New Testament*;' concerning which, in December, Mr. Gifford (the editor) wrote to him as follows:—

"I have seen Hone's Advertisements, and he probably means to publish something. Your Article has evidently stung him to the quick; and I am happy to inform you that it has given very great satisfaction to the Clergy in general." (The writer mentions Dean Ireland as his authority.) "Hone has had the impudence to address a letter to me, requesting to know the writer of the Article. I answered him as he deserved."

At the end of a few months (April, 1822), Mr. Gifford sent him a second encouraging message:—

"I had felt some anxiety about Belsham's translation, and mentioned to one or

⁶ The only issue of this marriage was a son, born in 1837, who lived but a few days.

two of my friends how happy I should be to get it well reviewed. Your letter is peculiarly acceptable to me, and I receive your kind offer with pleasure. May the result be as important as that of your former paper, which has completely destroyed the sale of the spurious Gospels."

Gratifying it is to be able to add on the authority of the publisher, that Hone himself afterwards bitterly repented of his detestable publication.—About the same time Mr. Rose contributed to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge a little tract, included in its catalogue of books intended for the counteraction of infidel writings, with the title, "The Folly and Danger of Reading Irreligious Publications."—At the close of 1821, the Curate of Uckfield found himself established in the Vicarage of Horsham.

A large and important sphere of labour thus opened on him, and he threw himself into his new duties with the zeal and earnestness which characterized all he did. He enlarged the church accommodation for the poor,—made the schools more efficient,—addressed himself to organizing the parish. His teaching made a profound impression on the people. There had prevailed much irreligion in the place with which the Vicar proceeded to battle: not however by having recourse to strange methods of excitement and the now fashionable process of "Home Missions," but by the earnestness and power of his simple and affectionate Addresses. To those persuasive teachings, hundreds of the humbler sort long after eagerly attributed their first impressions of religion. An eye-witness of his labours, who evidently knew him well, writes as follows concerning his ministerial work at this time:—

"It would be an insult to the memory of so great and good a servant of CHRIST, to say that he was an *attractive* preacher; though his preaching not only captivated all hearts, but was the admiration of all who had either the taste to discern, or the virtue to honour, excellence in that most difficult and rare of all sacred accomplishments,—the art of speaking with power and intelligibility to a congregation composed of the various grades of society. Perhaps no preacher was ever more free from the ambition of making proselytes to himself than Mr. Rose was; and no man probably ever made more than he did, or in a more legitimate way. Spurious eloquence he had none. All glitter he shrunk from, in the pulpit and in his mode of living, as unworthy of the sacred mission upon which he had been sent forth, and of the self-denying character of Christianity. Nothing could be more dignified than his appearance and manner, when clothed in the robes, and engaged in the offices, of his profession. In the tones of his voice there was even much to favour the peculiar and impressive form in which his ideas were conveyed to the ears of his audience."¹

It scarcely needs to be added that the religious tone of Horsham under such a Vicar exhibited a marked change. The attendance at the ordinary services and at the Sacrament increased largely. He published for the use of his Parishioners (in 1828) a Form of Family Prayer for Morning and Evening. But Rose carried with him that "thorn in the flesh" which rendered his public ministrations an abiding distress to himself. The Church was large, and to one suffering from asthma was trying both in the desk and the pulpit in a high degree. Maresfield (where, perhaps, decided asthma first appeared) had ill agreed with him; but Horsham, from the low and damp situation of the Vicarage, proved still worse; so

¹ From the *Brighton Gazette*, 17th Feb. 1839,—quoted in the *Brit. Magazine*, for the same month, p. 227.

that, between the labours of his parish and his pupils, it was found, by the end of a second year (1823), that a complete change of air and scene, foreign travel in short,—had become little short of a necessity. "His pupils," I say,—for he had two curates to maintain: to dispense with pupils was therefore impossible.

Never by overworked parish priest has such refreshment been turned to better account than on the present occasion. Rose's whole heart was in his Master's service, and his footsteps were directed in the first instance to a region where "Protestantism" was to be seen bearing its bitterest fruits. Little as yet was known about the matter here in England, for "'tis sixty years since."

It was the phenomenon of German Protestantism, as the system was to be seen at work in Prussia, which shocked his piety, aroused his worst fears, exercised his intellect. A rationalizing school, of which the very characteristic was the absolute rejection of a Divine Revelation, dominated at that time in Prussia, and furnished the subject of these pages with materials for raising his voice in solemn warning to his countrymen, at a time when in high places the fires of faith and love were burning very low. The travellers, who had left England in May 1824, having visited Bavaria, Austria and Italy, returned home at the end of a twelvemonth exactly.—It deserves to be mentioned in passing that at Rome, impressed with the need of more systematic ministrations to the English visiting that capital than were as yet provided in the house of Mrs. Stark,—Hugh James Rose made himself personally responsible (with Lord Harrowby, and Sir James Clark,) for the maintenance at Rome of an English Chaplain: and at the same time secured for the English congregation those very commodious (if not strictly ecclesiastical) quarters near the *Porta del popolo* which continued until yesterday to be the scene of the daily worship of the English residents. At Rome also it was that Rose cemented that intimate friendship with Bp. Hobart which he was accustomed to regard as one of the greatest privileges of his life.

The Discourses on "*the state of the Protestant Religion in Germany*," having been delivered at Cambridge in May 1825, in the discharge of his duty as Select Preacher, were published by their Author in the ensuing September, and made a great impression. A warning voice they also proved to those many unstable spirits here at home who, half unconsciously it may be, had become infected with the *virus* of infidelity; and who in divers quarters were ventilating wretched crotchets of their own on the Right of private judgment,—Articles of Faith,—a fixed form of Liturgy. The strangest circumstance in connexion with the publication of these Discourses was that the opposition to them proceeded from—Dr. Pusey. In the year of his appointment to the Professorship of Hebrew (1828), appeared his "*Historical inquiry into the probable causes of the rationalist character lately predominant in the Theology of Germany*." Rose replied in 1829, in a second and enlarged edition of his '*Discourses*' with an Appendix: to which Pusey rejoined in 1830 by publishing a "Second part" of his former work, "containing an explanation of the views miscon-

* "To which is prefixed a letter from Professor Sack, translated from the German." 8vo.

ceived by Mr. Rose, and further illustrations." It is needless to add another word on the subject of this controversy, which has long since lost all its interest.⁹ Pusey's religious views underwent a serious change about the same time; and shortly after, his two learned and interesting volumes were by himself withdrawn from circulation. The result of this controversy benefited the Church chiefly in that it helped to bring Rose prominently before the public (outside his own University) as a fearless champion of Catholic Truth.

He had however already fully established his reputation as an able maintainer of Apostolic Order and vindicator of half forgotten Church Principles by his Four Sermons preached at Cambridge in April 1826,—*"On the Commission and consequent Duties of the Clergy."* Written without any idea of publication, these Sermons were deemed so important by those who heard them, that their Author was persuaded in 1828 to give them to the public with a considerable apparatus of "Notes." A second edition was called for in 1831, when the volume was enlarged from 180 to upwards of 300 pages.¹

Addressed in the first instance to those who were about to become Ministers in the Church of CHRIST, these Sermons,—more than anything else which proceeded from the same faithful pen,—served to stir up men's minds and effectually to put the Clergy in remembrance of those ancient Truths which the Clergy least of all can afford to forget. Never at any time has the Church of GOD been without faithful men so to witness to a forgetful and a careless generation: and the first quarter of the present century (when the outlook, it must be confessed, was dismal indeed,) presents no exception to the gracious rule. *He* would be rendering a good service to the Church who should collect, and ever so briefly annotate, the names of those who bore their testimony bravely in that time of general discouragement. We are speaking just now of Sermons preached in the year 1826. In 1827 Keble published *"The Christian Year."* His acknowledgment of Rose's volume published in 1828 will be read with interest:—

"Fairford, Gloucestershire, 29 Sept. 1828.

"Dear Sir,—I am deeply ashamed to be so tardy, but, believe me, I am not the less sincere, in offering you my best acknowledgements for your kindness in sending me your Sermons on the Duties of the Clergy. I say nothing of your too partial mention of my little publication in one of your notes;² but you perhaps will give me credit for an Author's feelings in thinking the more. But I had rather tell you of the delight (I hope not unimproving) with which I have read your animating appeals, and mean to read them over and over again; and of the satisfaction it has afforded me to find my own notions and criticisms, on some favourite subjects, exactly coinciding with yours. Let me venture particularly to thank you for that part of the fourth sermon, in which you point out the effect of Christian Knowledge in elevating the minds as well as correcting the hearts of labouring people: (p. 83-84,) for the recommendation of Miller's 'Bampton Lectures': and for the hint about village preaching in p. 169."

It was in 1826, at the Cambridge 'Commencement,' that Mr. Rose preached a Sermon often reprinted afterwards, which made its author

⁹ See *infra*, pp. 128-30.

¹ The 'Advertisement to the first edition' is dated 'Horsham, May 19, 1828,'—to the

second edition, 'Hadleigh, Suffolk, September 26, 1831.'

² Page 176 [=p. 162 ed. 1831.]

famous, entitled,—“*The tendency of prevalent opinions about Knowledge considered.*”

We have already been reminded that the infirm health which constrained Mr. Rose in 1824 to have recourse to foreign travel resulted in good to himself and the Church. A similar reflection is forced upon us by the discovery that, in 1825, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Regius Professorship of Greek at Cambridge,—when the lot fell to Scholefield. Reasonably might so excellent a Greek scholar as Rose aspire to an office which he would have so greatly adorned, and which his passion for sacred Science would have inevitably turned to good account for the criticism of the N. T. But the duties of the Regius Professorship of Greek, had he been elected to that Chair, must inevitably have made exorbitant demands on the time of one whose heart was given to Divinity: must have drawn him to some extent into secular reading: must have interfered in short with what Rose sincerely desired to make the one great business of his life. Previously to going abroad, (that is, some time in 1823,) he had seen through the press his ‘*Inscriptiones Graecae Velustissimae*,’—a work however which was not published until his return from the Continent in 1825. The second of those very ancient inscriptions (“*Inscriptio Burgoniana*”) he came to our house in Brunswick Square to see, in November of the same year. A letter from him to my Father, (dated ‘Horsham, Nov. 3, 1825’) lies before me, describing a similar (Panathenaic) amphora which General Koller had shown him at Naples. His pen-and-ink drawing from memory of that object is surprisingly accurate. “On the top of each column should be a cock,” he remarks, “but that is beyond my graphic powers.”—While on the subject of Greek, it may be here mentioned that in the first days of 1829, Rose produced his edition of Parkhurst’s “*Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament*,”—a work which I take leave to say will retain its value to the end: notwithstanding the labours of Schleusner and of Wahl in the same line,—and notwithstanding the Hebrew deficiencies of Parkhurst himself. The bracketed portions are all by Rose: and these are invariably conspicuous for that excellent judgment, sound scholarship, and sterling sense,—not to say that healthy Divinity—which characterized everything that proceeded from his pen. One does but wish that he had contributed more; but his hands were always full, his health was always feeble, and he was constrained to give to this great work the margins only of his time.

Belonging to this period of Rose’s life, and apt to the subject already presented to the reader’s attention, is the following letter of Abp. Howley, then Bishop of London. His remarks on the best way of studying S. Paul’s Epistles strike me as being so truly admirable—so likely to be of real service to students of the inspired page,—that no apology shall be offered for introducing them here. The learned prelate seems to be replying to some inquiries of Rose on the subject :^a—

“June 28, 1829.

“My dear Sir,—I do not know how your time can be employed with greater

^a I may mention that H. J. R.’s interleaved travelling copy of the N. T., (it was presented to me by his widow,) bears on the fly-leaf the

date of the same year (1829). The Epistles are largely annotated in this copy.

advantage to yourself than in selecting the notes of the best Commentators on the Epistles, weighing their comparative merits, and fully considering the accordance of their several interpretations with your own notions of the meaning of the sacred text. To do this with effect, you should acquire a very familiar acquaintance with the originals; and a readiness in referring by memory to the passages which treat on similar subjects. You should go through them, at some times, with accurate attention to every particular sentence and word; and at others, should read them with a view to the general scope of the argument, the connection of parts, and the main design of the writer. I would advise you to look with attention at Erasmus's paraphrase, and the explanations of the several Greek commentators.—In this way, by taking your time, and frequently meditating on these invaluable works, you will fix in your mind an inexhaustible store of *original* theological knowledge, and may produce a work which will supersede the compilation of Rosenmüller, and the ponderous and ill digested commentaries of Macknight. A really valuable work of this kind is not to be produced in haste. It must be the fruit of labour continued for years; and if properly executed, would confer the highest credit on the author, and be of unspeakable use to the young student. No man is a true Theologian who does not understand the Epistles; and we learn from the various errors of sectaries how easily their sense is misconceived and distorted by unstable and illiterate men.

"Indeed, I much approve of your plan, which even if not fully accomplished, will repay your labour at every step,—conducting you by degrees, with a sure footing and a firm step, to the heights of Theological knowledge. For myself, I can say that almost all I know of Divinity is derived from repeated perusals of the New Testament in the original language, and in the method I have recommended to you.

"I remain, my dear sir, with sincere regard,

"Truly yours,

W. LONDON."

The most eventful as well as most anxious period of his life was that which began with the year 1829,—the first of the four years during which he held simultaneously the offices of 'Christian Advocate' and of Select Preacher at Cambridge. Those were years of great intellectual activity, during which he partially resided at the University, and delivered (namely, in 1830 and 1831,) those grand "Eight Sermons" which made his name everywhere known and revered.

There is but one opinion concerning Mr. Rose's power and success as a public Teacher. Not only was his matter in the highest degree important and weighty, but his delivery was earnest and impressive beyond example; his grand ecclesiastical presence contributing not slightly to give effect to all he said. There were with him none of the arts—still less any of the *tricks*—of oratory. He eschewed action, was perfectly natural in his manner, and his solemn voice, exercised with manifest effort, testified but too plainly to the broken health and exhausted natural powers with which he was resolutely contending. In spite of bodily infirmity, his whole soul seemed to find utterance in the words he delivered. Supremely conscious of the importance of his message, he was evidently making it his one object to convey to his auditory the same certainty of conviction which he himself enjoyed.

The auditory at Great-St.-Mary's, the University Church,—(I have been assured of this as well by some who, at the time referred to, occupied the undergraduates' gallery, as by some of the loftiest consideration who were present,)—set a higher value on his discourses,—attended them in greater numbers, and listened to them with more marked attention,—than in the case of any other teacher of his time. "He was the first

preacher who ever really impressed me," says one who from 1833 to 1837 was an undergraduate. "His words seemed to *take hold* of you."⁴—Others have remarked to me that the air of authority with which he spoke suited well his dignified aspect and commanding figure, and was in strict keeping with the solemnity of his deportment. But beyond all things men are found to have been impressed by his faithful and fearless witness. He was the brave and uncompromising *Apostle of Truth*. 'Principles' to be maintained in their integrity against craven counsels of expediency and the base truckling of an ungodly age, ever ready to surrender what is unpopular,—such was the frequent keynote of his discourses in public. He was pleading for some half-forgotten, but vital ancient verity; or vindicating some neglected fundamental of the faith. Else, he was stimulating his hearers to 'the duty of opposing evil'; or he was insisting on 'Man's need of a sanctifying purpose'; or he was exposing the 'Effects of sensuality on the moral and intellectual frame.' On one such occasion,—(as the Rev. George Williams, who was present, told me,)—the subject of his discourse being *the duty of contending for the Truth*,—a violent thunderstorm came on. Once and again, at the close of a long and impassioned paragraph, a loud crash of thunder was heard, followed by "a sound as of abundance of rain." "It was really" (added my informant with deep emotion) "as if high Heaven, by its artillery, were bearing witness to the faithfulness of the solemn message which the preacher, as an ambassador from the skies, was delivering to a careless generation."

Some weeks after I had written the foregoing sentences the Rev. H. R. Luard, Registrar of the University, obligingly sent me from Cambridge what follows. "I found the enclosed" (so he wrote) "among Mr. Bradshaw's papers. You may like to see it:—

"Even deeper than Simeon's influence was that of Hugh James Rose,—the man who, of all Cambridge men of that time, was the leading spirit in the great Church revival. George Williams often afterwards spoke of the effect his words had upon him, as well as upon others. There is one sermon in particular ('*On the duty of maintaining the Truth*,'⁵) which was preached before the University on Whitsunday, 1834,—which no one can now read without seeing how they stamped themselves upon him and helped to form his character. Two paragraphs from this sermon will show what I mean:—

'If one were asked to state shortly the substance of this *one* great direction and command as to the method of propagating the Truth,⁶ it would seem to be that the Truth should be proclaimed *at all events*, without fear and *at any sacrifice*; the only caution being that it should be proclaimed without unnecessary and useless offence,—without any courting of persecution. It is a noble lesson against worldly tactics and Politics, that simply and boldly to speak the Truth,—is esteemed direction and guidance enough.

'Short therefore of the fanaticism so guarded against, the first duty of a Christian to Christian Truth, is to proclaim and maintain it at all times, and in all places,—against all opposition;—in spite of all persons,—in spite of Public Opinion,—in spite of the fashion of the day,—in spite of changed and changing circumstances,—in spite of expediency, real or fancied,—in spite of all the usual cry of bigotry, and intolerance, and ignorance.'"⁷

⁴ From the Rev. H. Raymond Smythies.

⁵ Published by desire of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses,—pp. 26.

⁶ The preacher's text was S. Matth. x. 27,—

'What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light: and what ye hear in the ear, that

preach ye upon the housetops.' Mr. Bradshaw quotes from p. 8 of the Sermon.

⁷ Obvious it was to assume that Mr. Bradshaw's statement, and the anecdote of my own which went immediately before, relate to one and the same occasion. I have endeavoured

I pass on with the remark that while all that was noblest in the University responded eagerly to the message of the Preacher, his fearless addresses provoked the sneers of the less earnest, the opposition of the less loyal sort. *Where* will not base compromise find its advocates? And *when* will the faithful proclaimer of GOD's Truth cease to incur the cordial hate of the *anti-Church* party? . . . The younger men, at all events, who were then (as they are now) the hope of either University, received the preacher's lessons into an 'honest and good heart,' and with the divinely predicted result. One such undergraduate hearer was George Selwyn, the Apostle of New Zealand. Another was Bp. Abraham; and Sir William Martin was another. "I could hardly express my husband's regard and reverence for Mr. Rose too strongly,"—writes Bp. Selwyn's widow. "He often said that to him he owed more than to most others; ascribing results to him who had sowed the seed."⁸ In a sermon preached before the University in 1854, Selwyn himself bore the same testimony. Sir William Martin, when the thickness of the globe was interposed between him and England, recalled the wisdom and truth of Rose's teaching concerning the quasi-miraculous progress of the Gospel in the world, considering the difficulties which it had to encounter. Abraham could reproduce phrases of his on 'the Truth,' and remembered walking and talking with men about the sermon afterwards,—a rare occurrence at that time. Not until that Day when the great Head of the Church shall come to "take account of His servants," will be known all that was effected by Rose's teaching at Cambridge from the University pulpit.

Those who have bestowed attention on such matters will not be surprised to be assured that Hugh Rose's public reading of Scripture—(an act which Hooker in a famous place declares to be "*Preaching*,"⁹)—partook of the same weighty and impressive character. A very competent judge once assured me that his reading of the liiird of Isaiah in a village Church in Sussex so affected him, that at the end of many years he was able to recall his grand intonation, and the solemnity with which he delivered those awful words. Something similar the same friend related to me concerning the way he had heard Mr. Rose read the parable of the Prodigal son. . . . The subject of impressive reading having once cropped up in Exeter College common-room,—(we were a small party sitting round the fire after dinner),—I mentioned the substance of what immediately precedes; when one of the Fellows (the Rev. Henry Low) to the surprise of us all, in the quaintest manner, and with no little emotion, thrust out his legs on the hearth-rug and,—with an ejaculation expressive of his entire assent to what I had been saying,—broke out somewhat as follows:—"Never heard him read but once; and shall

to verify both, by inquiries at Cambridge; and learn that the late Rev. J. Romilly, in his MS. Diary, (Whitsunday, May 18, 1834,) writes as follows:—"Going out of [S. Botolph's] Church, a heavy storm of rain. So we stood a long while, a dense mass, in the porch.—At 2 we went to S. Mary's to hear Rose, whose text was '*What ye hear in the ear that preach ye on the housetops.*' It was an intemperate, uncompromising, High Church sermon. The

language was very beautiful and eloquent, and the delivery admirable: but I think a more inflammatory party Sermon has hardly been preached since the days of Sacheverel."—I owe this extract from his uncle's diary, to the courtesy of G. B. Allen, esq.,—to whom the Rev. H. R. Luard obligingly referred me.

⁸ Letter to me,—Lichfield, Nov. 26, 1886.*

⁹ *Eccl. Polity*, Book V. xxi. 4.

never forget it as long as I live. *It was the Ten Commandments.* Never heard anything like it. Never!" . . . I remarked to the speaker that it is difficult to read the Ten Commandments with any special propriety; and asked him what it was that had so struck him. "O" (exclaimed Low), "it was as if Mr. Rose had been personally commissioned to deliver the decalogue to the congregation."

The beginning of the year 1830 witnessed his severance from Horsham. To the great joy of his friends, he had been appointed by the Archbishop to the important parish of Hadleigh in Suffolk.

"If the situation is such as to enable you to reside there with safety to your health," (wrote his friend and patron) "I shall rejoice in having been able to give you an advantageous exchange. But if you cannot reside, I should consider it as more advisable that you should wait till something falls in a better situation."¹

This cure had every external attraction, and was entered on by Rose with much zeal. He rebuilt the parsonage, so as to restore to use "an ancient gateway and tower, which had probably stood there from the time of Rowland Taylor."² Fully were the hopes of his friends shared by himself that the new locality would suit him better, prolong his days, and afford him scope for the display of his powers which were now conspicuous to all. Unhappily, such hopes were doomed to utter disappointment. In the meantime, in 1829-30-31-32 appeared his 'Christian Advocate' publications for those four years, which will be found described at foot of page.³

Here also room must be found for a brief reference to Rose's important edition of Bp. Middleton's great work on '*The Doctrine of the Greek Article applied to the Criticism and Illustration of the N. T.*,'—'with Prefatory Observations and Notes,' by himself. It belongs (according to Miller) to the year 1831. The only editions with which I am acquainted bear date 1833 and 1841. The book is too well known to require any commendation of mine; but I desire to record the Editor's generous anxiety to find out privately whether 50*l.* (i. e. half of the sum which he received from the publisher) was likely to be acceptable to the Bishop's widow.

The next year (1831) was made memorable to the subject of these pages and to the Church by the inception of the '*British Magazine*.' Mr. Rose had long been deeply impressed with the absolute necessity of establishing some monthly organ for the dissemination of sound Church views:—not a quarterly collection of Essays, (like the '*British Critic*' or the '*Christian Remembrancer*'), but a Magazine of general Ecclesiastical intelligence,—of which the main object should be the defence of the Church, her institutions, her doctrines. He had consulted the most thoughtful and trustworthy of his friends and had uniformly received from them

¹ The Abp. to H. J. R.,—'Shirley, Croydon, Jan. 4, 1830.'

² Churton's *Memoir of Watson*,—i. 307.

³ 1829, '*Christianity always, Progressive*'—(sent forth as the Christian Advocate's publication for the year, but embodying the substance of his discourses as Select Preacher in 1828).—1830, '*Brief Remarks on the disposi-*

tions towards Christianity generated by prevailing Opinions and Pursuits.'—1831, '*Notices of the Mosaic Law; with some account of the Opinions of recent French writers concerning it.*'—1832, '*The Gospel an abiding system: with some remarks on the 'New Christianity' of the St. Simonians.*'

words of encouragement. The need of such a medium of communication had in fact for some time forced itself on the attention of thoughtful men among the Clergy,—as Churton, in his '*Memoir of Watson*,'⁴ shows.

"I am sure" (wrote Bishop Blomfield)⁵ "that it ought to give intelligence of all religious proceedings in and out of the Church; that it should deal but sparingly with Reviews; and that its tone should be, though firm and decided, yet gentle . . . If *you* can take it in hand, there will be an end of the difficulty."

Joshua Watson, with intense sympathy for his friend, while he encouraged the enterprise, dissuaded him in the strongest terms from becoming its Editor. His brother Henry once described to me the circumstances,—(but it is so many years ago that I can only relate them generally,)—under which Hugh Rose was induced to take the decisive step. He was on a visit at his Father's modest vicarage of Glynde, (near Lewes, in Sussex,) when to his surprise one afternoon he received a visit from a London publisher, whose purpose in searching him out in that remote locality was to announce his willingness to undertake the commercial responsibility of a monthly religious journal, provided only that Mr. Rose would consent to become its Editor. Its main object was to be *that* already defined; yet must not the Magazine be exclusively Theological. It was to embrace topics connected with public improvement. Cordially hating periodical literature, Rose was about the last person to be solicited on such a behalf with any prospect of success. But the publisher knew very well what he was about, and the kind of man he was addressing. He succeeded in overcoming the doubts and scruples—(they were neither slight nor few)—with which his project was encountered. But in fact he had an ally in the juncture of which he had availed himself to make his proposal, which effectually bore down opposition.

The times were critical in the highest degree. There was a great and admitted want of some medium of communication between the Clergy and the outside world, as well as with one another. For it will be remembered that in 1831 none of those multitudinous organs which at present flood every bookseller's counter and encumber our library-tables, were in existence. Faithful men were not wanting to whom the cause of the Church was very dear; but these too often lived in practical isolation. There prevailed also throughout the period (1830-4) a terrible faint-heartedness which is too often the prelude and the token of a lost cause :—

"We are dying of timidity, and the dread of responsibility," (wrote Mr. Newman a little later). "The Bishops must come forward; else, it is intolerable that all sorts of nonsense should be thrown out by Churchmen on the side of innovation, without the Bishops saying a word, and yet it should not be allowed us to agitate on the other side."⁶

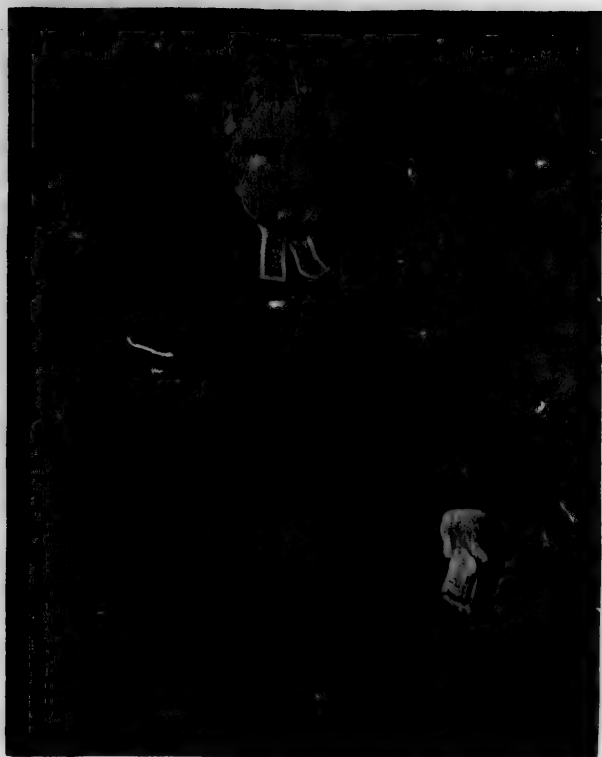
Even more ominous was the seeming *apathy* which men exhibited, even when vital interests were at stake :—

"I suppose there can be no doubt," wrote Keble from Fairford (21 Feb. 1833), "that the die for a separation is now cast. The most frightful thing to me is the apparent apathy of most of the Clergy even, both in Oxford and here in the country."

⁴ Pages 276 to 281.

⁵ 12 Aug. 1831.

⁶ J. H. N. to H. J. R.,—Jan. 1, 1834.



Edward Hawkins.

Even when the Bill for the suppression of half the Episcopate of the Church of Ireland was passing through Parliament, (writes William Palmer,) the same apathy prevailed. Sadly was the want felt of the faithful spirit which should fearlessly proclaim itself ready to contend for the Truth : the bold articulate cry which should arouse the sleepers, rally the wavering, invigorate the weak.

It was clear to Mr. Rose that the overture which had come to him thus unexpectedly might be converted into a great opportunity for good. Here would at all events be a rallying point for the friends of the Church, a mouthpiece for the enunciation of Church principles, and an organ for their dissemination. He foresaw too that the Clergy might be thus induced to communicate the information which would benefit their common cause, if they could but be got to take the thing up in a generous, trustful spirit. "The practical question is, whether those members and ministers of the Church, and those laymen who have a sincere interest in its welfare, and who think that a periodical work like this will tend to promote that interest, will attend to the call that is now made to them." So wrote the Editor in 1831-2. "One great evil I fear admits of no remedy" (he added a full year afterwards);—"namely, that I cannot devote all my time to it. I have a large parish of 3500 people, my health is dreadfully broken, and I cannot give up entirely my own reading. The only thing to be said on the other side is that I happen to have a large acquaintance among the Clergy." It was a great thing to him to find that men of excellent judgment thought well of the undertaking. In brief, it became *the* Church organ of the period,—numbered among its contributors the most able churchmen of the day,—and proved a mighty instrument for good. On the 1st March 1832, the first number of '*The British Magazine*'⁷ appeared.

The following letter from Hugh James Rose to his friend Joshua Watson respecting the Magazine when it was not yet half a year old, will be perused with interest :—

"I hope that *on the whole* the '*British Magazine*' satisfies you. I feel that I could make it much better if I could give my time to it, and I would willingly give it up to somebody who could. But till it is more fully established, I know by experience that the more valuable contributors and Clergy will not communicate with a person whom they do not know, or know something about. There is one sad evil attending it just now which nothing can overcome,—and that is, the state of the times, which makes one hopeless, humanly speaking, of doing good ; and so leaves only the languid movement arising from the impetus given in former and better days ; or, at best, imposes that hard task for human constancy, — the doing from a sense of duty what you feel a moral certainty will be *unsuccessful*. God, in His *justice*, we must say, may well destroy our Church. The spirit of unbelief even may spread to an extent, the very thought of which shocks and appals the heart : and such *seems*, at least, to our little wisdom the present tendency of things. We, of a surety, in this our day, at the best can hope only for a series of dreadful and difficult, even if ultimately successful, struggles against it. And these are thoughts which tend, in a degree that I could hardly have fancied before experience, to deaden the active spirit of exertion in defence of secularities however valuable, (or rather invaluable,) as *means*. There is no rest for the sole of the foot, no reposeing point for the wearied spirit, till it has passed over this dark and stormy

⁷ —"and Monthly Register of Religious and Ecclesiastical Information, Parochial History, and Documents respecting the state of

the Poor, progress of Education, etc." The first number is prefaced by the Editor's 'Address,'—pp. 10.

ocean of thoughts, and remembered that the fate and fortune of the various branches of the *visible* Church of CHRIST are things on which the Book of GOD's wisdom gives but a dim and obscure light, seeming even to foretell a general apostasy ;—but that this does not affect the hopes and prospects, nor diminish the aids, of the believer. His hopes do not fail with a failing Church ; and it is in *that* remembrance that he must seek the strength and resolution (as far as in himself and his own thoughts he is to seek the *aid*) necessary to discharge his duties towards it to the utmost while it retains its existence ; and to witness its fall, if it is to fall, not indeed without the bitterest regret, but yet without dismay. But enough of this. These are thoughts which are familiar to you. Perhaps it is because I know this, that I have written thus, and relieved myself, without, I trust, *disturbing* you."^a

And now it is high time that a pause should be made in order that the reader may be definitely introduced to what was the alarming position of affairs in the Church of England at the period which we have already reached. Without clear notions on this subject, he cannot possibly appreciate the characters which group themselves round the central figure of the present narrative : nor indeed can he understand *why* the men should express themselves, and should act, as they are observed to do. I must myself have recourse to the pages of one^b who had personal experience of those gloomy times, if I would report this matter faithfully. We shall find it our wisdom in fact, with him, to go back a little.

Enormous material prosperity had engendered overweening pride in the nation, and a shameful forgetfulness of GOD, the giver :—

"Allusions to GOD's being and providence became distasteful to the English parliament : were voted ill-bred and superstitious : were made the subjects of ridicule. Men were ashamed any longer to say Family-prayers, or to invoke the blessing of GOD upon the food which He alone had provided. The mention of His Name was tabooed in polite circles. In proportion as Religion openly declined, a human element made progress under the name of Philosophy and Science,—which knew of nothing except what is of human origin. The supernatural was made to disappear. The consequence was, that society began to demand the exclusion of the supernatural from the Christian system, on the pretence of wishing to make it more widely acceptable. Did they not consider that to exclude the *supernatural* is to destroy *Christianity*, to proclaim it an imposture and a lie ?"^c

Few men now living have before them the condition of the Church itself as it was some sixty years, and more, ago. Her fortunes had sunk to the lowest ebb. Hope itself was nearly extinguished. The Church's days seemed numbered :—

"A Revolution had taken place in the relations of Church and State. Political Revolution had followed, and society and Christianity along with it seemed in danger of subversion. Reversing the policy which for three centuries had intimately connected the Church with the State,—a policy which had been handed down from the introduction of Christianity,—the Government of that day had made up its mind to ally itself with the Church's foes.

"We can now look back from the vantage ground of time upon the agitating contests from 1812 to 1829, connected with the grant of 'Emancipation.' We can smile at the notion that men could have been so deeply moved by such a question as that of the grant of political power to Roman Catholics. There are, however, two sides to most questions ; and in this case, a very serious alternative presented

^a H. J. R. to Joshua Watson, — dated Glynde, Lewes, July 30, 1832.

^b Rev. William Palmer, of Worcester College,—in a volume which will prove an important contribution to English Church history,—*A narrative of events connected with the publication of the Tracts for the Times, with*

an Introduction and Supplement extending to the present time.—Rivingtons, 1885. (pp. 293). I have also availed myself of an article contributed by the same friend to the *Contemporary Review*, (C. R.) for May, 1883.

^c Palmer's *Narrative*, &c. p. xi.

itself to the minds of Churchmen. They saw that the grant of political power to the Church of Rome meant the use of that political power against the Church of England. They were convinced by the teaching of ages, that the exaltation of the former meant the injury, perhaps the destruction of the latter. Experience has unfortunately shown that they were right, and that those who ridiculed their fears were no prophets."²

In the meantime, a school of men arose, (the Clergy themselves contributing some of its most dangerous elements,) whose conceit led them to imagine that they were competent to reform every institution and to amend the whole world:—

"The press groaned beneath the perpetual issue of pamphlets, treatises, discourses,—all bent on the reformation and correction of the Church, from head to foot. To open one of these disquisitions,—which undertook at a week's notice to present a spick-and-span new creation, in which imperfection was to be unknown,—you might suppose that the Church of England was a mass of corruption, folly, and bigotry. Everything was wrong, and required a radical change. Nothing could be hoped for, except after the expulsion of Bishops from the House of Lords,—the overthrow of Chapters,—the abolition of Religion in the Universities,—the radical reform of the Worship and the Doctrine of the Church in a liberal direction. The Prayer-Book was to be divested of its antique rubbish,—swept clean of the supernaturalism which had descended to it from the Middle Ages,—relieved of those continual professions of belief in the Trinity, the Deity of CHRIST, the belief in Divine Providence, and other points which so greatly troubled the delicate consciences of those Christians who were anxious to fraternize with Unitarianism and Infidelity. The Church of England of the future was to become a congeries of sects, at utter variance with each other in doctrine and discipline, each preserving its distinctive peculiarities,—with the single exception of the present Church of England; which, by authority of Parliament, and without any reference to the wishes of its Bishops, Clergy, or People, was to be arbitrarily remodelled and vitally changed."³ "Such was the disorganization of the public mind, that Dr. Arnold of Rugby ventured to propose, that all denominations should be united by Act of Parliament with the Church of England, on the principle of retaining all their distinctive errors and absurdities."⁴

"What claims special notice in all these proposed changes was the spirit of irreverence which was widely characteristic of the period, together with the prevailing want of principle. All who have written on the events of that time, have noticed the extreme and dangerous unsettlement of opinion which manifested itself about the year 1830,—the era when the Reform mania was at its height, and when 'Reform' was decided to be the panacea for every human ill. In the midst of this revolutionary turmoil, the Church and Christianity were in danger of being swept from their old foundations, and replaced upon the philosophic basis of the nineteenth century."⁵

Such a deplorable state of things—(what need to say it?)—was not arrived at without protest and remonstrance. The circumstance is too much lost sight of by those who have discussed the events of the period. To read of the great Church Revival of 1833 as it presents itself to the imagination of certain writers, one would suppose that in their account the publication of the earliest of the '*Tracts for the Times*' had the magical effect of kindling into glory the dead embers of an all-but-extinct Church. The plain truth is that the smouldering materials for the cheerful blaze which followed the efforts made in 1832-3-4 had been accumulating unobserved for many years: had been the residuum of the altar-fires of a long succession of holy and earnest men. Not only here in England

² Palmer in the '*Contemporary Review*,' p. 637.

³ Palmer's '*Narrative*,' p. 99.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 29.

had there been many to bear faithful and fearless witness, but the great American Church had done her full part in "preparing the way." Bp. Hobart of New York [1775-1830],—Bp. Doane of New Jersey [1799-1859],—Bp. Whittingham of Maryland [1805-1879],—are the names which more readily present themselves; but there were in truth many others,—names which will not go unremembered or unrecorded "in that Day." The result was at first unperceived, but it was very real, and only waited the arrival of the occasion to make itself distinctly felt and seen. As at another famous occasion of national apostasy, GOD was found to have "reserved to Himself seven thousand" who had retained their hold on Catholic Truth amid every discouragement. A very facile proceeding truly it is to speak in a patronising way of "the old-fashioned piety" of such men as those whose names will be found collected at the foot of the present page.⁶ Would to GOD that we had among us at the present day a little more of that 'old-fashioned' thing,—a little less of that spurious novelty which is "Catholic" in nothing but in name. *Church feeling was EVOKED, not CREATED, by the Movement of 1833.*

Undeniable however it is that at the juncture of which we speak the outlook was the gloomiest imaginable. The Church was weak and divided:—

"There was no means of offering an effectual resistance to the spreading evil of unsettlement and infidelity. The lines of religion needed to be restored and deepened. Principle had to be infused where there was none to fall back upon. It was in vain to appeal to principles which were not understood. There was no foundation, or an uncertain one, on which to build."⁷

"At the beginning of the summer of 1833, the Church in England and Wales seemed destined to immediate desolation and ruin. We had seen in 1828, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts cutting away from the Church of England one of its ancient bulwarks, and evidencing a disposition to make concession to the clamour of its enemies. In the next year,—the *fatal* year 1829,—we had seen this principle fully carried out, by the concession of what is called '*Roman Catholic Emancipation*'; a measure which scattered to the winds public principle, public morality, public confidence, and dispersed a party, which, had it possessed courage to adhere to its old and popular principles, and to act on them with manly energy, would have stemmed the torrent of Revolution, and averted the awful crisis which was at hand."⁸ "In the year after passing this measure, which was to hold out the olive branch to contending parties, the Irish peasantry entered into a conspiracy to despoil the clergy of their tithes. The alliance with the Papal priesthood, formed in the vain hope of conciliating Irish discontent and closing the agitating career of O'Connell, who had been permitted for so many years to keep that country on the verge of rebellion, had rapidly borne fruit. Whoever ventured to levy tithes was doomed to death. Several of the Clergy were accordingly murdered, and the rest reduced to starvation. The end of the Church had come sooner than was expected. The Clergy would have no remedy except to escape to England.

"The withdrawal of all support from Church institutions: the open and violent

⁶ Thomas Randolph [1701-83]; Thomas Townson [1715-92]; George Horne [1730-92]; William Jones (of Nayland) [1726-1800]; Samuel Horsley [1733-1806]; William Stevens [1732-1807]; John Randolph [1749-1813]; William Cleaver [1742-1815]; John Friere [1740-1807]; John Shepherd [1759-1805]; Thomas F. Middleton [1760-1822]; John Bowdler [1754-1823]; Charles Daubeny [1744-1827]; Reginald Heber [1783-1826]; Charles Lloyd [1784-1829]; Alexander Knox [1758-1831]; John Jebb [1775-1833]; John Davison [1777-1834]; Thomas Sikes [1766-1834]; Richard Laurence [1760-1839]; William Van

Mildert [1765-1836]; William Howley [1765-1848]; Christopher Wordsworth [1774-1846]; H. H. Norris [1771-1851]; Martin J. Routh [1755-1854]; John Oxlee [1779-1854]; John Kaye [1783-1853]; Joshua Watson [1771-1855]; C. J. Bloomfield [1786-1857]; Hugh James Rose [1795-1838]. And more recently, John Miller;—John Keble;—W. H. Mill;—William Palmer of Worcester;—Benjamin Harrison;—Christopher Wordsworth. But 'the time would fail me,' were any thing like a complete enumeration to be attempted.

⁷ Palmer's '*Narrative*,' p. 30.

⁸ *Ibid.* p. 96.

demands for the legal abolition of the Irish Church : the transfer of Irish education from Church management to other hands ; all indicated the change which was rapidly passing over the relations of Church and State."

In the meantime, the lesson which English statesmen had given in 1829 in remodelling Constitutions, speedily bore bitter fruits. Their policy had recoiled upon themselves :—

"England at once found itself in a revolutionary vortex. The Reform Bill was resisted. It was enforced, and carried by threats of rebellion. The mob rose and burned down the Castle of Nottingham, the owner of which had made himself obnoxious. The palace of the Bishop of Bristol was burned by the mob. Bishops were liable to insult and violence if they appeared in the streets. They were recommended by Lord Grey to 'set their house in order.' At Oxford the inhabitants were in alarm, for it was understood that the Unionists, 100,000 strong, were about to march from Birmingham and raze the colleges. In London great bodies of revolutionists were under regular military training, preparatory to an outbreak in the event of the Reform Bill being rejected ; and it was a matter of uncertainty whether the House of Lords or the Crown would survive the crisis, and whether the next year might not find England a Republic. When the new parliament met, its character was apparently revolutionary. The House of Commons was prepared for any course of action however dangerous. There was an increasing attack upon the Church of England in every direction, and few indeed, and weak, were the voices which in timid deprecation were raised on its behalf. . . . The press, with a few exceptions, was ranged on the side of revolution and hostility to the Church. So violently were men's passions excited, that an inconsiderable event might, like a spark applied to a barrel of gunpowder, have led to a fatal explosion." 9 . . .

It was at such a juncture then in the state of public affairs, secular and religious, that in his father's humble parsonage, on a breezy slope of the Sussex downs, Hugh James Rose determined to try what could be effected by the aid of a monthly journal towards reviving the hopes and rekindling the aspirations of English Churchmen. It was a bold venture of Faith—*pro Ecclesiâ DEI*.

"The climax was reached in the beginning of 1833. The most startling illustration of the new attitude of the State and of Parliament towards the Church of England, and of the character of measures which had now become possible under the pretence of Reform, was at that time afforded when the Ministry of the day introduced their Bill for the *Extinction of ten Bishoprics and two Archbishoprics in Ireland*, and pressed it through Parliament. Churchmen were told that they had reason to be thankful that the entire Episcopate had not been swept away, with the exception of four, or even one Bishop ; that they were to consider themselves fortunate in being allowed to retain Bishops, or Clergy, or Churches at all.

"This Act of the Government it was which brought matters to a crisis. Its result was the Oxford movement,—which, however some may have sought to explain it, really sprang from necessity ; the need felt by various minds, agreeing in their essential feeling towards the Church of England and its principles. It became evident to them at once that something required to be done, in order to meet dangers which had become tangible, and which threatened to become intolerable." 1

"The necessity of associating in defence of the Church had already suggested itself to many minds. In a letter dated Hadleigh, February 1, 1833, Mr. Rose wrote,—'That something is requisite, is certain. The only thing is, that whatever is done ought to be *quickly* done : for the danger is immediate, and I should have little fear if I thought that we could stand for ten or fifteen years as we are.' " 2

It will become more and more apparent, as we proceed, that if to any one man is to be assigned the honour of having originated the great

⁹ Palmer in the '*Contemporary Review*,' p. 38-9.

¹ *Ibid.* pp. 639-41.

² Palmer's '*Narrative*,' p. 101.

Catholic Revival of our times, *that* man was Hugh James Rose. For my own part, I am inclined to think that it fares with such movements as it fares with rivers. Their true source, their actual fountain-head, is remote, is insignificant. A confluence of brooks produces in time a stream,—into which many tributaries discharge themselves. The channel deepens,—widens,—receives somewhere a considerable accession of waters. And now, behold, it has become a mighty river! . . . So was it with the great Catholic Revival of which we speak. But it remains true, for all that, that amid the forms which crowd around us and the voices which make themselves heard above the ‘hurley burley,’ when the history of a great work is to be deliberately committed to writing, *one* authoritative voice, *one* commanding figure, becomes conspicuous beyond the rest: and posterity will recognize the fact that it was HUGH JAMES ROSE who was the true moving cause of that stirring of the waters which made an indelible impress on the Church of England between fifty and sixty years ago, and which it is customary to date from the Autumn of 1833. It was he who so early as the year 1822,⁸ had pointed out to the Clergy “*Internal Union*” as “the best safeguard against the dangers of the Church.” In 1825, as we have seen, from the University Pulpit at Cambridge, he had directed attention to the state of German Protestantism,—a spectacle of warning to the Church of England. But it was by his soul-stirring discourses on the Commission of the Clergy, preached before the same University in 1826, that he chiefly recalled men’s attention to those great Church principles which had all but universally fallen into neglect, if not oblivion. *His* eagle eye was the first to discern the coming danger, and his commanding intellect was incessantly occupied with the problem of how it was to be effectually dealt with. By the earnest tone and by the sterling soundness of his writings he had won the respect and confidence, as well as the admiration of the Church. He was already the trusted ally of not a few of the faithful laity also. Now therefore, when the sky grew darkest and most threatening (1829–1831) and the muttering thunder was filling men’s souls with a terrible anticipation of the coming storm, all eyes were instinctively turned to *him* as the fittest to lead and to guide. The Bishops should have taken the initiative, and put themselves at the head of the movement: but not one of them stirred, and no one dared approach them. The diocesan organisation to which the genius of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, some twenty years later, imparted such efficient flexibility, as yet existed only in theory. Let it in fairness be confessed that the traditional cumbrous exclusiveness of their exalted station, not to say the suspicions under which they laboured as a body, disqualified our then Bishops from the kind of action which at the close of the first quarter of the present century had become a necessity. Thus it happened that a standard-bearer had to be sought for elsewhere; and, as we have said, the man on whom Churchmen fixed their hopes was HUGH JAMES ROSE.

The same year which witnessed the establishment of his Magazine had been already rendered memorable by the publication of William Palmer’s

⁸ Mr. Rose’s *first* published Sermon (1 Cor. iii. 8, 9) bears date Sept. 30th, 1821, and was “preached at the parish church of Brighthelmston, in aid of the funds of the Lewes Deanery

Committee of the S.P.C.K.” It breathes the self-same earnest spirit as his later and better known discourses.

"*Origines Liturgicæ, or Antiquities of the English Ritual, with a Dissertation on Primitive Liturgies*,"—a work too well known to need description here. But a forgetful generation may require to be told that it marks an epoch: for those volumes gave the first impulse to inquiries of which the Church is reaping the beneficial results at the present hour. A careless age may also with advantage have it pointed out that the '*Origines*' are not so much a reminder that almost every "form of sound words" which we employ has been transmitted to us from the remotest antiquity, as a witness that the sentiments and principles which those time-honoured words embody have descended to us from the primitive age. By Palmer's '*Origines*,' in short, men were taught that our Book of Common Prayer is a testimony to our fidelity to the great principles which have descended to us from the Apostles,—a record of 'one Faith' never to be forsaken,—a guide amidst the perplexities and uncertainties of human opinion. The author writes of himself as follows:—

"From Hugh James Rose, soon after the publication of my book in 1832, I received a communication asking my aid as a contributor to the '*British Magazine*.' I accordingly contributed a series of articles in reply to the truculent attacks of the political dissenters; which, by means of a large mass of evidence derived from dissenting publications, directed public attention to the small number, the difficulties, and declining state of the dissenting interest.

"Rose, with whom of all men living I most deeply sympathized, and in whom I placed the most entire confidence, (as far as confidence in man is allowable), was in his time a bright and shining light of the Church of England. He had been Christian Advocate of the University of Cambridge. He was the most powerful and most followed preacher there: a profound scholar, an eloquent orator, a deep thinker, and an admirable theologian. When we add to this, accomplishments the most varied, judgment the most enlightened, and manners the charm of which were universally felt, we have a combination which has been rarely if ever excelled in the Church. The only drawback was declining health. This highly gifted and admirable man was a victim to perpetual suffering, which in a brief space consigned him to the sick chamber and to death. Even when I first knew him, his tall, bending, and attenuated form, and aquiline features—which, amidst their intellectual and commanding character, gave evidences of deep suffering—indicated but too truly the sad presence of decline. But in society, that grave, and even sad and solemn expression, gave way at once to the radiance of intellect, benevolence, and wit. Had this noble man lived, he would have been the greatest ornament and the most trusted leader of his Church." 4

Palmer himself [b. 1803] was a younger man. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he enjoyed one considerable advantage over the Divines with whom he shortly found himself associated, viz. that he had studied the claims to Catholicity of the Churches of England and of Rome a vast deal more carefully than they had. The '*Origines*' had been commenced in 1826. He went to reside at Oxford in 1828, became a member of Worcester College, and devoted himself exclusively to the study of Divinity. The appearance of his work in 1832 brought him at once into intimate intercourse with Rose,—who entertained the highest opinion of his learning, judgment, and orthodoxy. At his solicitation it was that Rose visited Oxford in the summer of 1832,—not a little influenced doubtless by anxiety to enlist under his banner, as editor of the '*British Magazine*,' the services of the chief men of promise in that University. Besides Dr. Pusey, Mr. Newman (as the reader is aware) was known to

4 Palmer in the '*Contemporary Review*,' p. 644.

him already. John Miller was another of his most esteemed friends. Froude, Harrison, Perceval, Williams, and many others were drawn more or less into relation with him about this time. Palmer writes of that visit,—

"It was indeed the greatest pleasure that could well be imagined to have your company at Oxford, and we shall always remember it with delight. It is a matter of rejoicing indeed, when those whose objects and views are in perfect unison, and on whose exertions under Providence such precious interests may depend, are brought to know and value each other, and are thus enabled to band themselves into an united phalanx against their enemies. I know your visit to Oxford will have been very useful in this respect, and I shall only add that every one seemed to feel pleasure in seeing you, and expressed the greatest value and respect. This I know, and I could also mention some persons to whom your conversation and sentiments gave the most heartfelt satisfaction."⁵

Individuals were found to remonstrate with Mr. Rose for seeking help at this time exclusively from Oxford :—

"I am a little perplexed" (he writes) "by Archdeacon Thorpe's account of Oxford,—at least if he looks at it with a Churchman's eye. *I get no help whatever* from Cambridge. What help could I get equal to Keble, Miller, Palmer, Newman, Froude, Hook, Ogilvie? I love Cambridge to my heart: but Divinity is not her tower of strength just now."⁶

Another frequent contributor to the '*British Magazine*' at this time was the Author of the '*Christian Year*.' "I am delighted," he wrote, (26 Feb. 1833), "to think that persons so well qualified to judge as yourself and Mr. Watson account those hasty thoughts of mine to be not without a chance of doing some good in so noble a cause." From some corrections which the writer proposes, it is found that the paper referred to is one of a series on '*Church Reform*' (pp. 360-78) signed "K." Five sonnets too are his (at pp. 273-4), and another on "Oxford from Bagley, at 8 o'clock in the morning," (at p. 422.) On the ensuing 24 April, enclosing a paper on '*Church Reform*' (which appears at pp. 726-34), Keble writes,—

"If you feel dissatisfied with what you have written, what ought I to feel! but I don't allow you to be a fair judge, especially now that I fear you are unwell. All I know is that others whom I meet with don't find fault with you, and that I am more and more convinced of the importance and usefulness of the Magazine. . . . I don't wonder that *you* are more tired than your readers of this eternal *Church Reform* subject. But what can one do? Whilst Grey and Co. go on, we must go on too, as we may. And I must say, without bandying compliments, that your way of putting these matters appears to me more readable, more lively without pertness, and more likely to do good, than anybody's else whom I have fallen in with. Please therefore not to leave off; except you find it too worrying for your health. . . . Will you excuse my mentioning to you one word which vexes me in every number of yours? '*Notices of the Olden Time*.' I don't know why, but I suppose from some odd association, that phrase sounds to me affected. Don't alter it, please, unless you find that other ears are like mine in this respect."

In his next letter (May 13th, 1833), Keble writes,—“Would not '*Antiquarian Notices*' suit your purpose well enough? It would, I think, include such remarks on language as you speak of, quite as correctly as the present title, to which I so hypercritically objected. I certainly shall be glad when it is changed.

"Talking of Titles, I cannot at once reconcile myself to Newman's '*Lyra Apostolica*.' I am sure it will not give the idea he intends. But perhaps he depends on being able to get people to associate his meaning with the phrase. If he can do so, well and good."

⁵ Leamington,—July 18th, 1833.

⁶ To Joshua Watson,—Hadleigh, June 19th, 1833.

This allusion to the '*Lyra*,'—of which however the first four poems did not appear in the British Magazine till the month of June 1833 (at pp. 656-7) reminds me that I am proceeding too fast. As early as the year 1830, in connexion with his friend and colleague at Lambeth, Archd. W. R. Lyall, (afterwards Dean of Canterbury), Mr. Rose had undertaken to edit the '*Theological Library*,' which was to consist of a series of manual volumes on various subjects, but which might all be included under that common title. The first volume contained the '*Life of Wiclif*' by Le Bas.⁷ Rose himself was to have contributed a '*Life of Martin Luther*.' The publication extended eventually to fifteen volumes.⁸ This undertaking it was which first brought him into personal relations with John Henry Newman,—a name inseparably identified with the great Church movement which immediately followed, and of which I am now to speak.

It must have been in the beginning of 1831 that Rose invited Mr. Newman,—(for, in introducing him into this narrative, I must be allowed to designate him by his old familiar name),—to furnish a History of the principal Councils. Newman's reply shall be given in full. It was as follows:—

"Oriel College, March 28, 1831.

"Sir,—I have allowed myself to delay my answer to your obliging letter from a sense of the importance of the undertaking to which you invite me. I am apprehensive that a work on the Councils will require a more extensive research into Ecclesiastical History than I can hope to complete in the time to be assigned me for writing it. Otherwise, I am well disposed towards it. You do not mention the number of Councils you intend should be included in the History. May I trouble you to give me a description of the kind of work you desire? and what books you especially refer to in your letter as the sources of information? and what time you can grant me?

"I fear I should not be able to give my mind fully to the subject till the autumn, though I wish to commence operations sooner. If I undertook it, it would be on the understanding that it was to be but introductory to the subject which Mr. Jenkins mentioned to you,—*the Articles*.

"I had considered a work on 'the Articles' might be useful, on the following plan. First, a defence of Articles:—then, the history of our own:—then, an explanation of them founded on the historical view:—then, a Dissertation on the sources of proof, *e.g.* Revelation or Nature, the Bible or the Church, the Old or New Testament &c.:—then, some account of the terms used in Theology as a Science,—*e.g.* 'Trinity,' 'Person,' 'Merits of CHRIST,' 'Grace,' 'Regeneration,' &c. And lastly, some general view of Christian doctrines, to be proved from Scripture, and referred to their proper places in the Articles. It seems to me much better thus to collect the subjects of the Articles under heads, than to explain and prove each separately,—with a view both to clearness of statement and fulness in the proof from Scripture.

"Will you consider it out of place in one so little known as myself, to add that, —though I am most desirous you should be put into full possession of my views, and at all times wish to profit by the suggestions of others, and am not aware I differ in any material point from our standard writers,—yet, intending to take upon myself the entire responsibility of everything I write, I should be unwilling to allow any alteration without the concurrence of my own judgment: and, if the change required were great, should cheerfully acquiesce in my MS. being declined, rather than consent to suppress or modify any part of it I deemed of importance? In saying this, perhaps I am raising actual difficulties in my wish to avoid possible

⁷ Published Dec. 22, 1831.

⁸ The last volume (Evans' '*Biography of the Early Church*,' vol. ii.) was published Feb.

6th, 1839. I am indebted for these details to Mr. F. H. Rivington.

prospective ones: yet, in a matter of this kind, I deem it best to use as much openness as possible, begging your indulgence towards it, and being entirely disposed to welcome in turn any frank statement of your own sentiments which you may find it necessary to communicate to me.

'I am, Sir, your very faithful servant,
"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

The generous earnestness of the writer was the cause that he scarcely appreciated the extent and largeness of his subject. By September 12th, its vastness was evidently overpowering him. At the end of ten months, however, by severe industry and not without injury to his health, he had brought his labours to a close and proposed that their title should be '*Notices of the Principal Councils of the Primitive Church in illustration of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.*' Not until 1833 did the volume appear, and then as an independent publication, as well as under an entirely different title,—'*The Arians of the Fourth Century*'; the delay having been occasioned by Hurrell Froude's journey to the south of Europe, in which Newman accompanied him. This proved Newman's great work,—the work by which he will be chiefly remembered.⁹ It was ready for publication however, as already stated, by the month of August 1832; in which month, by the way, the author ran over from Brighton to see Rose, who was then on a visit at his father's vicarage, Glynde, near Lewes,—himself in broken health. A letter which he received from Newman later in the year will be read with interest on more accounts than one:—

"Oriol College, Nov. 26th, 1832.

"My dear sir,—Your account of your health has caused me very great concern. I sincerely wish you could get away for some months,—or rather I wish I could take the liberty of urging you so to do. Is it not possible for an Editor so to arrange his prospective business as to intrust it to others for a few months? Any use you could make of myself among others (on my return) to accomplish so desirable an object, shall be yours. I know indeed how valuable personal superintendence is, and on this account feel bound always to pray for the increased personal influence of one whose continuance in active exertion is of such moment to the Church; yet it is far the lesser of the two evils to suspend exertion than to lose the power of making it.

"You must not suppose that Froude and I are running away as truants for mere pleasure. He goes for his health, having a consumptive tendency which alarms his friends. I have been for years suffering from duties too many for me, and take the opportunity of recruiting myself for further service; but it makes me ashamed almost to go, when I see persons labouring who are more indisposed.

"We propose, if you will let us, on our return, to systematize a Poetry department for you,—which I am sanguine will be above the ordinary run of such exhibitions, and may be useful. We shall ask for 2 pages in each No., and shall insert in that space 4 brief compositions, each bringing out forcibly *one* idea. You will smile at our planning such details, before you have heard a word about it: but if it interferes with any plan of yours, of course we shall take a negative from you very lightly. Our object is, to bring out certain truths and facts, moral, ecclesiastical, and religious, simply and forcibly,—with greater freedom and clearness than in '*The Christian Year*.' I will not go on to say, with greater poetry. If it answered on trial, we should be content to carry it on *ad infinitum*. It might be called '*Lyra Apostolica*.'

"When you see or write to Archd. Lyall, will you thank him for me for a very kind letter, which I did not answer for fear of troubling him? He made me the

⁹ "Let me take this occasion of offering my grateful thanks to Mr. Newman for his invaluable work on Arianism, which will take its

permanent stand in our literature."—Rose's *Apology for the Study of Divinity* (see below, p. 97), 1834,—p. 41.

desirable offer to form a personal acquaintance with him, half asking me down to see him. I hope some time or other I may enjoy the benefit he proposes, though my journey prevents my doing so now."

The friends set out in December 1832. . . . "I came to Rome from Naples," writes Mr. Newman; who (in the pages of the '*British Magazine*'¹) presented his countrymen, on his return, with his impressions of the place and its Religion. He begins by describing, with his usual felicity of phrase, his feelings on first approaching Rome. "Let me think awhile" (he proceeds) "on the subject thus given me":—

"It cannot be denied that Rome is one of the four monsters of Daniel's vision. Do Christian travellers keep this enough in mind? I think not But further, Rome is put on a level with Babylon, in Scripture; nay it is worse than it. The vengeance has fallen on Babylon, and it is no more. On Rome, too, plagues have come; but it survives. What does this circumstance imply? that further judgments are in store? I fear it does. Rome, the mightiest monster, has as yet escaped on easier terms than Babylon. Surely, it has not drunk out the LORD's cup of fury, nor expiated the curse! And then, again, the fearful Apocalypse occurs to my mind. Amid the obscurities of that holy book, one doctrine is clear enough,—the ungodliness of Rome; and further, its destined destruction. *That* destruction has not yet overtaken it; therefore it is in store. I am approaching a doomed city."

This is terrible reading truly, though it be scripturally true. We are surprised to be presently assured that,—

"In the book of Revelation, the sorceress upon the seven hills is not the *Church* of Rome, as is often taken for granted, but Rome itself,—that bad spirit which, in its former shape, was the animating principle of the Fourth Monarchy, and now has learned by experience a deeper cunning." "If any one thinks this a refined distinction," (proceeds the pious writer) "difficult to enter into, and useless if understood, I admit it is most difficult, but not useless."

The question however at once arises,—(we ask it respectfully,)—But is it logically *possible*? We are invited to believe that "the animating spirit of the Fourth Monarchy" is also, *as far as Rome is concerned*, the animating spirit of the Fifth and last. But the Fifth and last Kingdom is confessedly 'the Kingdom of GOD,'—*the Christian Church*,—of which the animating spirit is GOD. When therefore the same writer asserts that,

"not in good only, but in evil also, the old spirit has revived; and the monster of Daniel's vision, untamed by its former judgments, *has seized upon Christianity* as the new instrument of its impieties, and awaits a second and final woe from GOD's hand";²—

what else does he assert but that *the Church of Rome*—forsaken by the Holy Spirit of GOD—is under the usurped dominion of Satan; and therefore, *as a Church*, awaits a tremendous doom? All doubt on this subject is in fact removed by what we shall hear from him by and by.³

In his "*Apologia*,"⁴ Mr. Newman writes,—“Froude and I made two calls upon Monsignor (now Cardinal) Wiseman at the *Collegio Inglese* shortly before we left Rome.” To which, Froude adds the startling intelligence that their object had been to ascertain on what terms they might be admitted to Communion with Rome, and that they had been

¹ Vol. v (Jan. 1834),—pp. 1-11. See below, p. 103.

³ See below, p. 136.

⁴ Page 97.

² *Ibid.* pp. 124 and 123.

surprised to learn that an acceptance of the Decrees of the Council of Trent was a necessary preliminary.⁵ To ourselves, the only matter of surprise is that two such learned Anglicans should have thought it worth their while definitely to make such an inquiry. It is gratifying at all events (as a friend of theirs well remarks) to know that Froude's opinions were only in the course of formation; and that in the following year, when approaching death, he expressed himself as follows:—

"If I was to assign my reason for belonging to the Church of England in preference to any other religious community, it would be simply this,—That she has retained an apostolical Clergy and exacts no sinful terms of communion: whereas on the one hand, the Romanists, though retaining an apostolical Clergy, do exact sinful terms of communion: and, on the other, no other religious community has retained such Clergy."⁶

His language at least establishes that this bold and adventurous reasoner, whose sole object was Truth, wherever it might be found, was to the last a faithful adherent of the Church of England. At the period referred to however Mr. Newman, with entire sincerity, would have expressed himself in the same terms. It was from Rome, in the meantime, that he sent the first number of the '*Lyra Apostolica*' to England, accompanied by the following letter:—

"Rome, March 16th, 1833.

"My dear sir,—I send two numbers of the '*Lyra*,' which if you think them worthy, may be inserted respectively in the Magazine for May and June. But if you prefer waiting till we come home, well and good.

"I will make two requests: first, that no poetry from other correspondents should follow the '*Lyra*' so closely as to seem to come under its title. Next, (which your better judgment may decline granting,) that you would put a line of notice before every number of the '*Lyra*' to signify that 'The Editor is not responsible for the opinions contained in it.' This would set us at liberty to speak freely, which might be inexpedient in a known person such as yourself. The motto is part of Achilles' speech on returning to the battle. If you think that beginning with ῥοιεν δ' is harsh and unprecedented, pray put ῥώσεσθ', though this is flat: or omit it altogether, or substitute another.

"We were very sorry to see at Malta an announcement in the paper that you had resigned the Christian Advocateship. Is this from ill health? anyhow it is grievous.

"We have received great civilities from M. Bunsen, who is a most amiable and accomplished person.

"How pleased we should be to get a peep at the '*British Magazine*' here, and see the state of feeling in the Church upon that cursed spoliation bill which the Papers give us notice of!

"With Froude's best regards and good wishes, ever yours very truly

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"We intend being in England by the middle of June."⁷

It was the 9th of July before Newman (who had lingered behind his

⁵ "We got introduced to him to find out whether they would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences; and we found to our dismay that not one step would be gained without swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole." (Froude's '*Remains*,' pp. 304-7) "I say nothing here of her intense hatred of us," wrote Newman at this very time: "and the iron temper with which she resists all proposals of ever so little concession." ('*British Magazine*,' vol. v. p. 131.)

⁶ Froude to Perceval, Sep. 9, 1834. I quote from the Appendix (p. 41) of Perceval's '*Letter*

to Dr. Arnold' &c. 1841.

⁷ Immediately follows, written in the same beautiful handwriting, No. I,—(1) *The Course of Truth*; (2) *The Greek Fathers*; (3) *David numbering the people*; (4) *The Saint and the Hero*... Also, No. II,—(1) *The Church of Rome*; (2) *ΝΑΥΑΟΥ ΜΙΜΗΤΗΣ*; (3) *Moses seeing the Land*; (4) *The Pains of Memory*. These poems are to be found in vol. iii. p. 656-7 (June)—and (with the *Commune Doctorum* by Isaac Williams prefixed) in vol. iv. p. 24-5 (July) of the '*British Magazine*' for 1833.

companion) set foot in England. "When I got home from abroad," (he writes), "I found that already a movement had commenced in opposition to the specific danger which at that time was threatening" the Church. "Several zealous and able men had united their counsels, and were in correspondence with each other."⁸ As already explained, the sacrilegious Bill for the suppression of half the Episcopate of the Church of Ireland which was then being eagerly pressed through Parliament, had brought matters to a crisis. Newman reached Oxford at what proved to himself a critical moment: for on the very next Sunday after his arrival (July 14th, 1833) Keble preached from the University pulpit his famous Assize Sermon, which was published at once under the title '*National Apostasy*.' This, in Newman's case, was like the application of a spark to a train of gunpowder. Throughout his travels, but especially as he drew nearer home, he had been visited with strange spiritual impressions that a great work was awaiting him in England. "I began to think that I had a mission."⁹ He walked back to Oriel from St. Mary's,—deeply moved by what he had heard, (though indeed the sermon in question is by no means extraordinary), and "ever considered and kept the day, as the start of the religious movement of 1833." For 'religious,' read *Tractarian* in the foregoing sentence, and the statement is historically correct. But the *religious* movement, as we have seen, had made its beginning "not with observation" several years before. I chiefly avail myself of Mr. Newman's truthful reminiscences of this period, because he pays at the outset a graceful tribute to the subject of these pages, and furnishes us with another portrait of the man as he appeared in the eyes of those who from personal intercourse were alone competent to describe him. After enumerating "Mr. Keble, Hurrell Froude, Mr. William Palmer of Worcester College, Mr. Arthur Perceval, and Mr. Hugh Rose," the writer proceeds as follows:—

"To mention Mr. Hugh Rose's name is to kindle in the minds of those who knew him, a host of pleasant and affectionate remembrances. He was the man above all others fitted by his cast of mind and literary powers to make a stand, if a stand could be made, against the calamity of the times. He was gifted with a high and large mind, and a true sensibility of what was great and beautiful; he wrote with warmth and energy; and he had a cool head and cautious judgment. He spent his strength and shortened his life, *pro Ecclesiâ Dei*, as he understood that sovereign idea. Some years earlier he had been the first to give warning, I think from the University pulpit at Cambridge, of the perils to England which lay in the biblical and theological speculations of Germany. The Reform agitation followed, and the Whig government came into power. . . . He feared that by the Whig party a door would be opened in England to the most grievous of heresies, which never could be closed again. In order under such grave circumstances to unite Churchmen together, and to make a front against the coming danger, he had in 1832 commenced the '*British Magazine*,' and in the same year he came to Oxford in the summer term, in order to beat up for writers for his publication. On that occasion I became known to him through Mr. Palmer. His reputation and position came in aid of his obvious fitness, in point of character and intellect, to become the centre of an ecclesiastical movement."¹

I was unwilling to interrupt this retrospect: but we have to resume our narrative at the period immediately antecedent to Mr. Newman's return from his travels: and I again prefer to avail myself of the statements of

⁸ *Apologia*,—pp. 103-4.

⁹ *Ibid.*,—pp. 99-100.

¹ *Ibid.*,—pp. 104-5.

an eye-witness and chief actor in the scene to be described,—William Palmer :

"When the month of June 1833 arrived, those friends who had been in correspondence upon the prospects of the Church, from Surrey, Suffolk, Hampshire and Oxford, felt that the time had come for personal conference and comparison of views upon the all-important subject which occupied their thoughts. The suggestion for a meeting presented itself contemporaneously to several minds; and Rose took the initiative by inviting Froude, Perceval, Keble, Newman, myself, and those who thought with us, to a conference at Hadleigh Rectory, to meet in the latter part of July. We met there on July 25 for the transaction of business. Those present were, *Hugh James Rose, Richard Hurrell Froude, Arthur P. Perceval, and myself.* Keble had been expected to be present, but he did not appear."

His reply to Rose's invitation—dated 'Fairford, 16th July 1833,'—follows :

"My dear Friend,—Mr. Palmer has communicated to me your kind and tempting invitation, which I heartily wish it was in my power to accept. Believe me, few schemes would be more pleasant to me, if I was in a condition to indulge in schemes at all. But my Father's great age and failing health, and the circumstance that he has no one to be with him in my absence but my sister, who is never well, make me quite a home-bird,—unless when I can get my brother or some of his family to take my place: and then I am bound to be working at Hooker, who hangs on hand sadly on account of these my engagements. Nevertheless I would put by every thing and come to you, if I could persuade myself that I could be of much use in discussions such as you and our friends are meditating: but I know my own deficiency in ecclesiastical learning so well as to be quite prepared to *hear* or *read* with great profit what might pass on such an occasion, but very unequal to *suggest* or *argue* points at the time. And this is really the plain truth, and makes me tolerably sure that altho' I should deeply regret missing such a visit as you offer me, *your counsels* will have no great loss."

Keble therefore was not one of those who attended the Hadleigh Conference. Neither was Newman present. It was in fact but a fortnight since he had returned from the Continent. But it is evident from what he has stated in print on the subject,² that he was bent on independent action. "We, however," (writes Palmer), "met to do what we might towards the defence of the Church." In anticipation of their visit on the morrow, Mr. Rose remarks (in a letter to Joshua Watson),—"Le Bas is with me for a day or two. The Oxford friends have begged to bring down Mr. Copeland, as a good man and true. Would that you were here to moderate and guide us!"³

It is remembered, (and is not likely to be soon forgotten), that the friends met in the chamber over the entrance of the old tower built by Archdeacon Pykenham in 1495,—having one large window over the doorway,—and two windows at right angles looking the other direction. I may add that the late Archbishop of Dublin (R. C. Trench) at the period referred to was Rose's Curate.⁴

"I remember very well the room at Hadleigh Rectory where our Conference was held in 1833,"—(writes William Palmer, in reply to a request of mine many years after that he would favour me with his reminiscences of what took place on the occasion referred to):—

² *Apologia*,—pp. 107–118.

³ July 23rd, 1833.

⁴ The foregoing details are supplied by the Very Rev. E. Spooner, Rector of Hadleigh,—

who adds that Trench "wrote to us" for particulars to refresh his memory, just before his death."

"It was in the back of the house, looking towards the garden. I think it was Rose's study. Here we met after breakfast for some hours each day for three days, sitting round the room. Each in succession spoke on the dangers of the Church and the remedies suggested; after which, we all expressed opinions. The publication of Tracts and other works was much dwelt on, but we could not settle any details. All, I believe, felt the seriousness of this,—the first attempt to combine for the preservation of great essential principles. I know I was myself impressed with the importance of what we were about, but on the whole the result was disappointing: it did not lead to the practical agreement we needed. We had to adjourn the whole matter to Oxford."

At Oxford therefore, on their return, the friends (with Newman and Keble) took counsel together;—Froude (a man of splendid abilities and real genius, but sadly wanting in judgment and of fatal indiscretion,⁵) rendering the good cause the greatest disservice in his power by speaking of the Hadleigh Conference in a letter to a friend as "*the conspiracy*": which letter was soon afterwards published. Undeniable however it is that the Hadleigh Conference had given definite form and substance to the idea of *united action*,—which had only been adumbrated by Rose's visit to Oxford in the summer of the preceding year.⁶ They spoke of themselves, among themselves, as "*the Society*."⁷ Not that the Oxford friends were altogether able to agree as to the method to be pursued. Palmer was for strictly corporate efforts: Newman, for individual and separate action. "No great work" (he says) "was done by a system; whereas systems rise out of individual exertions. Luther was an individual."⁸

It was the Long Vacation of 1833, and the friends met at Oriel,—to which College they almost all belonged. Before the 3rd of September, Newman had put forth the first three of the Series which soon became famous as the "*Tracts for the Times*."⁹ These were followed before the close of the year by seventeen others,—of which seven were by Newman,—two by John and one by Thomas Keble,—two by Benjamin Harrison,—and one apiece by J. W. Bowden, R. H. Froude, Alfred Menzies, E. B. Pusey. One (No. 15) was a joint composition and has a peculiar history.¹ Something more will have to be said concerning these 'Tracts' by and by [pp. 102-17.]

While however the efforts of Churchmen at the period we have reached are being reviewed, it requires to be stated, that at Palmer's instance, an Association was resolved upon to maintain pure and inviolate the Doctrines, Services and Discipline of the Church of England; and an 'Appeal to Churchmen' (also from his pen) to unite with that object, met with an instantaneous and hearty response from all quarters. An Address to the Primate was drawn up; which, by the beginning of 1834, had been signed by 8000 Clergy,—the greatest combination hitherto known in the Church of England. A strong desire was now expressed by lay churchmen to take part in the movement. This was formulated by Joshua Watson:⁹ and the result was, that—

⁵ See Churton's '*Memoir*,'—ii. 139-41.

⁶ See above,—p. 85.

⁷ See J. B. Mozley's '*Letters*,'—pp. 33, 34.

⁸ 36, 37.

⁹ '*Apologia*,'—p. 111. See below, p. 104.

⁵ Mozley's '*Letters*,'—pp. 33, 34.

¹ See Newman's '*Apologia*,'—pp. 115, 6. The reader is also referred to the *Appendix* (D).

⁹ Churton's '*Memoir*,'—ii. 33-4.

"From every part of England, every town and city, there arose an united, strong, emphatic declaration of loyalty to the Church of England. The national feeling, long pent up, depressed, despondent, had at length obtained freedom to pour forth; and the effect was amazing. The Church suddenly came to life. . . . To its astonishment, it found itself the object of warm popular affection and universal devotion. Its enemies were silenced."³

This preliminary chapter in the history of the Oxford movement has been somewhat overlooked by those who have undertaken to describe its origin and progress. Quite plain is it that the heart of the Church of England was still sound. Churchmanship (it deserves to be repeated) was *evoked*—not *created*—by these appeals. The fact is unmistakable, and is very much to be noted. All that was henceforth needed was sound guidance on genuine Anglican lines, and a strong continuous impulse from head-quarters. Beyond all things, (as I venture to think,) the stimulus of a 'final School of Theology' which was withheld from Oxford until 1869, should then have been applied. But to return.

Little can the friends who met in conference at Hadleigh have imagined on what a painful tenure their entertainer was holding his life:—

"I have been up three nights," (he wrote to Joshua Watson on the 19th June). "I should not mention this, but on many occasions I am so *jaded* by want of rest that I really believe I write in a sad careless and dejected way. It is really only the *body* which guides the pen in such cases, and to this I hope you will impute it."⁴

As little can the friends have known that the deplorable state of his health had already constrained him to surrender in intention the pleasant Rectory-house in which they were among the last to enjoy his hospitality. His friend J. yall had been down to visit him, had witnessed his sufferings, and had persuaded him to consent to some plan of exchange. In July, Rose writes,—

"It is difficult to say how much I regret the loss of Hadleigh. No place which I have ever seen as a clerical residence had the same character or the same attraction from the memory of predecessors, as this: and there is no country place where one could be more useful both to the parish and the neighbourhood. But I have not had one day's health, and hardly one night's rest, since I came in the beginning of January. I am tongue-tied and hand-tied, doing nothing in my parish, and so exhausted by sitting up at night that I can hardly read or write in the day. There was therefore no possibility of refusing such kindness, or passing such an opportunity which seemed providential. If it should please GOD that I can be of service by being in health, I shall rejoice indeed. And if otherwise, I shall at least know that I have tried what I could try. . . . My wife," (he adds in a post-script) "who loves this place exceedingly, behaves like a heroine about it."⁵

It is due to the excellent woman thus referred to, that I should transcribe the words with which Palmer dismisses his recollections of the Hadleigh Conference:—

"Mrs. Rose, whom I knew, seemed to be admirably suited to be a help meet for him. Her excellent sense, firmness of character, and unfailing affection, were his great support during the sad years of suffering which he had to endure. What a flood of memories and thoughts too deep for expression must have been in that woman's mind!"

³ Palmer in the *C. R.*, (May, 1883), p. 653-4.

⁴ From Hadleigh, 1833.

⁵ H. J. R. to Joshua Watson, from Hadleigh, 5 July, 1833.

The essential feature of the plan which Archdeacon Lyall had designed for the relief of Mr. Rose's health involved exchange for a considerable London cure. This part of the scheme (which was the feature which chiefly recommended it to Rose's acceptance, and which his physician greatly applauded,) was doomed to disappointment. Thus driven away from Hadleigh,—without plans for the future, but with a profound conviction (the words are his own) that "all was for the best," and "more than contented to go where he might be at all useful," Rose resigned his valuable preferment in Suffolk, accepting in exchange the small cures of Fairstead in Essex, and S. Thomas's, Southwark. The latter he retained till his death. The reluctance with which he submitted to these repeated enforced migrations,—so fatal to that repose of mind which beyond all things he craved for himself as the condition of toiling successfully in his Master's service,—is more easily imagined than described. Of a truth, the phenomena of this mortal life of ours, always a mystery, are sometimes felt to be beyond measure perplexing. Some satisfaction in the meantime it may well have been to him, at this juncture, to be addressed as follows by an attached and deservedly honoured neighbour,—(rector of Whatfield, the adjoining parish to Hadleigh,)—the Rev. F. Calvert Wheatfield⁶ :—

"You have the satisfaction in leaving Hadleigh of knowing that you have deputed an old friend to represent you : that in providing that parish with an incumbent, you have thrown your mantle upon a worthy successor, who is of 'the School of the Prophets;' and that you have earned there and in the neighbourhood as much esteem and more regrets than any reasonable man would wish for."

Rose however was not kept long in doubt as to the further service for which his Master designed him. The University of Durham, a new foundation, was at that moment struggling into existence. Liberally endowed out of the ample resources of the see, its object was to secure for the Northern counties educational advantages corresponding to those for which the youth of England had hitherto been constrained to resort either to Oxford or to Cambridge. It was further wished that Durham University might become a school for the special education of the Clergy. The scheme had been elaborated by the provident wisdom and munificence of William Van Mildert, the illustrious prelate who, happily for the new University, was at that time [1826–1836] set over the See of Durham. But all was as yet in an inchoate state. Two years later Van Mildert was still aiming at the annexation of prebendal stalls to Academical Offices, and hoping to obtain a royal Charter for his University,—which however was not obtained until the year after his death, viz. in 1837. His watchful eye and appreciative judgment had in the meantime marked out Hugh James Rose as the one man in England who was fittest by his sound theological learning and orthodoxy,—the breadth of his views and the ardour of his disposition,—to set an impress on Durham as a School of Divinity, if he might but be persuaded to become the first to occupy the professorial Chair. Accordingly, the Bishop had already caused overtures to be made to him through their common friend—Joshua Watson. To the latter, on the 19th June, Rose had replied as follows :—

⁶ The letter is dated Oct. 16, 1833.

"With respect to Durham, I feel the full kindness of your letter, and I have every inclination to the post which a hope of usefulness could give, and which the connexion with such an Institution, such a Cathedral, such a Bishop, and with books, could cause to *me* who like all such things. But still, I know too what embarrassment to myself and others I might cause and how much and constantly my infirmities must, in that case, be considered and brought forward. This would be wrong, degrading and bad. I now know what I have to endure. And one sacrifice will be all, and will save farther necessity of worrying people with tales of illness and representations of infirmity."⁷

There was, in the meantime, but one opinion on the part of those whose voice in such a matter was entitled to most deference, as to what, for the Church's sake, was most desirable. The Archbishop made no secret of his distress that there should be any difficulty in the way of his accepting the Divinity Professorship at Durham:—

"It would in my opinion" (he writes) "be of the greatest advantage to the infant institution to have the credit of your name in that office; not to mention the still more important advantage which the students would derive from such an instructor."⁸

Thus in short it came to pass that, at the end of several weeks, Mr. Rose, anxious though he was to be spared the responsibility, yielded to the earnest solicitations of the excellent Northern Prelate. He was in fact left without alternative. This appears from what he wrote to Joshua Watson on the 27th of September. The Bishop of London, having objected to the scheme, had addressed some inquiries on the subject to the Bishop of Durham:—

"He has received in return really an affecting letter, describing his own anxiety in such terms as could not be resisted, and setting a value on my going there far beyond what justice warranted." "At last therefore," proceeds Rose, "all my plans for the long space of three months seem settled. Hadleigh I left finally on Wednesday,—with what a sorrowful heart, I cannot tell you; though (true to the end) it dismissed me with a violent fit of asthma. Syren-like it looked pleasanter than ever while it stabbed me. It is a sad blow and break up altogether, on which I have no heart to dwell."⁹

No one with a human heart can read such words,—wrung out of such an one as Hugh James Rose,—without experiencing a pang of the liveliest sympathy. We have already heard his estimate of his delightful home. To its exquisite beauty, grandeur even, all who have visited the locality bear testimony. Behold him driven forth from it, after three years of painful occupancy, by an invisible Hand! . . . A further extract from the same letter will not be unacceptable:—

"Having by law four or five months my own, I have placed them at the Bp. of D.'s disposal; and contrary to my expectation, he has accepted this wretched proposal, and I am going. I am sorry to go, because I fear that I am unfit; but seeing the sacrifices the Bishop makes, and his present wretched state from Mrs. Van Mildert's fresh attack, I would not fail for any consideration. The house at S. Thomas's must be painted and this will be done while we are gone. Whether I shall return after the first term, and go for six weeks in April, or stay on at once till March, I must leave to circumstances. At all events, I shall (D.V.) be in London part of the Spring. And this is a great comfort to me. For I cannot say how much in these critical times I want to talk to you, nor how anxiously I look forward to seeing you again.

⁷ H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—dated Hadleigh, 19 June, 1833.

⁸ The Abp. to H. J. R.,—*Lambeth, Sept.*

⁹ 17, 1833.

¹⁰ H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—dated Fairstead, 27 Sept., 1833.

"I 'read in' at S. Thomas's on Sunday; and shall, I believe, be at Addington from the next Tuesday or Wednesday till Friday,—returning here on Saturday, and starting for Durham very soon, for I must have a week's quiet talk with Thorpe. I fear sadly that there is *no plan*. He says that they await my arrival in order to settle most important matters as to the *Theological Degrees*. Of all this I know nothing,—nay, do not even know what he means, and only know that in a former letter, he said that everything was left undecided for me. Now, however fine it is to legislate, it is also very nervous. O that I could take you down with me! Might not Durham be made a grand Theological School, where, even after the Universities, they who could afford it might go for a year or two? Think of this, and tell me any thing which strikes you."¹

The following extract from a letter addressed a few days later to Newman will be read with interest:—

"You have perhaps heard from others that I am in future to divide my time between a cure of about 250 people in Essex, and a very small one in London, where however I think some sphere of usefulness among the medical men seems to offer itself. However this may be, very small cures are the only fit ones for me just now. Whether it may ever please God to restore me to a capacity for more active exertion again remains to be seen, with patience.

"Till my house at S. Thomas's is ready for me, I am going down to Durham, at the Bishop's earnest request, to do what I can towards laying a good foundation there. The prospect has its bright and its dark side also. There are many difficulties; but I have views which, if they could be realized, would make Durham a stronghold for the Church. How ardently do I wish that my health had been such as to have enabled me to take the appointment permanently! These things however are ordered for the best."²

Under such circumstances then, and with such aspirations, Hugh James Rose repaired to Durham in order to keep the Michaelmas Term of 1833. He reached the scene of his destined labours in the latter part of October. Some may care to be told that the house he occupied was that adjoining to the gateway of the Close (in Durham called "College") on the North side; and that his study was the room on the right of the entrance-hall. The Lectures for the Students in Divinity were given in private, catechetically, day by day,—on the Exegesis of the New Testament. On Sunday evenings, Mr. Rose gave a general Lecture addressed to the whole University. His drawing-room, where he received his pupils after lectures on Sunday evenings, was the right hand of the two rooms facing a visitor who entered the hall.³

The Dean and Chapter having decided that each Professor in the University should deliver besides a public Lecture in the course of every Term, Rose took for the subject of his own inaugural Address, '*An Apology for the Study of Divinity*'; delivering it in Bp. Cosin's Library. This was afterwards published. Far more brilliant and effective however was his terminal Divinity Lecture for the ensuing Lent Term, which he delivered to the same auditory, and from the same place, April 15, 1834. This second Lecture is entitled '*The Study of Church History recommended*.' It is indeed an admirable composition, and should be placed in the hands of every candidate for the Ministry. Newman writes concerning it,—

"I have just been reading the second Durham Lecture on the study of Church

¹ H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—Fairstead,

1833.

² Sept. 1833.

³ H. J. R. to J. H. N.—[Fairstead] Oct. 1,

⁴ From my friend, Professor A. S. Farrar, Canon of Durham.

History. It is one of the most enthusiastic compositions I ever met with, and enthusiasm we know is catching. I trust it will carry away, as well as inform and convince, a great many readers. It is scarcely becoming to say all this; but I have been talking of it to every friend I come near, and cannot refrain unburdening myself to you in the number."⁴

To the "exquisite peroration" of this heart-stirring production, the Rev. John Miller used freely to invite attention. After quoting it in full, he points out that "not even this deep tone of heart-felt earnestness and loftiness of view could save the writer from the sensitive attacks of party-spirit. The lecturer had pronounced an unfavourable opinion of Milner, as a Church historian. This was presently denounced as a designed attack in gross upon an entire body of men and principles, and as a manifesto on the part of the new University of Durham to such effect. It is needless to revive forgotten names, and to rekindle the ashes of a spent volcano; but the extreme sensitiveness thus indicated was a curious (and to Mr. Rose, at the moment, a rather painful) indication of human infirmity." I venture to add that it is a fortunate circumstance that neither Jortin nor Mosheim found living patrons; for the lecturer denounced them both, but especially the former and the school of which he was a chief exponent, in terms of unmeasured condemnation⁵:—

"I could hardly describe a good Church historian better than by saying that he ought to be exactly what Jortin *was not*." With characteristic warmth Rose portrays and condemns "that most unwholesome tone of mind which is disposed to consider anything which is not commonplace as extravagant; everything bold, as rash; everything generous, as foolish; everything like inflexible adherence to principle, as bigotry and violence. To fight for principles, in the eyes of such persons," — he is speaking of typical Divines of the last century,)—"can arise only from madness or wickedness; and they use the weapon of ridicule or censure accordingly." He adds,—“If we wish for any proofs of this, and of the harm done by it, let us look to the notions entertained as to Church Government in the present day, which are to be ascribed wholly to these writers.”⁶

Had these two terminal Lectures been all the visible fruit of this venture of faith and enterprise of love, (for only in some such light can Mr. Rose's brief occupancy of the Divinity Chair at Durham be regarded,) it might not be said that he had attached himself to the new University in vain. But he achieved a vast deal more. Towards the close of February 1834, he writes (from "College, Durham,")—

"I have been here nearly six months, and have now so arranged matters as to courses of lectures, etc., that twenty-four out of the twenty-six Prelates have agreed to accept the full education here, (i.e. three years before B.A., and two at Divinity,) or a B.A. degree from the older Universities with our Divinity lectures."

Such would have been his prospects of more than ordinary efficiency in this new and honourable post, had health allowed of his retaining it. But though he found, contrary to expectation, that the air of Durham agreed with him at least as well as any he had lately tried, it was impossible for him to undertake the quantity of required labour, with any hope of continued power to discharge his duties to his own satisfaction.⁷

⁴ J. H. N. to H. J. R.,—Oriel, June 2nd, 1834.
Pp. 40 to 60.

⁶ P. 52.

⁷ From the Rev. J. Miller's brief '*Memoir*.'

"They overwork me here," (he wrote to Joshua Watson in the same month of February 1834), "for while my brother Professor has two Lectures a week I have seven days' lectures, and the Sunday evening lecture is a very distressing and weary one." The consequence was, that in February, Rose was looking forward to a southward journey with much eagerness. Every discouragement notwithstanding, out of his very modest salary, (it was but £500 a year, and no house had been attached to *his* Divinity Chair,)—"I have induced the Bishop" (he writes) "to fix an Assistant on me; and have urged Thorpe to make it open to the Bishop and Chapter to call on me to find Assistants, if things prosper." . . . The prospect of being of use in educating a considerable body of the younger clergy, was what determined him to persevere, if it were possible, at Durham. A certain measure of improved health he looked upon as "creating an obligation in conscience." But the measure of health of which he spoke thus hopefully would, by any one else, have been called grievous bodily infirmity. On his way to London, he paid a short visit to a friend, and was forced to pass the whole night sitting upright in a chair, —wholly unable to endure a recumbent posture in bed.

To the same friend (writing from London about the end of March) he pleaded as an excuse for not having written sooner, an attack of asthma which had disabled him ever since, and which nothing but a fortnight's residence in the smoke of London had availed to relieve. His whole life may be truly described as one persistent endeavour, "in much patience, in weariness and painfulness," to approve himself a faithful servant of his Divine Master. He wrote to Newman (from "College, Durham," March 10th, 1834),—"I leave this beautiful place with great regret; uncertain as it is whether I shall ever return." The end of the matter was, that he finally announced his determination not to accept the professorship, and he visited Durham no more; his brother, the Rev. Henry John Rose, then Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, having attended there for him in the summer term of 1834. And thus his connexion with the north ended.

One of the most gratifying incidents in his life was his appointment, (in February, 1834,) while yet at Durham, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Since October 1829, he had stood in the same relation to the Bishop of London. Hence, Blomfield writes,—

"You will render more service to the Church, as things are, in the character of his Grace's Chaplain, than you could do as mine: and therefore I freely relinquish you, with a view to the Church's good, and yours—not mine."^s

That this was no sudden choice, the reader is already aware. It was in fact the result of friendly relations which had subsisted for upwards of sixteen years. Dr. Howley's first letters to him are dated 1818, while Bishop of London. Rose thus found himself brought into close intimacy with one of the wisest prelates who ever graced the throne of Augustine. Because Dr. Howley was no author,—was neither famous as a preacher, nor impressive when he spoke in public,—he has left a name with which churchmen of the present generation are only slenderly, if at all acquainted. But those who knew him best, bear eager testimony to a singularly lofty as well as lovely and attractive character. Lord Aber-

^s C. J. B. to H. J. R., 17 Feb. 1834.

deen, who had seen as much of the world as any statesman, declared "that after forty years of intimate acquaintance, he had found less of human infirmity in the Archbishop, than in any man, without exception, he had ever known."⁹ There was an exquisite tenderness in all his domestic relations. A man of genuine yet most unobtrusive piety, he stayed his heart upon his GOD, and enjoyed the covenanted reward of "perfect peace."¹ His calm and admirable judgment,—clear understanding,—fine tact,—never forsook him. Singularly conscientious in the exercise of his patronage, Abp. Howley was besides a great discernor and rewarder of merit: he instinctively attracted to himself good and learned men: was a munificent encourager of sacred learning in others, as well as a great proficient in such lore himself.² It will be remembered that from 1809 to 1813, he had been Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. His special claim to the Church's gratitude is founded on the fact that he presided wisely at the helm during a season of extraordinary trial to the Church, and under the Divine blessing piloted the good ship safely through the storm, at a time "when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on her." Guarded in his utterances, of necessity he was, (for indeed, his exalted station recommended an amount of caution which to a common observer might easily have been mistaken for timidity); yet was he by no means deficient in moral courage. On a certain occasion "when there was reason to fear a calamitous nomination for a vacant bishopric, the Archbishop told Joshua Watson that he had fully made up his mind, if such nomination were made, *to refuse to consecrate*. He would sooner sacrifice fortune, office, and even life."³ Even his acceptance of the dedication of the '*Library of the Catholic Fathers*,'—of which Newman, Pusey and Keble were the responsible Editors,—at the end of all the controversy of the anxious year 1836, was a spirited and faithful act. Rose then wrote to Pusey,—

"I have quietly ascertained from the Archbishop that he would very gladly accept the dedication of your work, with the plan of which he is much pleased. I think you must alter the last word of the dedication. '*Grace*,' *per se* is a very awkward word. Perhaps a few words might be altered in the Prospectus. What relates to deciding on controversies without discussion, will be misunderstood—without a few words to guard it.

"The more I think of it, the better I am pleased. For the ordinary men to read the large and Christian views of the Gospel which they will find in the Fathers, will be of great consequence. The only objection I have, is, that it will be a *coup-de-grace* to all Greek among Divinity students. It is very hard for a Chaplain to extort any from them now. A few used to think of reading the Fathers in Greek. But if they can get them in English, adieu to Greek in this labour-hating age.

"Yours ever very truly,

"Addington, Oct. 8, [1836].

"H. J. R."

"Excuse this scrawl: but as I have had 27 letters to-day, I am really not up to anything better or clearer."

"Mr. Rose's friends" writes the excellent Rev. John Miller) "cannot easily forget the delight with which, in moments of unrestrained intercourse, he would expatiate in terms of heartfelt gratitude on the blessings to which a good and

⁹ Churton's *Memoir of J. Watson*,—ii.

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¹ Is. xxvi. 3.

² See above,—pp. 73-4.

³ Churton's *Memoir*,—ii. 261-2. The person alluded to was of course Dr. Thomas Arnold.

gracious Providence had introduced him,—by thus bringing him into intimate acquaintance with all that was most dignified in station, most engaging in private life: the near observance of a deep and unaffected piety with which none could be conversant without being the better for it; and the tender and unvarying kindness which in sickness and in health ever made Lambeth and Addington more than a home to him."

Hugh Rose spoke to his brother Henry with enthusiasm of the pleasure and profit he had derived from occasionally reading a portion of S. Paul's Epistles with the Archbishop during some of their short journeys together. The following letter from his Grace, written about this time, exhibits in an interesting manner the oneness of sentiment which prevailed between them. It refers to Rose's Visitation Sermon preached at Chelmsford (July 25, 1834),—'*Christians the Light of the World.*' From page 18 onwards, the subject of *Excitement in Religion* is discussed⁴; on which Archbishop Howley remarks,—

"I have read your Visitation Sermon with great pleasure: you have taken the elevated ground of true Christian Philosophy,—of that Philosophy which exalts and invigorates the principles and the understanding, and warms and delights the heart. I entirely agree in your general view of the duty of individuals and communities, and of the system of excitement by which we endeavour to advance good works; a practice which, with little consistency, is more peculiarly adopted by men who are ready to condemn all resort to secondary motives, for the purpose of quickening diligence or awakening attention to Truth.

"I have not either time or strength for entering into discussion on any of these matters in writing; but conceiving them to be of the greatest importance, I should like to talk them over with you with your Sermon in my hand, and with reference to other points immediately connected with the propositions asserted in it."⁵

I gladly avail myself here of a passage in the brief Memoir of Mr. Rose which the Rev. John Miller contributed to the pages of the '*British Magazine*':—

"The succeeding year, 1835, seems to have been, on the whole, one of comparative bodily quiet, though bringing little or no reprieve from constant exertion in other ways; for many painful public questions variously affecting the prospects of the Church, some of them connected with Government measures, and others with proceedings of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, allowed no mental rest to Mr. Rose . . . During this year, nevertheless, he seems to have obtained a three months' respite from his more absolutely wearing toils, at his father's vicarage in Sussex; from whence the following lively picture of his state and feelings cannot fail to be read with interest. It may be recollected that the summer and autumn of that year were, in general, remarkably fine:—

"Well, after all, loving the country as I do, and daily bemoaning myself because I cannot live in it, I doubt whether, even if I did live in it, or any country divine of you all, loving the country as much as you may, can enjoy it half as much as I, now a regular London parson, have done this very evening, Saturday, July 4. My father's vicarage is in the midst of our Sussex hills, and the perfect quiet of the out-of-the-way village, the extreme gentleness of the *form* and *outline* of the downs, as well as of their *sweet* and fall, were always delightful; but now, coming in contrast with all the remembrance of the borough of Southwark imprinted by familiar converse of the last six months, I can hardly express the pleasure which they give me. But how singular it is, on suddenly coming to a scene of this kind, to observe the storm and tempest of remembrances of old times which it conjures up; and how the events and feelings of past years drive one another on, almost with a drawn sword, the one not tolerating the other's stay but for an instant!"

⁴ This is pointed out to me by the accomplished and obliging sub-librarian of the Bodleian, F. Madan, esq.

⁵ Abp. Howley to H. J. R.,—'*Addington, Sept. 6, 1834.*'

"In his next letter Mr. Rose says:—

"I am delighted at your confessing your delinquencies. at the very moment when I was thinking of writing to confess mine. With me, I believe it is, if not old age, at least decline. I answer to the *whip* as I did formerly, but I do not *voluntarily* exertions."

"It is too plain that he himself perceived his health to be departing from him now continually more and more! Still, as already said, this year (1835) was one of comparative external quiet."

I have proceeded with my personal narrative up to this place, unwilling to distract the reader's attention: but we may no longer lose sight of the progress of that great Ecclesiastical movement which, as we have seen, Rose had been largely instrumental in originating, and which had reached a memorable epoch when we referred to it last. With this view, we must go back a little,—go back to Oxford and to the Long Vacation of 1833.⁶

It will be recollected that Mr. Newman and his friends were at that time eagerly prosecuting their noble design to arouse Churchmen to a sense of their danger,—to remind them of certain neglected or forgotten fundamental truths,—to convince them of the Church's inherent privileges and glorious destiny. Of the twenty "*Tracts for the Times*" which appeared in quick succession between September 9th and the end of the year 1833, a few words have been already offered. Before penning the first of these, Mr. Newman (in a letter dated August 16th) had written to Mr. Rose as follows:—

"I have been writing some sketches of history from the Fathers, and send you four of them. Should you think they will suit your Magazine, you are welcome to them: and may call upon me for as many more as you please.--- As to the subject of '*Canonical Obedience*,' I fear it lies out of my line. It is either a point of *English Ecclesiastical History* (I suppose), or of *Casuistry*. Froude sends a number of his '*Becket*.' And I have transcribed the '*Lyra Apostolica*' for October."

Thus began that interesting series of papers (they were at first called "*Letters*") which appeared in successive numbers of the '*British Magazine*,' and which were eventually (viz. in 1840) collected into a little volume by their accomplished Author, and published under the title of "*The Church of the Fathers*." The first of this series appeared in October 1833.⁷ Rose thought very highly of them. In April 1835, he writes from Lambeth:—

"First, I rejoice more than I can easily say, at the renewal of the '*Church of the Fathers*.' Secondly, I shall be in great despair if the '*Lyra*' is silent, as I think it the best part of the Magazine. Thirdly, I wish you would send me in very short space, what is to be said against your detestable (proposed) change of Statute."⁸

Again, in September of the same year:—

"It is a shame to ask you for more papers on the Fathers, but I am so satisfied of the *great* good they have done that I shall truly rejoice if you can resume them."⁹

And in the ensuing December:—

"I am persuaded from all I hear that your '*Church of the Fathers*' has done more good than almost any thing which has come forth of late—and heartily do I wish it could go on. Your '*Home Thoughts*' will be put in type directly."¹

⁶ See back, pp. 92-3.

⁷ *Brit. Mag.*,—vol. iv. p. 421.

⁸ H. J. R. to J. H. N.,—April 21, 1835.

⁹ Waldershare, —Sept. 28, 1835.

¹ S. Thomas's, —Dec. 10, 1835.

These later notices however belong to a subsequent period. Only four of the 'Tracts' had appeared² when Rose, on the very eve of his departure for Durham, sent the Author of the first three the following encouraging letter,—dated 'Fairstead, Oct. 14th' [1833]:—

"My dear Newman,—I wish I had time or strength to answer all your most interesting Letters.—(1) I say that, as far as my opinion goes, your Tracts are excellent, and *not too strong*. They will, I think, tell better, if *separate*. And I should perhaps, in reprinting them, alter a phrase or two. For example p. 3. — 'gave us the HOLY GHOST,' should either be omitted, or explained in its *full* sense.³ As a *single* phrase, it is not understood, as I have generally [observed it], but is either explained *below* its real meaning, or supposed to mean on the other hand what it does not.

"(2) Your '*trash*' is so admirable that I should have kept it in spite of all you say, and used it in my next 'No.'; only that you have left blanks which I have no books to enable me to fill up. *Pray* go on with this, and if you can let me have this very chapter very soon. The *order* of your travels hardly signifies,—and the chapter on Rome will strike people very much.

"(3) I go along entirely with every word as to the Liturgy, the Burial Service, and alterations in them.⁴

"(4) With respect to what is *advisable* for your Association *to do* at the present moment, it is very hard to say. I cannot but think that a *general* Declaration of the Clergy in opposition to Whately's horrid speech, and statement of the opinion of some 3 or 400 Clergy, would do great good; and if judiciously drawn up might be very generally signed. Could not your Association take this quietly in hand? I wish Froude would communicate confidentially with Lyall at Haddleigh, saying it is at my request, on this matter. I mean to work the thing in the North.

"Your '*Ambrose*' paper I have not yet had time to look at, but I take it with me.⁵ Once every week a parcel is to be sent down to Durham from 250 Regent Street.

"I can [add] no more. For with all my concerns pressing on me at this moment, just on the eve of a long journey, I have some difficulty in snatching a minute. I start to-morrow for Durham, where I hope to be on Saturday, or Monday.

"*Pray* let me hear again there what you are doing and how I can help you. I shall on the whole be more quiet there, if I am at all well, and may be more useful. The great matter is how to circulate your Tracts.—I have thought it very advisable to tell a *great man* who has written to complain of the Article on the Election of Bishops,⁶ that there is a very large number of persons who hold such opinions and are ready to avow them. It is really well that this should be known. It will frighten some great men and strengthen others.

"Ever yours, H. J. ROSE."

The '*trash*' (in paragraph 2,) is Newman's designation of the first number of his "*Home thoughts abroad*" which appeared in January and February, 1834.⁷ The second and *last* number of "*Home thoughts*" was not published till March and April 1836,⁸—the March instalment being prefaced by a commendatory and somewhat remarkable Editorial note. Shortly after (Nov. 23, 1833), Newman writes:—

"I am in all sorts of scrapes with my Tracts,—abused in every quarter, (amid some cheering criticisms, and I doubt not with considerable reason. No one person can hit off the exact truth, much less exact propriety: yet individual exer-

² Their subjects were,—(No. 1) *Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission, respectfully addressed to the Clergy*;—(No. 2) *The Catholic Church*;—(No. 3) *Thoughts respectfully addressed to the Clergy on Alterations in the Liturgy*;—(No. 4) *Adherence to the Apostolical Succession the safest course*.

³ The reference is to 'Tract No. 1.'

⁴ The reference is to 'Tract No. 3.'

⁵ See the *Church of the Fathers*,—ch. ii.

(That paper appeared in the November No. of the *Brit. Mag.*, vol. iv. p. 540.)

⁶ The reference, I presume, is to a Letter signed 'F' [Froude?] on the "*Appointment of Bishops by the State*,"—which appeared in Sept., 1833 (*Brit. Mag.*, iv. 290).

⁷ *Brit. Mag.*, vol. v. pp. 1 to 11, and pp. 121 to 131. See above, p. 89.

⁸ *Ibid.*, vol. ix. pp. 247 and 357. At foot of p. 247 occurs the note by Rose, referred to in the text.

tions have a force about them, which perishes in the hands of a Committee. So I must be forced to suffer criticism, in order to tend towards effecting certain ends,—and take blows and wounds as in a battle;—only, alas! they are not generally considered so honourable as scars. If I can but get half-a-dozen friends to give me an opening, I do not care. Turrill's is our depôt. You may get them all there, and make what use of them you please, *with whatever corrections you like*: for, as much as possible, we desire to avoid the pretence of authorship. I have spoken all along as if I were the only writer—which I am not; but seem to be the chief, and am the Editor.

"Palmer's Address is milk and water. However, it effects three points;—it teaches the Clergy to reflect and combine: it strengthens the Archbishop against his opponents: and it brings out the Church as a body and power distinct from the State. How the plan of Associations goes on, I hardly know. In some parts it succeeds capitally; but I am not sanguine as to the good of any formal bodies, —and I cannot relish moving without our Bishops. I wished to secure in each neighbourhood (i.e. two or three in a county) some energetic man who would be in correspondence with the rest elsewhere; and would be an organ of communication with his immediate neighbours. Thus, we might pick our men, and throw and keep the power in our own hands. However it is a matter of practicabilities,—and I have not the means or experience to do more than theorize about it." (So far, Mr. Newman.)

From Durham, at the end of less than a fortnight, writing to Newman, Rose says:—

"I am very glad to hear that you are decided to go on with the Tracts. I can see no other way; and the giving them up, which Palmer advertised me of, quite put me out and perplexed me.—as I told him in a letter sent two days ago. We are justified in circulating Tracts in defence of that which we have sworn to maintain; and we are bound, if necessity, to do it. Nor do I care how few at first support them. If they are right and just and true, they will make their way, by God's blessing." ¹

Some communications to the "*British Magazine*" from the excellent Isaac Williams are thus referred to by the Editor. Characteristic enough is the acknowledgment of the criticism. The two passages may as well be set down in close succession:—

"May I beg you to thank Mr. Williams most heartily for his papers, which every one likes! I wish I knew him well enough to advise him to do himself more justice by finishing his Poems more." ² (So, Rose.)

"Thanks for your note about Williams. He is a careless fellow and wants *reviving*, and I am glad I have your authority for doing so. The worst is, he smiles and confesses it. I wish you knew him." ³ (So, Newman.)

On New Year's Day, 1834, the Editor of the '*Tracts for the Times*' writes thus loyally to Mr. Rose at Durham:—

"Not a day passes, at least not two days, without my complaining at your absence from us; if it were only for this reason,—that you would settle half a hundred amicable differences between Palmer and myself. Never had I such proof of the necessity of the Episcopal system, or such bitter thoughts about the present widowed state of our Church,—the members of which are surely as sheep without shepherds. Had you been near us, you should have had sovereign control and direction of whatever was done, as far as I was concerned. If I differed, still I would have submitted,—if only on the selfish principle, that union is a first condition of success. And if I do not exactly give you now the same supreme management of our conduct, it is only because you are distant, because you have not followed us into, and cannot duly enter into, our present position, (however

¹ J. H. N. to H. J. R.,—Nov. 23rd, 1833. In illustration of this letter, see above, p. 93. Also, cf. Newman's '*Apologia*,' pp. 110-2.

² H. J. R. to J. H. N.,—from '*College, Durham*,' Dec. 5, 1833.

³ H. J. R. to J. H. N.,—'*Durham*,' Dec. 29, 1833.

⁴ J. H. N. to H. J. R.,—'*Oriel College*,' Jan. 1, 1834.

many words I may use in explanation;) and cannot be consulted on an emergency. Often have Palmer and I, both of us, thought of writing to you,—but a decision was necessary before your answer could come."

It is indeed for every reason deeply to be deplored that, at so critical a period of the Church's history, the only man in England who was competent to guide the movement should have been so entirely severed from the head-quarters of intellectual activity. We are speaking of fifty years ago. To be residing at Durham *then* was like residing in Shetland *now*. In explanation of the interval which had occurred between Tract No. 4, (dated 21 Sept.) and No. 6 (dated 29 Oct.), Mr. Newman writes concerning the "*Tracts for the Times*" as follows:—

"Their history is this. We began them at the end of August; stopped them at Palmer's wish, who wanted an *Association*, and feared *them*: began them again at your encouragement at the end of October, and are now continuing them with all our might."⁴

And continue them they *did*. By the end of 1834, thirty more of the Tracts had been published. Of these, eleven were reprints only: (7 from Bp. Wilson's writings, 3 from Bp. Cosin, 1 from Bp. Beveridge): the remaining nineteen were the work of Newman (8),—Perceval (3),—Thomas Keble (2),—Benjamin Harrison (2),—John William Bowden (2),—C. P. Eden (1),—John Keble (1). All had been well done so far. Neither indeed was any fault to be found with the work of 1835,—which witnessed the publication of twenty-one more Tracts (Nos. 47 to 67). Seven, in fact, of these were but reprints (as before) from the writings of our older Divines (Bps. Wilson and Bull). Of the rest, Keble was responsible for 4: Froude and Pusey,—for 2: Newman, Harrison, Wilson, Bowden,—for 1 each: 2 are of unknown authorship. But then of these, at least 5 had been written in the previous year; and the rest bear date in the first half of 1835. This, I suppose, explains why Rose, writing to Newman from S. Thomas's, 10th Dec. 1835, says,—

"I hear you are going to stop your issue of Oxford Tracts. When you have decided on doing so, let me know, as I wish to write a paper on them,—tolerably *strong*, as to the stupid folly which could not understand or value them."

Thus heartily did Rose stand up for the Tracts, at the period of their commencement. But, as his letters show, he was all this time bent on something of a loftier kind,—something at once more systematic and more enduring. Accordingly, in more than one letter he urges upon Newman his sense of the paramount necessity of producing some great work on Ecclesiastical History. Hear him, in a further extract from the letter last quoted:—

"But now as to the great matter,—Church History, Church History, Church History. I confess that this weighs on my mind with the weight of a *duty*—not from any notion of *capacity* or *capability*—but from a sense of the dreadful mischief daily done from want of it, and the duty of doing all that can be done to supply the want. I have told Maitland my conviction, after thinking of the thing more carefully, that Fleury, as it is, would be too long; and that, without suppressing a detail or a word which would give *light* or *life* to the narrative, very many *words* (surplusage) may be abridged. He says, in reply, that the book could not then be thought of or appealed to as the old, standard work. This is true. But then we could not have a Translation,—with such additional *notes*, *corrections*, &c. as

⁴ As before,—Jan. 1, 1834.

would be necessary,—under 40 octavo volumes, as far as I can see. This would never do as a work to be almost *required* of every Divinity student. One might insist on his reading 18 or 20; and into this compass I think Fleury might be brought, without injury to his *vitality* or readableness. In short, what *can* be done effectually to correct present ignorance and prevent future, is the question,—not what one would like or wish.

"The present translation is, I fear, dreadfully bad, but we could perhaps find translators without much difficulty. Would it then be impossible to find 6 or 8 persons who would portion out this work, and from a sense of duty and hope of doing good, undertake—some to verify every reference (this would not be so bad as it seems, for Fleury generally relies on Tillemont, and Tillemont gives the references; and others to read the works not used by Fleury, and to look at other modern Church Historians in order to see what views are taken by different writers? I can only say for myself that I am ready for one to enlist and begin at once. It seems to me that there would be one or two difficulties only; and those, such as must press on any work of the kind undertaken by more than one person,—as, difference of opinion on some few topics. (The *working* rules might be drawn up very easily.) For example, as to the *Disciplina Arcani*. But there I think, and in all such cases, one easy rule would do. Let the Editor for that part, state *all the facts* of the case in a manner so full and careful as to satisfy all his *collaborateurs*,—and then state also the two different views taken. I know not that anything would be much better than this. There is little fear that people will not take a strong opinion enough on most points; and where good and learned men differ, (the difference not being one of principle, but of judgment on facts,) is there any harm in a suspended opinion? I feel my own necessarily suspended from ignorance in so many cases, and in some at least not from my own fault; that I am not sensible of this being a very great evil. Then again, if there was difference as to the character of a particular person (Hildebrand was mentioned) and his views, yet surely two persons differing about them, might be satisfied with the same account, i. e. *that* account being drawn up not by a partisan of either, but by one, who being aware that men equally capable of judging differed, was anxious to state every act *fairly* and *fully*. I at least have often felt and said 'I do not agree with such a view, but the writer is so fair and honest in stating the opinion and views of those from whom he differs, that I have no objection to make.'

"Forgive all this long letter. The matter is very near my heart. 'The night is far spent,' and my own deep feeling is, 'What have I done? What am I doing in *the cause*.'—what account can I give of time and opportunities, if all are allowed to pass by without my doing even the little which by *strenuous* efforts I might?' This indeed does not apply to others. But here is a sad and mischievous deficiency producing daily and fearful evil: and it wants many to combine and remedy it.

"Ever yours, H. J. R.

"I have kept this for 2 days from a misgiving whether I was right as to Tillemont. I *think* so, but have not looked at him for years, and cannot go to Lambeth to look. Can you not come and see us this vacation?"^a

What precedes was written in December 1835. Rose had been long insisting on the great need of producing an Ecclesiastical History. Thus, in the month of September, he had urged the same topic on Newman's attention:—

"The one thing to be kept in mind is, that every day lost is mischievous. The second, that under these circumstances we cannot do what we *would*, but must submit to do what we *can*. We *must*, I fear, attend to this, for we see now and shall every day more, (as the circumstances of the time call more loudly for knowledge of the past, if there is to be wisdom in our counsels, or acts,) the mischief of our present destitute condition on this great point. Waddington's 2nd edition is, I fear, getting into large circulation. But to talk of *original* works of any length and *rapid* production in the same breath is absurd."^b

In writing to Pusey about the same time (September 8th), Rose ex-

^a H. J. R. to J. H. N.,—*S. Thomas's*, Dec. 10th, 1835.

^b As before,—*Waldershare*, Sept. 28th, 1835.

The reference is to Dean Waddington's '*History of the Church*.'

presses a sentiment closely resembling something in the foregoing letter, which it seems to me impossible to read without emotion. Surely his words are destined to awake a mournful echo in every thoughtful heart!

"As life goes on, how humbling and depressing it is to think what means and opportunities have been granted to one for being an instrument in God's hand,—and how they have been neglected! how life is wearing away without presenting—(not, God knows, as a matter of *pride* or *merit*, but of comfort and consolation,)—the remembrance of good even attempted, far less done; how it has been wasted on things of no account, to say the best, and too often on things far worse. Would to God, that when the last hour comes, such remembrances may not haunt it."⁷

In the meantime the reader will be inquiring for Newman's reply to Rose's letter given above: and it is a real pleasure to transcribe the loyal terms in which he responded to the importunity of his chief:—

"My dear Rose,—As to the Church History, I for one shall be ready to undertake it according to my ability, and am at your service. I never should stickle (I think) for any but Catholic truths, therefore you need not fear I should fidget about the *Disciplina Arcani* . . .

"As to characters, I think that would be a difficulty: yet it may be avoided by keeping to Fleury, and to facts.

"We can do nothing without an Editor. I will readily submit to any one you name,—though I had much rather it should be yourself, if your time permits. I do not mean you should formally be Editor, but should be referee and should have power of suppressing matter, and should apportion out our work for us.

"Further we should have, first of all, tables of authorities drawn up: e.g. a man taking the 10th century would feel indebted to Mr. Maitland if he would tell him where to go, &c.

"I cannot rely on my French enough either to translate or abridge. I am pleased to hear you think the '*Church of the Fathers*' useful. The first leisure I have, I will attempt some more. We are not quite certain whether to continue or suspend the Tracts. I am ready to correct the type of the '*Home Thoughts*' at any time."⁸

And thus we are brought back to the subject of the '*Tracts for the Times*': and the interruption already adverted to in their production,—viz. throughout all the latter half of the year 1835.⁹

But at this point, a distinct change came over the complexion of the work. It was partly external. The first 66 of the Tracts, —(1833-34-35),—averaged 9 pages each: the last tract which appeared in 1835 (No. 67) extended to 400 pages. This was in fact Pusey's *volume* on Baptism,—which had the miserable effect of giving a party name to what ought to have been, and at the outset actually was, a Catholic movement. The pious author of the Tract in question (in reply to certain observations of H. J. R.) explained that he "regarded it as in itself *incomplete*, and that it ought to be followed by a fuller consideration of 'Absolution' and the 'Holy Eucharist,' as far as they are means, or tend to assure us, of forgiveness of sins. And this I hope to do hereafter, if God permit."¹ It was however the *altered spirit* of the subsequent Tracts which effectually distinguished them from their predecessors. The first which appeared in the ensuing year (No. 71, dated Jan. 1st, 1836) was by Newman,—"*against Romanism*, (No. 1)." And this Tract it was which effectually inaugurated a new epoch. I gladly avail myself here of the remarks of a learned and

⁷ H. J. R. to E. B. P.,—'*Glynde by Lewes*,'

Sept. 8, 1835.

⁸ J. H. N. to H. J. R.—*Oriel*, Dec. 13, 1835.

⁹ See above.—pp. 104-5.

¹ E. B. P. to H. J. R.—*C.A. Ch.*, Mar. 22, 1836.

faithful Divine (the Ven. Benjamin Harrison),—himself a contributor to the Tracts,—who is at once a competent and an impartial witness on this subject:—

“A re-opening of the controversy between the two Churches had been pointed to with far-sighted clearness long before, by a learned Prelate who at that time [1816-20] ably filled the office of Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. ‘If we mistake not the signs of the times,’ (said Bishop Kaye, of Lincoln,) ‘the period is not far distant when the whole controversy between the English and Romish Churches will be revived, and all the points in dispute again brought under review.’ And he observed, speaking with special reference to one main point at issue, that it was ‘most essential that they who stand forth as the defenders of the Church of England should take a correct and rational view of the subject,—the view, in short, which was taken by our Divines at the Reformation;’ and in regard to which, ‘we in the present day,’ (said his Lordship,) ‘must tread in their footsteps, and imitate their moderation, if we intend to combat our Roman Catholic adversaries with success.’ But when at length the controversy came, some of those who might have been supposed to be best prepared for it, spoke of it as having ‘overtaken’ them ‘like a summer’s cloud’ [the first words of Tract No. 71]; and whilst the line of defence marked out at that time [1836], was strong and unassailable, so far as it represented faithfully that which had been taken of old by the chief Reformers and great Divines of the Church of England, it was far otherwise in regard to certain modifications and concessions which,—honestly, no doubt, but, as the event proved, unwisely,—were thought necessary to meet the requirements of the day.”²

It is not needful further to transcribe Archdeacon Harrison’s remarks on Mr. Newman’s proposed method of handling “*The Controversy with the Romanists*.” The second Tract “*against Romanism*” (No. 72) had for its subject ‘*Prayers for the Dead*.’ Tract 75 (pp. 207) was a partial Translation of ‘*the Roman Breviary*.’ Enough, it is thought, has been said to explain the following correspondence,—in which, for obvious reasons, Hugh James Rose shall be the chief speaker. No one can affect surprise at being told that he had already taken serious alarm at the course affairs were pursuing at Oxford,—the altered tone of the ‘*Tracts for the Times*.’ An essential change had in fact come over the spirit of the movement. Rose’s earliest words of serious remonstrance were addressed to Dr. Pusey:—

“You must deeply feel our great misfortune in the Church of England,—the total want of any *substantive* School of Divinity. We have nothing which deserves the name of a School among us; but we have, in that lamentable absence, one large active agitating *Party*, bound together, not (as a School) by common views founded on learning, but by common vulgar mischievous *feelings* based in ignorance. And to oppose this, what have we?”

“Nothing but individual and isolated efforts of solitary students, and the somewhat low tone of the mass. There is no value for deep learning or for thorough knowledge of Antiquity; and still less for those great Catholic principles on which alone (under God’s blessing) reliance can be placed. There are no heads to guide, no strong hand to rule us. We are like sheep without a shepherd. The very magnitude of the evil has produced something of a reaction and *feeling after* a better state of things. Too many indeed fall into the hands of the party, because they feel their own weakness; and in a painful sense of it, feel also that they want *some* tangible leaders, and guides, and rallying points. But some who cannot embrace the doctrines of the party, *yearn* after the older and sounder views ‘if haply they might find them.’ The first real ground of hope which has been *visible* has been the existence of a body of men at Oxford, with many close friends through the country, whose characters and reputation stood high; whose learning could

² Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Maidstone, May 1831. pp. 23-4.

not be doubted; and who have fearlessly stood forward *in combination* to speak the old truths together, and thus to give confidence and hope to the individuals who in various parts of the country had from time to time 'in much fear and trembling' ventured to proclaim the same truths after their strength, or their feebleness.

"Considering the *immense* importance of strengthening and propagating the impression made by these truths, and of consolidating into one body, (which may be respectable and even formidable by its strength,) those who hold them,—so that the young men may have a distinct and visible light before them, towards which and by which to move,—I can hardly describe my own sense of the importance of your movements just now. If you leave our present *standing-point*, very many from fear, very many from conviction, will break away. The enemy will have the best possible handle to use *against* you, and *for* himself and his own ends; i. e. the increasing his strength and scattering to the four winds of heaven all united elements of opposition to it. We cannot expect in our time again to see even the first stone laid of the building which has been so long 'the desire of our eyes.'

"I will not apologise again for so writing, because I am sure you will give me credit for not presuming to interfere from any value of my own opinions: but simply from the strong feelings and persuasions to which I have referred.

"Yours ever most truly,

H. J. ROSE."

"Lambeth, Saturday April 30th [1836]."

It would be, in my account, a violation of the sacredness of what was evidently meant to be a strictly confidential communication that I should transcribe more than the opening sentences of Mr. Newman's reply to the foregoing letter of Hugh James Rose to Dr. Pusey. Indeed, those opening words I only insert because they are the necessary introduction to Rose's letter which will immediately follow:—

"Oriel College, May 1st, 1836.

"My dear Rose,—Pusey has sent me your note. I have not yet seen him, nor do I know what he will say to it: and I put this down on paper at once, that his and my impressions may be both our own; and you, if you do not mind the trouble, may have them both. Your note is very important, and I hope you will not consider me but partially alive to its importance, which I try to be fully. From your silence about my letter of this day fortnight or three weeks, and your letter now to Pusey, I conjecture thus much,—that you are not *satisfied*, and are afraid: yet have nothing very definite to say."

Hugh James Rose replied as follows:—

"[Lambeth], 9 May, 1836.

"My dear Newman,—I am inclined to think that your account is very nearly right, viz. that I am not quite satisfied and yet do not know exactly what to say. I will however endeavour to tell you the *sort* of feeling which I have on the subjects which we have been discussing, that you may judge how far I am wrong.

"First of all, I must premise that I consider the English as an eminently anti-reading nation, and that of course the Clergy partake of this character:—that there are 14 or 16,000 of them;—and that in any nation the far larger part of such a body would not be students, and therefore still less so with the English;—and that, of those who will more or less be students, a very large proportion can hardly be left safely to their own guidance, but want direction and authority as much as the others. One may lament that all this is so. One may say that they who are to teach others *ought* to be,—or at least that it seems very desirable that they should be,—of a different *genus*. But lament and think as one will, I hold it to be beyond all controversy that such we are, and, for a very long period at least, shall be. And if this is so, although it may also be grievous to deal with such persons, in some respects, and tedious in comparison with dealing with those on whose industry and whose judgment we can rely, we must bear all this strictly and constantly in mind, if any good is to be done.

"Now, take the matter of *Antiquity* into consideration in connexion with all

this. With the non-reading part, it may be of very little consequence, perhaps; but I will honestly confess that I am a little apprehensive of the effects of turning the readers, such as they are, out to grass in the spacious pastures of Antiquity without very strict tether. *All* that is in Antiquity is not good; and much that was good for Antiquity would not be good for us. Yet it seems to me that without the *tether*, without strict and authoritative guidance in short, they are just as likely to get harm as good: to deduce very false and partial conclusions from very insufficient premises; and to set up as objects for *imitation* what may catch the fancy and strike the imagination, but what is utterly unfit for our present condition. The Homilies of the Fathers may be studied with the greatest advantage by those who can exercise their judgment; but to attempt to address audiences *now* in such or such a manner,—*because* it was done by this or that Father, (and only and simply because it happened to be the style of his day in *all* public speaking), in the 4th or the 5th century,—cannot, I think, lead to good, and *may* lead to a good deal of evil. I mention this as a very simple and short instance to explain my meaning by. I wish, in a word, considering what English readers commonly are, that Antiquity should be studied by them only with full, clear and explicit directions how to derive from it that good which *is* to be derived from it; and to avoid the sort of quackery of *affecting* Antiquity, which is very likely to lay hold of quick, but not very comprehensive, minds.

“Again,—(and to lead me on to the next point,)—if *such* minds are led to search out *all* the opinions and practices of Antiquity as of great value, *because* they are derived from Antiquity,—where they and we shall get to, it seems hard to tell. It is an expedition in which I most earnestly desiderate good guides and experienced drivers; and then, we shall return from it rich in *health* and in *knowledge*. Without these requisites, I eschew the undertaking. We have all a love of change, and of finding out that they who went before us passed by or mistook some things or many things, and that this should be set right. But there are *very very* few who are fit for the task It is on this ground that I regret your declaration of preference for a somewhat different Liturgy, and somewhat different usages, from the present. Could all this be confined to persons like yourselves, no possible objection could be felt to it. But what *you* say and do, will set five hundred heads agog, which it will be very hard to set at rest again. It is only real learning, and long thought, and sober reflection (like yours), which can discern what has some real ground for consideration and acceptance; while quick and ingenious men, once set on the track of thinking that we are in a very imperfect state, and that we have deserted Antiquity, will pour a thousand follies and falsehoods out upon us, and indispose very many to all such fair consideration as I speak of.

“On the same sort of ground, I wish that you had somewhat more represented the Apostolic Succession as a regular, undoubted doctrine, held undoubtingly by all true Churchmen, and only a little neglected,—than as a thing to which we were to recur as a sort of ancient Novelty,—a truth now first recovered. I do not mean that you have done this, as I put it broadly; but I mention it to illustrate the *kind of use* to be made of Antiquity with the common run of Clergy. We must find out what is really fit to be taught, and teach it as of *Authority*,—as a doctrine which has always been held,—not as a thing which they are to go and look for, and find out, and prove by themselves. On this account too, however grievous in some respects, I am persuaded that it is our wisdom to *keep our ground*, and not to *change* it at all: to keep it *well and soundly*, and not as we have done it: to keep it by showing that such was the teaching and belief of Antiquity, and that it is only novel ignorance which has deserted or abandoned the grounds which the Reformed Church always meant to hold.

“It may be true, as you say, that our orb of doctrine is not entirely *teres atque rotundus*. But I am persuaded that these additions (not being *essentials*) cannot *with safety* be proposed to the mass. If they are once impressed with the notion that we are *imperfect*, and require *improvement and change*, they have not the means of knowing or discovering how *much* or how *LITTLE*; and are merely converted into *ignorant* Reformers. I am well aware that to you,—knowing so fully and thoroughly, and having so often gone over, the solid reasons from antiquity and argument by which the ground on which we *do* stand is to be defended,—the simply defending *that* may appear tedious. But as far as my opinion goes, you will do the greatest possible service, (and it is one which will

more than exhaust the lives of any living men), if you will go on quietly indoctrinating the mass of the Clergy with these reasons; with teaching them the real strength of their grounds; and inspiring them with that respect for the discipline, and the practices which they have been taught, which *ought* to arise from a respect for Antiquity and from a knowledge of the full extent to which we have it with us. You have probably a set of ingenious, clever, promising and highly endowed students to deal with. But if you will examine a few dozens of Candidates for Orders, *rough as they run*, I think you will come to my side of the argument.

"To conclude *my* homily. It seems to me that if you will have the patience to go on teaching the younger Clergy *what* the Church is: what are the true notions of the *Sacraments* and the *Ministry*: how entirely what we teach has ever been taught by the Catholic Church;—if you will give its full colouring and relief to all those parts of our system, about the actual existence of which no one can doubt, (Commemorations of Saints and Martyrs, Fasting, &c.), but which have been thrown into the shade,—by pouring in the light of Antiquity through *your own windows*;—you will do the greatest service. But for the mass, I am persuaded you must confine yourself to that; and to giving them specimens of the pure moral and doctrinal *tone* (not manner) of teaching in the early Church.

"For the next class, you will do the greatest service if you will direct and closely confine them *in* their study of Antiquity, as well as warmly exhort them *to* it; teaching them especially, *I* think, to study the wholesome tone of doctrine contained in the writings of the great Lights of the Church, rather than to look for supplements and corrections of any defects of our own.

"I have very ill explained what are perhaps vague and unreasonable notions. But, looking as I do to you Oxford men with great hope, I am most anxious that no chance of good shall be lost,—no road to evil opened. I am aware that my notions will seem *dull, limited and stupid*. But I do beseech you to look at the *numbers* and the *kind* of our instruments; and to remember that 'the speed of the horseman must be regulated by the powers of his horse.' God has so decreed, and we must abide by His decree, and do the best we can with things *as they are*. Ever yours,

"H. J. ROSE.

"P.S. *I* of course can have no objection to your republishing the '*Lyra*.' But *must it cease?*"

The foregoing admirable letter produced a joint reply from Mr. Newman (11th May), and Dr. Pusey (12th May, Ascension Day, 1836), on a single sheet of paper. It does not require insertion. But Mr. Rose's splendid rejoinder,—which was suggested by a perusal of Newman's 71st "*Tract for the Times*,"—may on no account be withheld. No faithful English Churchman will ever read it without emotion. No one, truly loyal to the Church of his Baptism, who reads it once, will fail to read it a second and a third time; and to bless GOD that sentiments so truly Catholic should have been so emphatically delivered, and at such a time. I purpose that they shall remain on record, as the grand witness of one who under every discouragement "held fast the form of sound words"; earnestly "contended for the faith which was once for all delivered to the Saints"; and remained "faithful unto death." Well would it have been for the Church of England had *his* spirit, *his* counsels, guided the Tractarian movement of 1833!

"Lambeth, May 13 [1836].

"My dear Newman,—Endure me for once more; remembering always, if you please, that I speak with *perfect sincerity* when I express my own consciousness of inferiority to yourself and Pusey in all respects: that I do not venture therefore

* Referring to the post-script of Newman's letter of May 1st,—"*I* have thoughts, with your and Rivington's concurrence, to publish

in October the '*Lyra*' in a volume. It will probably come to an end in a month or two."

to speak in any other way than as a seeker of Truth for *myself*,—not as a guide or monitor to *others*. Remember, if you please, also, that our evil Cambridge habits often induce or permit us to speak more broadly, strongly and straight forwardly than we ought; but, as speaking in real regard, affection, esteem and reverence, so, without a notion that any offence can be given or taken where such sentiments animate the speaker. I only mention this because I have, I know, grievously offended Perceval by my bad habits of free thought and speech.—After this preamble, I must first formally give up Abp. Wake, and any other Abp. you please: and ‘Revolution-Protestantism,’⁴ and any other Protestantism you please (except my own) entirely to your tender mercies. I have nothing to say for the delinquents; and only rather wonder how and why they were brought into court to receive judgment on this occasion. You shall brand them as Socinian, or Infidel, or anything else you please,—and deliver them over to the secular arm afterwards. I am no soldier of theirs.

“But to have done with folly. I have been reading your 1st No. against Romanism⁵,—the last half of which is *admirable*. Towards the first, I feel somewhat as towards part of your ‘*Home Thoughts abroad*,’ and several other papers and letters. Perhaps, to say all in a few words, I should say that the impression which they would produce on my mind, *if I did not know you*, and therefore which I cannot but suppose they will produce on others, is this nearly:—

“The *hearts and affections* of these writers are not with us. Their *judgment*, arising from deep learning, thought and piety, is *against Rome* decidedly; while still they think that she has much which we want. In this unhappy state, they feel that in the Church of England,—and there alone,—is *safety*: but they feel that there is *nothing more*. A good deal to *tolerate*,—a good deal to *deplore*:—something no doubt to be *thankful* for, on the principle of regard for the bridge which carries you over,—but little or nothing to *love*. They join her on the principle of ‘*any port in a storm*,’—of a *pis-aller*. They can find nothing *better*, *nay*, nothing *else*,—and therefore they *are* thankful that there *is* any port where they can be moored in perfect safety.’

“Do not suppose that I am giving this as *MY* conception of your views; but I am much, very much inclined to believe that such is the conception which would be *forced* on a *stranger*. A young and ardent mind, whose learning did not represent to it the impassableness of the gulph to Romanism, would jump to the conclusion that *that* form which did not satisfy the heart and the affections, must, *on that ground*, be false:—that though there may be errors in Romanism, yet they are not fatal:—and that by taking the Bossuet picture of *doctrine* as true, and then adhering to Rome, he should at once satisfy his judgment and his affections. One of a sterner stamp and of more learning would perhaps be indignant, and say that what you *tolerate*, he *loves*; and that ‘*you too MUST love it*, ere to you it can seem worthy of your love’:—that it *has*, in fact, what is necessary to call forth and hold the affections, when duly and fully considered and appreciated.

“But however that might be, what you say is that we are now in too cold a state; and that there ought to be something more calculated to lay hold of the affections:—that unless the Church pour forth her *treasures*, and people feel it to be a *privilege* to be a Churchman, we can have nothing to expect but schisms and heresies. Now, fully agreeing with this, I am here a little perplexed as to what you wish to be *done* now; because you very justly say that nothing *material* can be done till the feeling of the Church at large goes with you: that, e.g. Monasteries,—a better Liturgy,—a different *form* of Confession of Faith,—and so on, could not be achieved *now*. What then *can*? what, I mean, *material enough* to give you any chance of winning *hearts*, which you have not in fact now?

“I shall not allow you (see the Cambridge impudence!) to speak of the right doctrine of the *Sacraments*, or the *Ministry*, AS SUCH THINGS,—because they are *not* additions to our present Faith. Too much *neglected*, undoubtedly, they have yet always been held and taught by a very large body of Churchmen as being what they really are,—the true doctrine of the Church. What then is it? I really apprehend that what *can* be added is so little that it cannot be very effectual.

“I am looking to *practice*. In *argument* one may argue abstractedly for

⁴ Newman, in his letter of May 11th, had said that he “could not endure the *mode* in which Wake (e.g.) conducts the controversy with Rome”: and had enlarged with severity

on the “Revolution-Protestantism” of 1688.

⁵ Tract, No. 71,—dated Jan. 1st, 1836. (See back, pp. 107-8.)

Monasteries, or any thing else. Surely 'Prayers for the dead' (a most deceptive phrase), and 'Exorcism before Baptism,' for example, will go a very little way, even if they could be introduced. (By the way, I utterly eschew that phrase 'Prayers for the dead' instead of 'Prayers for departed Saints.' It is a sort of enlisting of some of our strongest sympathies under false colours. It is too painful a subject to dwell on. You perhaps do not know the bitterness of clinging with passionate love to the memories of some, of whom, rich as they were in human gifts, the cold judgment cannot but doubt whether they were not lacking in *one* thing; and can therefore little estimate the temptation which the Romanist notion (a little misunderstood it may be) holds out. The Catholic notion has, in fact, nothing of that (delusive) *comfort*. And, however valuable *subjectively*, is *objectively* a matter which will never lay strong hold of the suffering heart. For whether I only commemorate, and bless GOD for, those who are departed in His *faith and fear* and are now in His Hand, expecting their *full* consummation,—or whether I pray that they who are of a truth in his Hand, may have *more* of his joy than He has *yet* given,—can never make any strong difference to my feelings. Make men understand what *we* mean by 'the Holy Catholic Church' and 'the Communion of Saints,' and what can be done by any power to win the heart, will be done.)

"I must therefore say,—You perplex me. Bring out (as I said in my last letter) into their full relief, that which we *have*,—*Fasts and Feasts*,—more frequent Communion,—more thorough understanding of the Nature of the Sacraments,—the Powers of the Ministry,—the Privileges of Members of CHRIST'S Holy Catholic Church. Bring into play (what our German friends would call) the Historic Element;—not trying the vain course of reproducing the Past, *which can never be*; but giving to our whole condition, *by* the Historic Element, that continuity and connexion with the Past, which throws such chains round the individual's affections, and is so precious for Society itself:—all this is not only *feasible*, but full of hope, powerful to win, to charm, to attract, to hold. I do not say that *by* degrees nothing more may be done. I should be slow to reject the assistance of *Art*, or the assistance of sound *Legends*, as parts of the Historic Element. Nor do I see why, prudently introduced, they should offend, if they could be *had*,—which is the doubtful point. Neither do I say that a Liturgy fuller of variety, such as you suggest from the analogy of the Easter Anthem,—(for I rather shrink from the introduction of what Coleridge called 'New former Prayers'),—might not be productive of good. But you yourself seem to hold out this, that *any* considerable movement towards improvement or addition, (or supplement rather), could *not* be made till the whole Church was in a frame to admit or *require* it. What then is it precisely and distinctly which you aim to do NOW?

"The search for Catholic Antiquity must, rely on it, be made FOR nine-tenths of the Ministry at least, and the results GIVEN them. Take the Romanist Priesthood in their very most palmy condition, and in *any* country you please where they lived undoubtedly *on* this notion. How many ever acquired it from their *own* individual studies? (Earnestly do I wish you were Examining Chaplain in a large Diocese for a few years.) Knowing the value of the treasure, and knowing its practical use to the Romanist, we take for granted (as is natural) that he has dug for the precious ore *himself*. But it is not so, speaking of the large mass of them; nor, I apprehend, can it ever be so. We may inspire the mass with the reverence for it, and give them the *practical* element resulting from it; but nothing more. This (the reverential *feeling*) is all that is really of consequence practically.

"I will shut up what I have ventured to say on this head with the simple expression of my own full belief that *if we know how to use what we really have*, without any of the 'supplements,'—(which after all are infinitely small when compared with what we have),—we have all which is wanted to *rein* and to *hold*; and, AT THE SAME TIME, to *purify* and *exalt*. For unquestionably, by a freer and fuller appeal to the *sensuous*,—(such as the Romanist in one way, and the Wesleyan in the other, make),—we can win (and hold *perhaps*):—but as to *purifying* and *exalting*! . . . The progress and the real victories of the Gospel principle must not be *numbered* but *weighed*.

"Under this view you must let me not *endure*, but *love*—and warmly and passionately love—my Mother Church. I will not *talk* of the *glorious* Reformation [you forbid me]:—but *deliverance* is *deliverance*. And though we may

deplorable that there were evils to be delivered from, *that* was not *our* fault. And we must bless GOD for rescuing us from them,—as the daughter of an ancient house would grieve indeed that, when her parents and brethren were gone to their rest, the heir turned the pure and happy home of her infancy into a brothel:—but she would and must bless GOD, and rejoice that she was able to escape from pollution, and from the bondage and sin to which a continued stay within the venerable walls would have condemned her.

"You must let me believe that though there is not the glare and glitter round 'my Mother's sober brow' which exists elsewhere,—there *is* what will win all hearts, and charm all eyes which will study her countenance, and are capable of improvement,—of reverence,—of affection:—that she is a true daughter and co-heiress of that ancient House,—*with all the family linaments on her face, and no small portion of the family jewels in her keeping*:—that she will not only *safely* introduce me into the bosom of the family here below and above,—but has *green pastures and waters of comfort* in abundance, to cheer me on the journey.

"To Pusey I have only a word or two to say, and therefore do not trouble him with a separate letter. I would only suggest that in any possible incursions into Antiquity, *we* are not like our own Reformers, *looking* for Truth and not knowing what will break upon us. We know exactly what the Truth is. We are going on no voyage of discovery. We know exactly the extent of shore. There is a creek here, and a bay there,—*all laid down in the charts*; but not often entered or re-surveyed. We know all this beforehand, and therefore can lay down our plans, and not, (as I think), feel any uncertainty where we are going, or feel it necessary or advisable to spread our sails and take our chance of finding a new Atlantis.* If we had any hopes of this kind, I would say too of the good ship, (perhaps, alas! with the same ambiguity as of old),—*"Ἰὼ κατ' οὐρὸν*.

"One thing more to him. Surely, a *practice* not noticed in Scripture, and the interpretation of a *doctrine* noticed there, do not stand on the same ground! GOD has committed Truth to the *Church* and to the *Scripture*,—to their *joint* keeping. To resist the consent of Catholic Antiquity, therefore, as to the interpretation of doctrine, or as to Church Government, must surely be madness or unbelief *on every ground*. But does it *really* follow, that on this account, I must defend a *practice* on an indifferent matter; and that I must hold up 'Exorcism before Baptism,' *because* I would have the verdict of Catholic Antiquity as to 'Regeneration in Baptism?' . . . Is this so? And if so, why? . . . Surely, as far as doctrine is involved, I might believe in Demoniacal possession in our LORD'S and the Apostles' time,—as firmly as in His Miracles, and in the spiritual gifts given to the early Christians; and yet hold that Satan was chained now, and has long been: that his power in that way has been contracted for ages; and that we no more suffer from 'Possession' than we enjoy *Miraculous Gifts*,—as a *matter of fact*: and that consequently, Exorcism *might* have been even *necessary* in the Apostles' time,—supposing it *then* to have been used; but that there was no reason for continuing a custom of so peculiar a kind, except on proof of its *continued* necessity.—I here give you every advantage,—the supposing a custom built on a *necessity* and a *truth*. But many customs, though good and innocent, may have been built on neither; and surely cannot therefore be raised to the same consequence as the interpretation of great doctrines of the Gospel. I may appeal to Catholic Antiquity for the *one*, without binding myself to receive the other.

"Now, I really do not *contemplate* troubling you any more. I have ill explained what I mean. I only want *justice* done to what we *have*; *love* felt to it; and a *strong belief* felt too, that if justice *be* done to it, it *can* win love and keep it.

"You will *forgive* (I beseech you to do so) any *Cambridgeisms*; and believe me, not in *form* only but in *fact*, heartily and affectionately, in REGARD and RESPECT, yours ever,

"H. J. ROSE."

* Dr. Pusey had written a joint letter with Mr. Newman (dated the day following his, viz. Ascension Day, 1836),—from which a brief extract is all that needs to be subjoined:—"I thank you much for our letter, and hope to profit by it. But I trust that there are practical cautions, which we generally give, which will remove some of your apprehensions. Thus,

we do take care not to build on one or the other Father, but on Catholic Antiquity. Now, if a person be sent to any one field to bring all he can out of it, he will bring the *infelix solitum* as well as other things, and perhaps be more taken with it than with good seed; the *sterilis avena* being constantly the tallest. But, if he be told that he is to look for certain herbs which

It is not needful that I should pursue this correspondence any further. It was practically closed by a long letter from Mr. Newman (dated 'Iffley, May 23rd, 1836'); and the subject shall be here dismissed with the single statement that, in his '*Apologia*,' the same writer has with perfect truthfulness and candour summarized what were his feelings towards the Church of England at this time :—

"I felt affection for my own Church, but not tenderness. I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity . . . As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination."

But the letter in which Mr. Rose finally withdrew from the discussion is too valuable to be withheld. It was written from Lambeth, on the 20th of July, 1836, and ran as follows :—

"I did not answer your last very interesting (painfully so in some points) letter, for I think we now understand one another pretty well.—I would only say that some of the points of which you complain, seem to me either susceptible of easy remedy or hardly to require any. For example, as to a formal recognition of the American Episcopal Church. When she actually emanated from us only half-a-century ago: derives her Orders from us: and those, formally given, after the fullest, most formal and definite consideration and consultation;—what other recognition could be wanting? If any is wanting, I am persuaded it would not be withheld. But a formal recognition would only be either (1), Recognising ourselves; or (2), Saying that the Consecration of the American Bishops was duly performed, and therefore valid. With respect to their *officiating* here, they are only on the same ground as the Church in Scotland; and unless they are to be allowed to hold preferment here (i.e. if the line must be drawn somewhere), I think it is perhaps at the right place. They who officiate once, may surely officiate often. Then, they might be Curates: and to say that a man to whom you give cure of souls at a *low* price and on a temporary agreement, is unfit to hold that charge as a permanent one with more advantage to himself, would be *very* objectionable indeed.

"Then, as to the Breviary. Do you mean that the Church itself ought to undertake to publish an amended Breviary? For such a publication by yourself, or Williams, or Keble. or any other person of sufficient name in the Church, would, I am sure, be hailed not with objections, but joy. But I hardly see how the Church could undertake it, though I do not believe that any *objection* would be felt, if it was set forth by authority as a book for the *voluntary* use of Christians,—either Ministers, or private Christians. Surely, our Church cannot be said to fall in good feeling to the Breviary when her daily Service is so much taken from it! The question whether she might not take a little more is a very fair one, but is not, I think, a reason for *complaint*. I think the *enjoining*, or *compelling* the public use of a very long book would be difficult and not advisable. But, short of that, I do not conceive there would be any difficulty whatever.

"Ever, my dear Newman, most truly, heartily, and with sincere regard and attachment, yours,

"H. J. ROSE."

Here too, with a few brief remarks, we may take leave of the '*Tracts for the Times*,'—which pursued their brilliant course until the publication of Tract No. 90 (Jan. 25th, 1841) brought the series to a calamitous close. They had begun admirably in the Autumn of 1833, and continued to do good service until the middle of 1835, when there was a sudden halt. They were resumed, as we have seen, in the first days of 1836, under

have been planted everywhere, and that he is not to bring away any things which he does not find in every part of the field,—why, a volatile labourer will soon lay down the business altogether, and an ardent one will be sobered" . . .

And further on,—“And this is what I meant by saying that we must spread our sails, not knowing whither we should be carried.”

'*Apologia*,—p. 95.

seriously altered conditions: whereupon they encountered rebuke, suspicion, disfavour at the hands of their best friends. But all this has been already placed before the reader with a fulness which has never been attempted before.

We can but regard the famous publication in question as a grand opportunity misused, as well as calamitously lost. The attention of religious persons had been irresistibly drawn to the contemplation of many a half (*not* wholly) forgotten Catholic truth. Weary of modern novelties and the *nostrums* of rash and incompetent advisers, men were heard on every side confessing that "the old is better." The discovery was straightway made that there had been reserved an armed host ready to respond to the voice of the trumpet when it should utter no uncertain sound. A little patience would have lived down hostile clamour: a little consistency must have disarmed suspicion: a little prudence might have silenced censure. But on the contrary. All was done as if to frustrate and disappoint expectation. The Tractarian leaders of the movement, strange to relate, seem to have been haunted by a suspicion that the office of the Theologian is to *exaggerate* sacred Truth,—the business of a Divine, to '*startle*' mankind. Accordingly, they went off on '*Prayers for the dead*' and '*Purgatory*,'—as if forgetting that even the *Intermediate State* was scarcely recognized by the generality of their readers.—'*Exorcism*' before Baptism, was pleaded for at a time when Baptismal '*Regeneration*' itself was generally discredited.—"The Breviary," (and "the Roman Breviary" of all documents! ⁸)—was recommended to the notice of a Church which had become forgetful of the structure and method of her own matchless '*Book of Common Prayer*.'—'*Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge*,'—was advocated for a generation singularly unacquainted with Divine things, and largely addicted to Unbelief.—How did it ever come to pass (one asks oneself), that men so intelligent, as well as so learned, should have so entirely overlooked the actual needs of those with whom they had to do? Inspiration,—Miracles,—Prophecy,—were all left to take care of themselves! Nowhere do we find the *severe historical truth* of the Old Testament Scriptures (e.g. of Genesis i, ii, iii,) insisted upon,—side by side with a vindication of the mysterious (or *prophetical*) texture of Holy Writ. It is a memorable fact that throughout this period (1830 to 1850) *Holy Scripture itself* experienced marked neglect. No Commentary in the vernacular tongue was so much as attempted. The Romish controversy was revived; but nowhere (that I can discover) was the impassable barrier between England and Rome explained with the vigour, the clearness, the fearlessness which

⁸ On this subject the reader is referred to M. l'Abbé Laborde's '*Lettres Parisiennes, ou discussion sur les deux Liturgies, Parisienne et Romaine, pour éclairer la détermination de ceux qui ont à prononcer entre le Missel et le Bréviaire Romain, et entre le Missel et le Bréviaire de Paris*,'—Paris, 1855. The author pertinently asks,—"Que diront de nous les Protestants? Que diront de nous les savants?" . . . "I have often been thinking" (wrote a learned non-juror [1720]) "that one could not do a greater service to the Reformation than by translating into English the Missal, Breviary,

Pontifical, Manual, and other public service-books of the Church of Rome; with brief annotations, shewing the rise of all that is foolish and superstitious, and the antiquity of what remains good and commendable in them. This might be done in a very few volumes, and those not very large. . . . It is certain that the leaders in the Church of Rome would with reason look upon it as a terrible blow given them, if such translations could be published in all the vulgar tongues of Europe."—Preface to Johnson's '*Collection of Canons*' &c. § xi.

characterized the writings of our elder Divines. The *sufficiency* of our Baptismal and Communion Offices was by no one loyally maintained. On the contrary. There is a tone of discontent,—an *undutiful* disposition to find fault,—almost everywhere discernible. The Editors of the later “Tracts” did not perceive that by the course they were pursuing, (intending nothing less,) they were bringing discredit on Catholic antiquity generally;—sowing distrust and suspicion in a thousand quarters;—paving the way for many a dreary secession to Rome, on the one hand,—many a lapse into blank unbelief, on the other. To the partial miscarriage of the Tractarian movement is to be attributed, in no slight degree, that miserable lawlessness on the part of a section of the Clergy, which is among the heaviest calamities of these last days; as well as, in an opposite direction, that ugly recoil which has already disestablished Religion in our ancient Universities, and of which we have not yet nearly seen the end.

The praise and true glory of the religious movement which it is customary to connect with the year 1833, consisted in the mighty impulse which was then given to religious thought and sacred learning *on the ancient lines*. Two publications, known as the “*Library of the Fathers*” and the “*Anglo-Catholic Library*,”—(they are but a part of the literary product of the period),—led to the dissemination of a vast amount of the best Church teaching. The publication of new and improved editions of the works of all our greatest Divines largely increased men’s acquaintance with the resources of our own Anglican Divinity. The movement, notwithstanding every discouragement and drawback, was to an extraordinary extent over-ruled for permanent good: but,—*Why* (we sorrowfully ask ourselves),—*why* was it so largely frustrated? and why, to so great an extent, disfigured with evil?

Posterity, because it can only contemplate a man and his times *in perspective*,—in other words, can only survey *results*,—is apt to think of such an one as the subject of the present memoir as eminently successful in the battle of life,—foremost among the winners of the race. And no doubt, essentially, Hugh James Rose *did* outstrip his fellows,—*did* win for himself (as we may now confidently declare) “a beautiful crown.” But let any one read through bundle after bundle of his correspondence with attention, and he will arise from the task with a woefully different impression on his mind. The man who wrote those and received these letters, (he will secretly tell himself,)—was living in a state of perpetual harass,—was in the very centre of an agony of strife. Ever on the unpopular, and (as it seemed) the losing side, he knew that he had the powers of the World against him,—a host of opponents, and wondrous few to help him to bear the brunt of the battle. By the common run of men, he was stigmatized as illiberal, narrow, bigoted,—because he unflinchingly upheld the Church’s teaching. His earnestness in his Master’s cause was regarded as fanaticism: his eagerness in contending for the Truth, was denounced as “inflammatory.” Easy-going people were afraid of him: the lovers of expediency and counsellors of compromise hated him very cordially. On the other hand, by the firebrands of his party he was suspected of being half-hearted. His devoted attachment to the Church of

his Baptism was in their account "Erastianism." They had all manner of bad names for him:—

"There were other reasons, besides Mr. Rose's state of health," (writes Mr. Newman in his *Apologia*),—"which hindered those who so much admired him from availing themselves of his close co-operation in the coming fight. United as both he and they were in the general scope of the Movement, they were in discordance with each other from the first in their estimate of the means to be adopted for attaining it. Mr. Rose had a position in the Church, a name, and serious responsibilities; he had direct ecclesiastical superiors; he had intimate relations with his own University, and a large clerical connexion through the country. Froude and I were nobodies; with no characters to lose, and no antecedents to fetter us. Rose could not go a-head across country (*sic*), as Froude had no scruples in doing. Froude was a bold rider, as on horseback, so also in his speculations. After a long conversation with him on the logical bearing of his principles, Mr. Rose said of him with quiet humour, that 'he did not seem to be afraid of inferences.' It was simply the truth; Froude had that strong hold of first principles, and that keen perception of their value, that he was comparatively indifferent to the revolutionary action which would attend on their application to a given state of things; whereas in the thoughts of Rose, as a practical man, existing facts had the precedence of every other idea, and the chief test of the soundness of a line of policy lay in the consideration whether it would work. This was one of the first questions, which, as it seemed to me, ever occurred to his mind. With Froude, Erastianism,—that is, the union (so he viewed it) of Church and State,—was the parent, or if not the parent, the serviceable and sufficient tool, of liberalism. Till that union was snapped, Christian doctrine never could be safe; and, while he well knew how high and unselfish was the temper of Mr. Rose, yet he used to apply to him an epithet, reproachful in his own mouth;—Rose was a 'Conservative.' By bad luck, I brought out this word to Mr. Rose in a letter of my own, which I wrote to him in criticism of something he had inserted into the Magazine; I got a vehement rebuke for my pains, for though Rose pursued a conservative line, he had as high a disdain as Froude could have, of a worldly ambition, and an extreme sensitiveness of such an imputation."⁹

All this is faithfully stated,—“vehement rebuke” and all. (But *that* rebuke elicited an apology, truly honourable to him who penned it.) . . . Nothing is more certain than that “*going a-head across country*” was never, at any time, one of Hugh James Rose's accomplishments. Rather was ‘*stare super antiquas vias*,’ the very motto of his soul: a true ‘Catholic’ *he!* “averse” (as President Routh phrased it) “from all Papal and Sectarian innovation.” . . . I am provoked to recall the speech of a French dancing-master to Rose's father, who had sent Hugh James and Henry John, when boys, to be instructed by him in the orchestric art. “Sir,” (exclaimed the despairing dancing-master when the lads returned home *re infectâ*),—“I do most sincerely pity you for being the father of two such sons.” The wretched man only meant that neither of the boys displayed the slightest aptitude—for *cutting capers*. To return however to what I was saying.

Rose used “great plainness of speech”: and this too gave offence. His vigorous handling of the questions of the day—his ‘straight hitting’—conspicuous in every number of the “*British Magazine*,” created for him many enemies. By consequence his *experience* was that “the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.” He had to look on, while the chief rewards were freely assigned to candidates of second, or even third-rate ability; himself not without serious secular anxieties, alike for the

⁹ *Apologia*,—pp. 105-7.

¹ The former is dated March 24th, 1834 (81

Pall Mall); the latter, March 30th (Oriol College).

present and the future. GOD be praised that "there *remaineth* a rest," (an eternal sabbath-keeping) "to the people of GOD": and that "a crown of life" is in reserve for those who have been "*faithful unto death*": But, with his mortal eyes, the man whose life I am writing saw nothing—either of rest or of reward.

As I have said, his whole life is found to have been one long weary conflict with evil,—moral, political, social, spiritual. At the very outset of his career, when the coarse vehemence of Cobbett was employed in some of the latest efforts of his pen on the side of destruction, it was Hugh James Rose who came forward to answer him in his '*Six Letters to the Farmers of England*.'² But it is impossible in a memoir like the present to do justice to the zeal which he brought to the cause of order and public safety.³ What is certain is, that from the time that he came to the front there has been no interval during which the Church has been in want of well-organized literary support in that kind of periodical literature, which is so needful for the changeful exigencies of the day. The "*British Magazine*" was the first endeavour to supply this public want.⁴ To a superficial observer he might have seemed to be allowing himself no rest: but the truth was that he *was allowed* none. We have reached an epoch in his brief history (1835-6) which indeed brought him comparative bodily quiet, yet it yielded him no relief from mental distress. The season, in fact, to all true-hearted and reflecting churchmen, was one of most disquieting anxiety. Thus, in March of this year, he says to a friend: "I write in haste, and not in good spirits; as you may discern. What is hanging over us—the 'clouds and darkness' of the Church Commission—weigh one down a good deal." Again, with reference to the Education and Charity crotchets of the time—"I feel the magnitude of the subject oppress me, and my own inability to do it justice at all times, but especially under such pressure of business." The threatened spoliation of our Cathedrals,—the scandalous appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, followed by his yet more scandalous elevation to the Episcopate:⁵—the mischievous counsels which prevailed in respect of the S. P. C. K.'s publications, and the irregular proceedings of the '*Church Pastoral Aid Society*':—not to mention the conflicting schemes for Church Building which were then sorely exercising men of such different schools as Bishop Blomfield and Dr. Pusey, (as his correspondence with both abundantly attests): these, and many like matters,

² —'*On Tithes and Church Property*,'—2nd Edition, '*revised and corrected*,'—1831, pp. 79: an admirable production.

³ In 1832, Mr. Rose published a vigorous '*Letter to the Inhabitants of Hadleigh and its neighbourhood*' (pp. 33), in refutation of certain calumnious falsehoods which had been anonymously promulgated concerning the Clergy of the Church of England,—with a view to alienating the people from the Church.

⁴ Churton's *Memoir of Joshua Watson*,—vol. ii. 7-8.

⁵ Those who care to pursue this subject are invited to read Dr. W. H. Mill's '*Letter to a Clergyman in London on the Theological Character of Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures, and the extent and value of subsequent justifications of their meaning*,'—1848, pp. 321

together with the four papers by Archdeacon Harrison (in the "*British Magazine*," for February, March, April, May, 1848),—on '*The Theory and Theology of Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures, and the Censure passed upon them by the Convocation of Oxford*.' With reference to Hampden's '*Moral Philosophy Lectures*,' Hugh J. Rose thus wrote privately (Aug. 12th, 1836) to Benjamin Harrison:—"But the book is so atrocious—is so mischievous in tendency—so indecent in expression and so miserably vague and weak in Philosophy,—that it must be exposed and held up to the scorn and detestation which it deserves. These are strong words, but I really do not think that less strong words (of course, *in private*) would describe it."

pressed heavily on one who, through broken health, was hardly able "to hold his own." A multitude of public questions there were, of more or less painful interest, in addition to the direct Acts of the Government, which exercised and troubled him. Precious to him as the apple of his eye, the Church was passing through an ordeal of severe humiliation and affliction, not to say of actual danger. Hear him addressing Mr. Newman at this very juncture:—

"I confess that my feelings are dreadfully embittered and my hopes dreadfully lowered just now, when I see the clouds gathering as they are. *Within the Church*, I fear faction more than ever. You have heard, I conclude, that the Church Missionary Society is about to erect a College at Calcutta to educate Missionaries in the teeth of Bishop's College, and without even telling their own friend, Bishop Wilson. Then, in another quarter, the Chester and Lichfield Church-Building Societies, striking at the root of our whole Parochial System of Church Discipline,—such as it is. And *without* the walls of Troy, if anything can be done to twist all Education out of the hands of the Church, *it will now*; while some of the Heads of the Church are anxious to do just as much mischief and show as much folly in the matter where it is in their hands. On this 'subscription' question, I greatly fear the exhibition of their opinions in the Lords. A few days however will shew . . . GOD be merciful to us! Humanly speaking, it seems to me that the darkness and storm are gathering,—the light vanishing fast away."⁶

In the case of Mr. Rose, as already hinted, bodily infirmity was super-added to every other trial and form of trouble. In October 1835, he gives a deplorable account of his own health: recognizes tokens "how heavily Time lays his hand" upon him: declares that he has now no exertion in him, no voluntary exertion at least. "I can answer to the whip still: but do nothing till the blow descends . . . For oneself, these things are, or ought to be, warnings how fast the allotted time is going; and disease effectually doing the work of years."⁷ To the same faithful friend, (but this was in 1834,) he had described himself as "having almost always written under the actual pressure of disease, and known that in all probability he must print under the same circumstances."⁸ I am reminded of the terms in which (in a letter to Mr. Newman) he refers to a sermon which he had published in the autumn of the same year:—

"I hope you have received a Visitation Sermon of mine, in which, under miserable circumstances of illness and haste, I have most unworthily handled a very important topic,—*Excitement in Religion*. I wish some one would take it up who could do it justice. It is the pivot on which most of our religion, as now vaunted, turns."⁹

In this instance however we have already heard the highly eulogistic sentence pronounced by a most accomplished critic and thoroughly competent judge,—Archbishop Howley.¹

It will be remembered,—notwithstanding the introduction of a few extracts from letters of an earlier date,—that we had brought our narrative down to the spring of 1836. The adverse course of Church matters about that time, and notably the disgust and alarm with which the "Reports"

⁶ Dated "S. Thomas's, June 17th [1835]." The reader is invited to refer back to p. 31,—where interesting mention is made of a *Concilio ad Clerum*, full of dreary presages, which H.J.R. must have written about this very time.

⁷ To Joshua Watson,—Oct. 28th, 1835.

⁸ To the same,—Feb. 20th, 1834.

⁹ S. Thomas's,—Sept. 9th, 1834.

¹ See above,—p. 101. The Sermon is called "*Christians the Light of the World*."

of the Church Commission inspired him, acting powerfully on his already greatly enfeebled frame, are found to have induced, in the case of Hugh James Rose, a sentiment of despondency amounting to despair. Weary of the unavailing struggle (June 1836) he entertained serious thoughts of accepting his American friends' strongly urged offer of a Professorship in the Theological Seminary at New York. He already numbered among the American Bishops some of his own dearest and most attached personal friends,—men of primitive piety, lofty attainments, and truly Apostolical soundness of teaching.² The prospect seemed to him the best, which at this time suggested itself, as far as usefulness went. He saw that, superadded to great opportunities of promoting the cause of Catholic Truth, and training a considerable body of Clergy in sound Church principles, he should in this way at least secure for himself a moderate competence without the labour of periodical authorship (so hateful to him),—under which his spirits failed, yet without which he could not live. This modest prospect, added to his hopelessness as to public matters, arising from the almost universal cowardice, led his thoughts beyond the Atlantic. What alone made him hesitate was the question of duty.

But,—(and this is the second occasion on which we have had to make a precisely similar remark,)—he was not suffered to remain long in doubt as to what were the designs of a gracious Providence with regard to himself. The consecration of Dr. William Otter to the see of Chichester (Oct. 2nd, 1836), left King's College, London, without a head; and all eyes were instantly directed to Hugh James Rose as the fittest person to preside over the infant Institution. His personal predilections of course lay altogether with our older foundations: and had he enjoyed any prospect of that learned leisure which it would have been his supreme ambition to devote to the defence and service of the Church, he might have hesitated. But here was a post of honour and great usefulness coming to him unsolicited, and presenting a greater concurrence of advantages than were to be met with elsewhere in the range of his horizon. He thought therefore "that he ought on all accounts to be thankful, and say, Yes." Without candidature, much less solicitation of any sort on his part, he was proposed as Principal in August, and appointed to the office on the 21st October. It was the joint act of Abp. Howley and of Bp. Blomfield.

"If,"—(wrote Mr. Rose to Joshua Watson),—"my responsibilities do not press me quite down, and things go on as quietly and satisfactorily as I hope they may, I shall only be too happy in thinking that my staff is set up for life, and that no more changes await me, till the last."³

His main regret was that his future duties would sever the precious link which for the last two-and-a-half years had connected him with the Archbishop. Some compensation it was that he should henceforth be

² Rev. John Miller, in his brief Memoir of H. J. R., remarks,—“Among the ornaments of that church, whose society during their sojourn in England gave him both pleasure and satisfaction, it would be injustice to an inestimable person not to mention the name of Dr. Ives, the Bishop of North Carolina, the son-in-law of Bishop Hobart. Before leaving the subject

of the protestant episcopal church in America, it is right to state that the defence of Bishop Hobart against the '*Theological Quarterly*,' which appeared in the '*Christian Remembrancer*,' was written by Mr. Rose" (vol. viii. 342-301).

³ From S. Thomas's, Oct. 24, 1836.

nearer to '6 Park Street, Westminster,'—where his friend Joshua Watson resided; and he could not forget that he should be henceforth spared those daily journeyings from Lambeth to S. Thomas's which had alike consumed his time and overtaxed his bodily strength.

The satisfaction which this appointment afforded to churchmen is eloquently expressed by the following hearty letter of congratulation addressed to the new Principal of King's College by one of kindred spirit,—Walter Farquhar Hook:—

"Coventry, Oct. 17th, 1836.

"My dear Friend,—I have just heard from Mr. Le Bas that the newspaper report is correct, and that you are *indeed* to succeed Bp. Otter at King's College; and bored to death as you must be by letters, I cannot refrain from expressing my exceeding great joy at this appointment,—*my rapturous delight*; for really nothing for a long time has given me such pleasure. I rejoice at it, as one who has the privilege of calling you his friend, because it provides you with a comfortable residence in London, where, and where *only*, as I have heard you say, you enjoy anything like health:—and I rejoice at it much more on public grounds, for if we had sought through the wide world, we could never have found a man so admirably qualified for the situation as you are. This will be admitted by those who only look to learning and talents;—how great then must be the joy of those who regard, as far superior to learning and genius, the possession of sound Catholic principles! Since I first heard of the chance of your being appointed, I have prayed that so it might be: and I do really think that the appointment of such a man to such a post at such a time, is a subject for devout thanksgiving; while I humbly pray that GOD, of His infinite mercy, may bless your labours to the good of His Church, and grant you many many years of health and strength to labour in this field."

And the meantime, a delightful prospect of usefulness was opening upon him. The religious supervision of the College was to rest with himself, and to lecture to about a hundred young men in Divinity was to be his own special province. It became at once a prime subject of solicitude with him to raise the Medical students and to encourage a better class, by founding small medical fellowships where Classical and Mathematical attainments, as well as Religious knowledge, should be the subjects of examination. The essential feature of this scheme was munificently supplied by Joshua Watson. Rose entered on his active duties as Principal in the last week of October 1836, having already announced his intention to resign his little cure of Fairstead, in Essex.⁴ His wife, whose long and dangerous illness throughout the greater part of the year had contributed no inconsiderable element to his mental distresses, was by this time, to his great joy and comfort, very much better. Affectionate and able assistance in all the heavier labours of the Magazine had been already secured. The misgivings which had been entertained, as well by himself as by his friends, on the score of his own health, for the moment seemed groundless. So far all was cheering.

A letter which he wrote at this juncture to his friend Bp. Doane claims insertion here, as well for its intrinsic interest as from the circumstance that it seems to have never reached its destination. I the more willingly give it place because of the affectionate warmth with which the writer

⁴ "I have to-day resigned Fairstead for ever," —*King's College*, Jan. 4th, 1837.) He had held it therefore for a little more than three

years. (In legal documents, I find the place spelt, 'Fairsted'.)

mentions certain great lights of the American Church,—men who are known to have contended earnestly for the faith, and borne fearless witness to the Truth (all honour to them!), at a period long anterior to the *Oxford Revival*,—*true* pioneers they, of the great Religious movement which is popularly held to have commenced in 1833.

“King’s College, Nov. 3rd [1836].

“My dear and valued Friend,—Such a letter as yours ought not to have been unanswered a day. Its warmth and kindness went to my heart, and I felt that if it had pleased GOD that I could have followed the dictates of my inclination and visited you, I should have found one to whom I could at once open my whole heart, and to whom I could speak, as I never could to any but the friends of early life, with one exception,—and that exception was our beloved and lamented Bishop Hobart. Let me now assure you that I *did* feel all your kindness most sensibly and deeply, and that I must indulge the hope that, although circumstances seem now to remove farther than ever all hope of moving on my part, the Mother Country and Church may prove a magnet which shall operate across the ocean, and bring you—like Bishop Ives—for a season among us. That would indeed be a source of most heartfelt gratification to me; and I should *depend* on your bringing Mrs. Donne to us *at once* and considering my house as your English home, which you should use as your own and as should suit your convenience and comfort in all ways during your sojourn amongst us.

“The reason for my silence was that just as your letter came, the Principalship of King’s College had been placed at my disposal, although quietly: that I was in some doubts and embarrassments about it; and that, without telling you a longer story than was worth telling, I could not explain to you what my condition was at the moment, and I did not like to answer such a letter except as one old friend to another. Suffice it now to say that I resolved finally to take the station, and that last week I was appointed and confirmed in my office, and am now commencing to exercise it, retaining however my little Church at St. Thomas’s, which is very near me and where I shall officiate as I have done.

“I will not now enter into the painful question of our Church condition. In the ‘*British Magazine*’ for September, I stated the facts of the case,—and you would see from it that with a Government so weak as the present, and perhaps any Government which can be formed for some years, the course of Legislation whether on Church or State affairs must be perfectly uncertain; that the Government itself can never say, till the time, what it *can* do.

“You will see with pleasure the announcement of the Translation of the Catholic Fathers, which will, I trust, tend to spread Catholic principles among us. My only objection to it is that if they can be got at in Translations, the originals will not be read; and that thus, another of the few remaining motives to the study of Greek and Latin will be done away. In an age so impatient of labour and so determined to produce effects rapidly, the study of language is of course distasteful in the extreme; and it requires great exertion to keep it up.

“Dr. Wordsworth’s Compilation from our best writers will be a most valuable book. It will, in some degree, supply our sad want of a Work on Systematic Divinity, as you will see by looking at his plan; and will, at the same time, bring young men acquainted with our great writers.

“A thousand thanks for your excellent Charge and Sermon. The Archbishop spoke to me of the Charge, which he had read immediately on receiving it, with great pleasure.

“I very much wish that I could find some young man among you, who would undertake,—say twice in the year,—to send me a *précis* of what has taken place most interesting in your Church. If it extended to six or eight pages, it would not be too much. I wish to make the *British Magazine* a sort of general Episcopal Register. Do you know of any such person? The publishers would, I am sure, be very glad to pay for this. Their rate of payment is £10 10s. per sheet.

“Give my best and kindest compliments, and those of my wife, to Mrs. Donne and say how glad we should be to welcome her to England. From my windows at King’s College you have the finest view of the Thames to be found in London. Ever truly and affectionately yours,

“H. J. ROSE.”

In connexion with what goes before, one word may be allowed here on the subject of the '*Library of the Fathers*,'—an undertaking which lay very near to Rose's heart. The first volume (a translation of Augustine's '*Confessions*,') was not actually published till November 1838. Rose did not live therefore to see the first of those 39 volumes which gave so important an impulse to the study of the Patristic writings, and were not discontinued till January 13th, 1858. Field's admirable ed. of Chrysostom's '*Homilies on S. Matthew's Gospel*' appeared at Cambridge in 1839, and was speedily followed by an English translation. Something will be found offered elsewhere concerning this important undertaking. . . . But it may not be overlooked that Rose's prime solicitude was to induce the Clergy to acquaint themselves with the Greek and Latin Fathers in the original idiom. Thus, writing to Benjamin Harrison (August 12, 1836), he says :—

"I have been talking to Newman about a plan I have of printing with a few notes and general remarks, Chrysostom's Commentary on two of the shorter Epistles, just to convince young men that they are *easy* reading. If we could coax those who do read to such studies, instead of the everlasting *crambe* about Justification, and thus teach them that the Gospel is something larger and better than the range of the Quinquarticular Controversy, it would surely be good. But the question is,—Will any one buy such a book?"

The writer of the foregoing letter to Bp. Doane, it is plain, was buoyed up by a cheerful hope. Nor is proof wanting that he got through the winter of 1836-7 with comparative immunity from suffering. He delivered to the Divinity Students of King's College (1836-7) a Course of Lectures on the "*Evidences of the Christian Religion*," which were received with enthusiasm as well as listened to with marked attention. During the first term also, and during part of the second, he had preached in the College Chapel. At the end of 50 years, the effect of the Principal's solemn Addresses remains uneffaced. One who remembers those days very freshly,—Dr. Manning, who, by an interesting coincidence, is also Mr. Rose's most recent successor at Fairstead Rectory,—writes :—

"Under God, I think I may say that I almost owe my spiritual life to Mr. Rose. I was at King's College, London, during the time that he was Principal there, and I shall never forget the impression which his teaching and his holy life made on me and a large number of my fellow students."

I ventured to ask for more. Dr. Manning proceeds :—

"He was with us for so short a season, and during that period out of our sight for so considerable a time through illness, that it was more the general tone of holiness about him, than the result of personal intercourse, which influenced us. His manner was very dignified, and apparently a little stern,—perhaps he was more looked up to and revered than beloved. He had a high sense of discipline. I well remember the effect which an unwise reception of his first lecture, or a speech, (by the applause of the students), had upon him. Dr. Otter (whom he succeeded) had just been made Bishop of Chichester. He remained for a short time at King's College, and he and Mr. Rose used to come to the Chapel together. After prayers, on the morning following the event I have mentioned, as they were going out of the Chapel, they both stopped; and Dr. Otter told us that Mr. Rose wished us not to applaud :—Dr. Otter adding, that, though well intentioned, it was hardly consistent with proper respect for one who held that office over us."

As was hinted above,—the letters of his correspondents, his own letters, alike attest that at the coming in of the new year (1837) the

Principal of King's College was in the full enjoyment of his usual mental vigour. Part of a communication from Mr. Newman (Jan. 3rd, 1837) will be perused with interest. The references to the '*Lyra*,' and to his actual occupations, are occasioned by the editorial importunities of his correspondent :—

" β is Froude's initial in the '*Lyra*.' I was very sorry it had to stop, but the reason was simply this,—the only ones I could *rely* on as forthcoming, were my own; and they were *all* written when I was abroad, with the exception of two and-a-half. It went on then *till* the supply was exhausted. I should have run out sooner, unless I had stimulated Keble to send some contributions.

"I have been wishing, ever since I left off, (that is, the last two or three months,) to send more '*Churches of the Fathers*'; but my time and thoughts have almost been absorbed with books, questions and compositions on the subject of Romanism. I am publishing a sort of *Via Media* as far as it goes, and of course it makes me very anxious to be accurate.⁵ I do not think I deviate from our great writers in any point,—certainly any point in which they agree. Doubtless I shall make some mistakes after all: but not for want of pains. Most of it has been re-written, not re-transcribed, several times: good part, from four to six times. This will account for my apparent idleness.

"You deserve some rest by this time. No one can doubt the '*British Magazine*' has been of extreme service to the Church since it appeared. It is too valuable a work to let drop."⁶

To Dr. Pusey, a few days later (January 9th), Rose renewed the warning which he had repeatedly uttered to the Editor of the '*Tracts*' since the beginning of 1836 :—

"As to my fears of your Oxford proceedings, I only say,—Keep where you are, and go no further. I do not say that the English are a people of good sense, but I say they abhor *extremes*, and always fly off from those who carry things too far. I mention this as *a fact*. Now, I certainly saw, or rather heard read, articles in the '*British Critic*' from Oxford, containing expressions which it seemed to me could only *provoke* jealousy and suspicion. I can see no good in *that*. I stick entirely by Bp. Sanderson's doctrines on these matters: and if you will cast your eye on the extract from him (in Dr. Wordsworth's new work) on '*Expediency*,' I should be very glad. I do not think it justifiable to say exaggerated things in order to startle people. We have an uphill game to fight. We want courage and perseverance to fight it. But it is *the Truth*, and by God's help it will prevail, if we do justice to it. If we do all we can to provoke opposition and cause suspicion, the case may be very different."

Happy would it have been for the Church's peace and prosperity had Rose's sober counsels prevailed. He had said something very similar to Newman on an earlier occasion (Oct. 22nd, 1834), and in his usual kind and indulgent way. There is only room for one brief extract from that letter :—

"Your letter to me touches one topic which I want fairly argued out. It is one of Hare's notions, as well as yours, that saying startling and extravagant things is very good. And I feel that there are some advantages in it. But still, what does permanent good and produces permanent conviction, and correction, and improvement,—is the more perfect and calm statement, free from all extravagance; to which we can resort in all moods of feeling and on all occasions. Do argue this out for me, for I am *suspended in mind* about it."

At the commencement of his Principalship then, (Oct. 1836 to Jan. 1837), as we have said already, Rose's prospects at King's College were cheering. But, with the early Spring of 1837, all his sky became heavily

⁵ Referring to his '*Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church, viewed relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism*.' It

was published in 1837: the 2nd edition, in 1838.

⁶ J. H. N. to H. J. R. (at King's Coll.),—Jan. 3, 1837.

overcast. "I do not yet get down stairs,"—he wrote on the 4th of February. The prevalent scourge of that period, ('the influenza' as it was called), fastening on a frame already greatly debilitated, brought matters to a crisis. "I have been shut up for weeks in my bed-room," (he writes of himself on the 4th March), "with a fierce spasmodic cough, not yet subdued." And though he partially rallied in the Spring, there came on a relapse in the ensuing May, from which he never recovered. "I am still confined to the bed-room, and half to bed,"—he wrote on the 28th June: and though in the same month he left London, yet was he "too ill to write or speak to almost any one." He was conveyed to the Isle of Wight for change of air; and for three months was the cherished guest of his ancient friends, the Sims family, at Niton. A two days' visit there from his accomplished physician and friend, Dr. Todd,⁷ was reassuring: but the patient gives but a sad account of himself in the following affecting lines which he addressed to his faithful ally and confidential adviser, Joshua Watson, in July:—

"I can sit up longer in the day and walk a hundred yards with as little fatigue as fifty. If pure air, perfect quiet, and an utter—I will not say mere idleness but—*torpor, vacuity, apathy* of mind as to all mental employment, are means of cure, these I have in full perfection. . . . I feel very strongly every day what a warning my condition gives as to the necessity of caring for those things which belong to our peace in other days than those of languor and indisposition; for, earnestly as I may desire to give my thoughts to them now, no small share of the same vacuity and torpor of mind prevails with respect to those great concerns, as does towards the worthless objects of time."⁸

This last year but one of Hugh James Rose's life (1837) was in fact nothing else but one long agonizing conflict with disease; of strenuous and persistent efforts on his part to give a lofty impress to the teaching of King's College,—only not entirely frustrated by the inveterate character of his malady. The state of his health became so serious that, in the month of September, he wrote to the Bishop of London to say that he "placed himself in his and the Council's hands, and that his resignation was ready if they thought that his absence could by possibility prejudice the College."⁹ His proposal was not entertained for a moment:—

"The Council of King's College" (replied the Archbishop, to whom it is evident that Rose's letter was communicated) "will, I am certain, be too happy to make any arrangements which may ensure the continuance of your services when, by the blessing of God, you have recovered your health, and are enabled to resume your laborious duties with safety to yourself.

"We are disappointed at the postponement of your visit, and expect to be compensated for the delay by the pleasure of having you with us for a longer time. We hope indeed to keep you many weeks. You can hardly be in a place better suited to the comfort of an invalid. The distance is not so great as to prevent you from visiting London whenever your presence may be required at the College; and Mrs. Howley and I can mutually vouch for each other, that there is no house in the kingdom where you and Mrs. Rose would be more truly welcome."¹

From a letter of Mrs. Rose to the Rev. John Miller, it is found that after the three months spent in the Isle of Wight, she and her husband

⁷ Robert Bentley Todd, M.D. and F.R.S. [1809-1860].—Professor of Physiology at King's College, London.

⁸ H. J. R. to J. W.—July 7, 1837.

⁹ To the same,—Clapham Common, Sept. 23rd, 1837.

¹ Addington, 29th Sept. 1837.

had first repaired to Glynde in Sussex, in order to pass a few days with Rose's aged father and mother. Thence, (Sept. 19th) they had proceeded to the Harrisons at Clapham, where they were domiciled for three weeks. After this, it was settled that it would be better for Mr. Rose not to attempt residence at King's College during the October Term, but to establish himself somewhere in the neighbourhood,—where he could maintain some little superintendence of the College, without being sufficiently near at hand to be perpetually harassed by its requirements. Accordingly, availing themselves of the Archbishop's gracious hospitality, early in October Mr. and Mrs. Rose repaired to Addington, and remained there till the beginning of 1838.

Meanwhile, Hugh James Rose's exertions for the College were most strenuous, and, all circumstances taken into account, may be declared to have been even extraordinary. He had prepared his course of Divinity Lectures (for 1837-8) on "Ecclesiastical History," though he was obliged to deliver them, at least in part, by deputy. His devoted friend, Mr. Allen, Chaplain of the college, (since, Archd. of Salop,) read them for him: he himself being confined to his sick chamber. He also preached occasionally in the College Chapel, but found it dreadfully fatiguing. No wonder; for his organs both of respiration and speech were by this time thoroughly impaired, and no longer capable of abiding relief,—much less of permanent cure. As might have been expected, the return to King's College (about the middle of January) promptly undid whatever of benefit had accrued from the delightful repose and salubrity of Addington Park. The season was unusually severe. Rose was entirely confined to the house. "The worry of College business,"—(a thing inevitable to the Principalship of a new Institution, but which was minimized in his case as far as was practicable),—proved more than his strength could endure. It became plain to the loving eyes which watched his frail condition with incessant anxiety, that he was losing, not gaining ground.

As this sketch of a life,—whether to be more fitly characterized as 'sorrowful' or 'glorious,' I really know not,—draws to a close, one feels as if, with breathless anxiety, one were watching the fortunes of a runner engaged in a race—with Death. The brave heart, sustained by a secret consciousness that the well-being of the Church of CHRIST depends in a measure on his prolonged exertion, makes another and yet another desperate effort, as scorning to give in. Are not his faculties as clear as ever? his powers of mind even *more* vigorous? May he not yet hold out for a time? But it is evidently a terribly unequal contest. There is no chance for him. He will have to give in soon,—*must* be beaten at last. To talk of the "health" of one in such a state is to misuse words. There is not enough of life remaining in him to enable him to do the work which yet he is resolved to do. But in the meantime, strive to the end he evidently must and will. Thus, he had undertaken to seek to enlist, by private correspondence, the practical sympathy of many of high position in the Church in an edition of Chrysostom's Homilies on S. Paul (for the '*Library of the Fathers*'), and thus excuses himself to Dr. Pusey (Feb. 3rd, 1838) for his silence as to the result: revealing incidentally

how great a sufferer Hugh James Rose had been from sickness during the last year but one (1837) of his life :—

“ You will naturally say, Did you never enquire the result? The answer shall be frankly given. I heartily pray you may never *know* its force. The Influenza is a most extraordinary disease in one respect. It prostrates mind, in many cases, quite as much as body; and the recovery of each is equally slow. For months I felt that writing a Letter, or a paragraph of half-a-dozen lines, was terrible: and although, with the partial return of bodily strength with which it has pleased God to bless me, *something* of former feelings shows a tendency to return, yet still the apathy, the indifference,—to things which a few months ago would have haunted me day and night till I had written and done what I could,—the listlessness and the inaptitude for exertion, exist to a degree, which if I did not view them as a trial, (and therefore, I firmly believe, a blessing,) would be most painful. To say the truth then, under the passiveness of this incubus, I never did write to enquire what had been the result of the correspondence.

“ What I have just said will serve to show how sincerely I must rejoice that a publication which I think likely to do so much good as Chrysostom on S. Paul is to go on without my being obliged to bestir myself. Otherwise, I should indeed have rejoiced at being united with you: and still, if life should be continued and energy return, I should hope that some other point of union may offer. I hope that your last word but one about Field (‘he cd not’) was ‘*could*,’ not ‘*would*.’”

The last two letters which (so far as I am aware) passed between Mr. Rose and Dr. Pusey shall be given in full. Both are in a high degree interesting :—

[King’s College,] “March 14, 1838.

“ My dear Pusey,—I should have answered your kind and most welcome letter before, had I not been rather pressed by business.

“ First, let me say, as to the Advertisement,² that I had *not* seen it: and that if I had, I should never have thought of it again, as I am quite sure that you would do nothing intentionally unkind. I should have concluded it a mere bookseller’s transaction. On one account I am glad you mentioned the matter, for I really was not aware before, that directions on these matters were advisable. It never occurred to me to give any; but if they are given by authors commonly, of course one ought to attend to the point more.

“ Most heartily do I wish that we had known each other personally before that German War, and I am sure it would never have taken place. I should have profited by your very far superior knowledge of the subject, and should have done the work of warning the English student more effectually,—a work which you would have rejoiced to see done as much as I could. *That* was the real point of consequence. It was in some degree gained, but not wholly. I find now (and Mr. Becker observed the same to me) marvellous things thought of men of whom the Germans have spoken only with just contempt for years and years.

“ My fears—(and perhaps in my present condition of health they are more easily excited)—as shadowed out in a former Letter, were, that there was a tendency to exaggerate differences on minor points; so as to array those who have one common end in view,—and would arrive at it by almost, if not precisely, the same road,—if not *against*, at least *apart from* each other. I deeply regret, as far as I am myself concerned, (and I only presume to allude to myself as having been mixed up with these matters constantly in the management of a Periodical,) that we, i. e. Oxford and London, are not nearer: for a few words would often explain that *that* to which it might not be unnatural to attribute much meaning, had really none at all. As an example, take your ‘Fifth of November’ Sermon,³ which has not been noticed. I daresay it has been thought that this was in consequence of our views not agreeing. The real fact was that I had no one to whom I could with comfort assign the task of reviewing it: that it could not be passed over with a mere ‘Dr. Pusey’s striking and valuable Sermon;’ and that therefore I felt I must take it in hand myself. I soon found that I was quite inadequate, at present, to cope with the fair and full consideration of so deeply interesting and very wide

² I presume, of Pusey’s work mentioned above,—p. 71.

³ *Patience and Confidence the strength of the Church*,—1837.

a subject,—and so, the matter has died away. My wife and I read the Sermon with great eagerness, and with a strong sympathy with great part of it. But for want of power to apply myself to the minute examination of all the great questions raised in it, I could not, if asked at this moment, say either 'Yes' or 'No' to the question,—Do you entirely take Dr. Pusey's view? There were one or two points about which I was going to write to you when preparing to review the Sermon, which I did not quite make out. One related, I know, to certain modern miracles. I really did not know to *what* you alluded, while I fully agreed in *generally* reprobating the spirit of unbelief which would turn away and scoff at all the evidence which could be brought on such a point.

"In my Lecture to day I made a solemn exhortation to all the Students who were to be Divines, to study hereafter Chrysostom's Homilies on S. Paul; and told them they would probably soon have a good edition of the work. I had proposed (and in some degree begun to collect materials for the purpose) to show, in a Preface, how very accurate the *Criticism* of the words and style of S. Paul, which we find in these Homilies, is. In one respect, this is an inferior merit; but it *has* its intrinsic value, and as a proof of *minuteness* and *perseverance* in the study of the Apostle's writings, is very important, as we thus learn to repose extensive confidence in our guide.

"I hope to hear a better account of Mrs. Pusey as the Spring advances. *This* (March 14) is really a *genial* day, with a gentle free air, worthy of May.

"Believe me to be, ever very truly yours,

"H. J. ROSE."

"P.S. I wish very much that I could get more people to send Reviews of Books they may be reading, such as *have* sometimes appeared, prefixed to the regular Reviews. Would any of your friends about you send such an account of poor Froude's most interesting 'Remains'? I do not know to whom to give them for Review. For very few can understand or appreciate his very peculiar excellencies. A book so miscellane- as, touching on so very many points, is a very hard matter for a regular Reviewer; and a *sketch*, such as could be given in the kind of Review I mention, would be far preferable.

"I have mentioned in two cases difficulties about Reviews. I find it pressing very often on me. Young men, whatever be their talents, are not good at giving a just judgment of books,—and one can hardly ask older persons to take up such *small* matters as Magazine Reviews which are necessarily so short. The *Correspondence Reviews*, so to speak, would be very useful."

What follows is Dr. Pusey's answer to *part* of the foregoing letter. It is undated, but clearly belongs to the March of 1838.

"My dear Friend,—I thank you most truly for your kind words about our 'German War,' which I too have long regretted; and the more, since, though I thought at the time your blows were the heavier, I (which at the time I did not think) commenced it. It had indeed not taken place, had we known each other then; but I thought you attached an undue weight to things external: I mean, to the *authority* (as distinct from the inward life,) of the Church,—of its Articles,—and its Liturgy. And myself did not sufficiently realize the blessing attending on our own Church, as distinct from other reformed bodies; nor had observed the Providence which has watched over her; or the way in which (as distinct from any 'binding force') our primitive Liturgy must have supported the faith of many who, in the last century, were probably far from entering into its full meaning, but of themselves would have sunk far lower. I thought again that you laid too much stress on the 'binding force' of Creeds and Articles; and myself did not sufficiently appreciate the inward power of Creeds in moulding the mind, and keeping it from straying. Such, at least, is my impression; though it is now long since I have looked into what we wrote.

"But this is past and gone. The most grievous part, as you say, is that the work was but half done; and, what is for me the saddest, that I have been thought (though I protested against it in the 2nd volume), to have been opposed to you, where I felt altogether with you, as to Rationalism itself. I thought we differed about the causes and extent of it; not, for a moment, as to its perniciousness and shallowness; and I feared people in England were verging towards [it] in

a way which I thought you did not see. I feared lest cold dry views on the one hand, and especially a decayed Pietism on the other, might find their parallel among us, and bring in Rationalism here also. We ought to have been fighting side by side, instead of with each other: *you*, against the impugners of Church Discipline, Subscription, Authority; which, in those quiet days in Oxford, I did not even know of: *you* upholding Creeds; and *I*, opposing 'human systems' (as distinct from Creeds, and indeed, as I have since seen more distinctly, opposed to their very *ἡθους*). However, I trust that we were even then friends in heart. (I grieved at the time when I heard of your ill-health, which the worry of this controversy must have aggravated.) And, since 'precious are the wounds of a friend,' our mutual blows may have done us each good; and any hastiness I trust [has] been forgiven by Him, whom we both meant to serve,—as we long ago cordially forgave and forgot any pain which either may have caused the other.

"I only wish there were any way in which we might co-operate: yet so, I trust, we have been doing; for, if right principles prevail, the shallow works you speak of (such as Rosenmüller I suppose) must fall of themselves. But I wish they had been got rid of long ago: and so, I the more regret that we were ever opposed; and seemed to be so, more than we were.

"With every good wish, ever yours,
[March 1838.]

"E. B. P."

The history of 1838,—the concluding year of Hugh James Rose's earthly life,—presents an exaggerated repetition of what had been the history of 1837. As already hinted,⁴ it was one brave, but hopeless as well as incessant, battling with disease. We have already heard of his lecturing to the students in Divinity in March, and urging them to the study of Chrysostom. His last course of lectures was read for him by Archdeacon Allen; to whom, on the 11th of June, he wrote,—“I am rather inclined, as no other regular Lecture day will occur, to take some *extra* day, as for example Monday the 18th, for a concluding Lecture of my own. But I will not yet give notice of it.” When the day came, he found himself utterly unequal to the effort. Deeply did he deplore his inability; for the occasion (the close of the Academic year) was a memorable one, and his mind was full of anxious forebodings concerning himself. He wrote a short valedictory Address (which Allen read to the young men) on two sheets of paper:—

“Believe me,”—(these were among his latest words),—“that although I have been unable from illness to hold much personal intercourse with many of you, I consider you as a very solemn charge committed to me. I earnestly pray to God to bless and lead you in the right way, and to send His blessing on such humble endeavours as I can make, whether in the Lecture Room or the Chapel, to lead you to a knowledge of His truth and Salvation. I am unable to go into any practical details now; but be assured that if it pleases God to permit me to return with renewed strength, I desire nothing so much as that you should come and hold free and unreserved intercourse with me on these most important topics.”

As a further indication of his energy and mental activity throughout this period, in addition to *that* which his letters furnish, it may be recorded that it was in this, his last year (1838), that he induced the learned Dr. Alexander McCaul to translate '*Kimchi on Zechariah*.' He would have got the whole of his Commentary on the Prophets executed, had he lived. But by this time his disease was gaining rapidly upon him. Trial was again made of Niton in the Isle of Wight, and with about as much,—or as little,—success as in 1837. To the Rev. John Miller he wrote in July,—

⁴ See above p. 127-8.

"I continue much in the same state as I have been in for some months: not going back; perhaps, since I came here, going a little forward. But the specific complaint remains much the same, and while it does, I cannot gain strength, as the expectoration keeps me down. I am tolerably well for the first half of the day, and then long to go to bed."

Subsequently, to ensure a more complete change, a little continental excursion was tried. He visited Paris for a short time, and returned to Niton on the 1st September; whence he repaired into Sussex, in order to repose—(it was destined to be *for the last time!*)—under the shadow of his anxious parents' roof. Writing from his father's vicarage, (Glynde, 10 Sept. 1838,) he tells a friend,—

"Our winter destiny is yet unsettled. I fear being sent abroad, and I can ill describe how heavily the thought sits on me." [And, to another intimate, writing about the same time, he says,—“You can little imagine how the thought depresses and wears me, when I remember how much I must break up, and alter, and leave to others.”] “The warm dry air of Paris, however, did so well, and the sea has latterly done so ill for me, that I think it probable they may give up Madeira, which *was* the scheme, for some continental residence. We go hence in a day or two; after which King's College will be our address *till* we go, *if* we go.”⁶

There is a dash of intense melancholy in everything he wrote about this period. How sad is the avowal in the words which follow—addressed (Sept. 24th) to his bosom-friend, Joshua Watson:—

“Composition, I find, becomes a much heavier task as I grow older, instead of a more easy one: and to some men,—I mean, even superior men,—it is unspeakably burthensome. Two of the best Clergy I know, spend their lives—I might almost say without a figure—in *misery*, on this very account. They think they ought to write; but though they have excellent sense and considerable acquirements, *this* power they have not.”

It must have been at an advanced period of 1838, that a little incident of interest occurred which displays the Principal of King's College, while in a state of great bodily prostration, labouring to do his Master's work with zeal beyond his powers. An alumnus of the College, then about 17 years of age,—(one of those who had attended his Divinity Lectures),—for whatever reason, had attracted his favourable notice. Let the young man himself, at the end of fifty years, be invited to tell us the rest:—

“Mr. Rose had been, I think, for two or three months confined to his house by illness. One of the College servants informed me that the Principal wished to see me in his room, at two o'clock. On entering, I suppose I must have exhibited some surprise or alarm. I well remember what I *felt* on seeing him,—pale and emaciated,—propped up with pillows in an easy chair by the fireside. He said to me,—‘Don't be frightened at the sight of death,—if it is death you see.’ He made me sit down by his side. He told me that ‘he was being sent away from England; he thought it was to die, but if he should live till I had taken my degree at the University, he wished me to promise that I would come and see him when I entered into holy Orders.’ He said such kind things, and gave me such good advice, as touched my boyish heart very deeply; and I have never forgotten the impression made upon me. I then learned for the first time that I loved him,—whom I thought I only revered.”⁷

In reply to further inquiries, the same gentleman (Oct. 6th) writes:—

“I cannot remember the exact date of that interview; but I know that it was very shortly, if not immediately before he left England. After so many years I find it impossible to recall all that he said to me. From the state of his

⁶ To Rev. Benj. Harrison,—Niton, Sept. 4th, 1838.

⁷ To Rev. John Miller.

⁷ MS. communication from the Rev. F. J. Manning, D.D., Fairstead Rectory,—Sept. 28th, 1886. See above, p. 124.

health the interview was necessarily a short one; and what he said was of so kind and personal a nature, that I should not like to reproduce it, even if I could accurately remember his words. . . . I was sent for to what was called 'The Principal's Room,'—which communicated with his house and also with the College. It was upstairs. At the moment I entered by the door communicating with the College, a lady (whom I supposed to be Mrs. Rose) left the room by the door communicating with the house. He had not been seen by any of the students for a very long time previously,—I cannot remember how long, but it must have been some months. I feel quite sure that I was the last who saw him."

If Hugh James Rose's trusted intimates were not many, yet must it be confessed that firmer, or more generous, or more enthusiastic, friends, no man ever had. This remark is specially suggested as his earthly life hastens to its close. They seem to gather round him: to claim the privileges of affection: to vie with one another in seeking to diminish his anxieties and lighten his burdens. The admirable Joshua Watson,* whose name has already more than once come before the reader, was strenuous with him—(quite vainly however)—to regard him as *his banker* all the time he should be away from England. He was Rose's habitual confidant and counsellor,—his senior by some four-and-twenty years. The Sims family have been already mentioned as the loving intimates of his youth,—his devoted nurses at the close of life. S. R. Maitland, (librarian of Lambeth,) the witty and accomplished author of so many precious contributions to the Ecclesiastical literature of that time, yielded to no one in attachment to Rose's person and devotion to his service. It was he, in the main, who now made himself responsible for carrying on the "*British Magazine*." And in this connexion I may not fail to mention the Harrisons (to whose house on Clapham Common Rose used to resort as to a home); the rather, because it was the appointment of Archd. Harrison to be his colleague at Lambeth, which proved one of the most comforting incidents which attended Rose's expatriation. At Mr. Harrison's house, Rose and his wife spent their last days in England, and from it they started on their sorrowful journey to the South.

It has been justly remarked concerning him that he possessed in a supreme degree the art of inspiring confidence,—of winning the trustful esteem and regard of all with whom he had to do. But there really was no 'art' in the case. He was born to be a leader of men. He naturally inspired confidence,—unconsciously communicated to others a measure of the generous enthusiasm of his own noble nature. Let it be added that he invariably conciliated the affection also of those who came much in his way, and knew him best. In a letter to Benjamin Harrison, written from Niton (Sept. 4th, 1838), a few weeks before his final departure, he says:—

"Of the Archbishop's and Mrs. Howley's kindness it is impossible to speak too highly. I owe more than I can say to both, for the degree of it shown to us. And to *him* I owe yet higher obligations than even for any kindness of a temporal nature: for I have learned more from him than from all my teachers put together,—too happy if I could carry into practice the lessons of true wisdom, human and Divine, which I have gathered from him. You may think this strong language

* The reader is referred to a valuable "*Memoir of Joshua Watson*," by the late Archd. Churton,—2 vols. 1861. It abounds in interesting notices of his contemporaries, and spans

an important but neglected period of our Church's history,—the former half of the present century.

now; but if he lives, you will find every year that your opinion of his powers, of his *very large* views,—his very long weighed views of all great subjects, (brought forward as if casually and with the simplicity of a child,)—increases more and more.”⁹

It will be freely admitted that such words from Hugh James Rose are no common testimony. His sentiments moreover were freely reciprocated by the illustrious object of his admiration and regard. The Archbishop remarked to Joshua Watson how greatly beloved Mr. Rose was throughout his household:—“Each one, from Mrs. Howley to the lowest servant, would do anything for Rose.”¹ . . . Some, whose high Ecclesiastical position perforce suggested a cautious mode of address, are observed to break through the conventional restraints of office in order to assure him,—when at last his health hopelessly gave way,—that “he was to consult no one’s convenience but his own; to obey no orders but those of his physician.”—This was in 1837. At the end of a year (Aug. 7th, 1838), the same friend (Bp. Blomfield) writes:—

“I see all the inconveniences of putting the Principalship *in Commission* for a time. . . . One thing however must be looked upon as settled; viz. that you must do whatever your medical advisers tell you *ought* to be done; and we will do the best we can for the College. Do not therefore suffer yourself to be made uneasy by any anxiety on this head.” [And again on the 26th Sept.]—“I have just received your letter, and have only time to say that you must not wait for the final arrangement which may be made for supplying your place during your absence from England, although no time will be lost in taking it into consideration. I will desire Mr. Smith to call a Council for Friday in next week I shall not be home till the Thursday) and I will bring the matter forward. But do not wait for this.

“I am truly sorry not to receive a more favourable report of your health. The good wishes and prayers of many will go with you into Italy: those of all who are connected with the College I am sure will follow you. Pray let me hear from you from time to time after you have left England.

“With regard to the ‘Warneford prize,’ I think you had better give out the subject at once, if the time is come. How the Essays are to bear directly upon Revelation I do not see. I will think of the Library scheme, and see Mr. Brewer when I am settled at Fulham.

“With earnest prayers for your restoration to health and continued usefulness, I remain always your sincere and faithful friend,

“C. J. LONDON.”

Three “Lieutenants” had in the meantime presented themselves:—Lonsdale (afterwards Bp. of Lichfield), Archdeacon Lyall, and Dr. W. H. Mill. The last named being in Italy, his address could not be obtained when the Council of King’s College met. Lyall’s faithful friendship, Rose was unwilling to tax. The first was deemed the fittest person, being one of the Council; and on him the appointment fell.² But Mill, (whose writings, it is to be feared, are far too little known by the Clergy of the present generation,) was immeasurably the greatest man of the three,—a name to be remembered in the very foremost rank of Anglican Divines: “one of the few men who, in this day, in their reading and acquirements, recall to us the memory of the giants.”³

Within a few days of his quitting the shores of England, Rose was anxiously making provision for “the Geological Lectures required for

⁹ *Postscript* (p. 78) of the Charge quoted above at p. 108. The reader is referred to what has been already offered (pp. 99-101) concerning the Archbishop’s character. See also p. 126.

¹ *Memoir*, by Churton,—ii. 181.

² H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—8 Oct. 1818.

³ H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—Sept. 14, 1831.

the Engineering class," and other claims of King's College. But his work was already clearly over. The end had all but come. His friend C. J. Blomfield writes to him (8th Oct.),—

"If I should not have the pleasure of seeing you again before you take your departure, let me offer you a Bishop's blessing, and the best wishes of a friend. Write to me as soon as you are settled."

But, whatever interest may attach to such expressions of friendship, we seem rather to desire that the subject of the present Memoir should be heard,—speaking of, and for, himself during these, the last days of his life. Three weeks before quitting the shores of England for ever, he wrote as follows (Sept. 24th, 1838) to his loved Joshua Watson, with reference to the destined place of his exile:—

"Rome is doubtless far preferable to Madeira, although a long and serious journey. But still, it is exile. I am ashamed of being so ill able to contend with myself on this point. But I can not get over it as I would. I feel it very much in one respect:—I have just got to that point when I can do the pleasantest of all things to me, i. e. helping on good men. This will be all broken off and go into other channels. Still, do not think that I am blind to the kindness with which I am treated, and the great and undeserved mercies which I receive. To yourself I never can be grateful enough."

With such feelings Hugh James Rose was preparing to quit his native land. Buoyed up he naturally was by the hope, not to say the desire, to return: but it is evident that he was visited by many a sad presentiment that the end was approaching, though he cannot have anticipated that he was destined not even to reach the proposed goal of his journey. "Of myself" (he wrote to Joshua Watson on the 8th of October,)—

"I hardly know what to say. Sometimes there seems a spring of life which hints at recovery, but *conviction* or *depression* at other times tells a tale of speedier conclusion. If this is so, I am sure that any aid or advice you can give my Wife will not be wanting I should be very glad that she kept up intercourse with those who have been my best friends, and to whom she is deeply grateful."

The valedictory sound of these mournful words would lead one to suppose that, as far as the writer was concerned, all correspondence on ordinary topics was by this time at an end. It was not so. And I the rather insert the calm argumentative letter which follows, because it conveys a livelier notion than any words of mine could possibly do of the intellectual vigour and earnestness of the man: his indomitable energy in giving expression to his more important convictions; and the resolute witness which he was ready to bear, almost within the very jaws of Death, to the sacred cause of Truth. He was to leave England for ever on Saturday, the 13th October. On the *preceding Thursday*, he wrote to Mr. Newman as follows:—

"My dear Newman,—I am ordered to pass the winter at Rome, and I cannot leave this country without a line of farewell and kind wishes to yourself and to those who are labouring with you in the good cause at Oxford. Pray remember me most kindly to Dr. Pusey and Mr. Williams in particular. Tell the latter that Mr. Maitland has chief charge of the '*British Magazine*,' and would be most glad to receive anything from him; and that Harrison and some of his friends will look after it also. Maitland is so excellent in all points bygone, (which is, by the way, an excellence in itself, that he cares very little about what is going on *now*. On this account it is that I have begged my brother, Harrison, &c. to look after Church matters.

"Your new No. of the '*British Critic*' is full of talent and very amusing; but there are two points urged very strongly in it, about which I doubt,—in one case, as to the thing itself, and the manner of putting it; and in the other, as to the latter. This second is,—The urging the necessity of making Religion *mysterious*, in such an age as this. Now, as far as I understand the writers, I agree with them, *i. e.* I think that the strong and constant inculcation of the Communion of God with Man, and those ordinances which He has planted in the Church, and so on, is indeed a most wise and necessary measure. But it is to be observed that, in all these cases, the mysteries are built on God's express *promises*, as recorded in Scripture and preserved by the Church. But one of the writers (on 'Sir F. Palgrave') so puts the matter as to *appear* to recommend adopting mystery, in any shape we can get it, as a counterpoise to Utilitarianism. The question is,—Can we, have we the right to introduce any mystery for which we have not authority? If it is said that this is only a strong way of putting the matter, I doubt the expediency; for it obviously lays us open to very plausible misrepresentation. And besides, I really think Truth so awful a thing, that we have no right to exaggerate it on one side, either to startle and draw attention, or to compensate for abandonment on the other.

"The other point is,—The vehement rejection of all Evidence, except that of Testimony of the Church, and of all appeals to Reason. Now, it is singular that the writer (on 'Magnetism') so forgets his own point, that he builds his assertion on the fact, that this reliance on the Church is *more logical*, than reliance on any other Evidence. This I do not deny. But if we are thus to recur to *Logic*, to *Reason*,—why may I not do it in one way as well as another?

"But the fact is that this rejection of what are commonly called '*the Evidences*,' excludes wholly all consideration of Unbelievers and of faint Believers. Happy they who, having received the Faith as He would have them, are so strong in it, as to want nothing more. But think of the vast variety of human minds! How often is Doubt sent as a trial of the Soul. And if, under its severe trial, the mind can find its views—derived from the Church, but not held as strongly as they ought,—confirmed by thoughts from other quarters, *Why reject them!* Again: What can be done with actual unbelievers? They may say that they will hear the Church, when convinced that Scripture is true and that God has ordained a Church. But how do you teach them this? I may lament that there are such men, but surely we must not overlook them.* And again: If we are only to receive what is handed to us, how should we have escaped from Romanism? I do not see the clue to this.

"Excuse my thus writing; but I feel anxious on these points, and know that they have already excited a good deal of attention. Again, farewell! you and your labours will have my warmest wishes and most hearty prayers. Ever yours,

"H. J. ROSE.

"We hope to go on Saturday."†

We have just listened to words,—("*I feel anxious on these points*,")—which afford the true solution to the phenomenon of such an one as Hugh James Rose writing such a letter as the preceding under circumstances so unfavourable in every way to the effort. Let the plain truth in this matter for once be plainly stated. Writers of the Tractarian school,—their tone and spirit even more than their actual utterances,—had been causing him, ever since the first months of 1836, a vast amount of mental anxiety and grave spiritual disquiet:—

"I think that review of Froude," (he had written to Joshua Watson a few months before, speaking of what had recently appeared in the '*British Critic*,') "the most to be regretted of anything which I have seen from our Oxford friends. It shows

* "Being asked his opinion of Bishop Butler's '*Analogy*,' Hugh J. Rose said: 'The best answer I can give is, that my own copy is worn out by frequent use. It is a book that grows more and more upon you, as you become intimate with it.' This led to a conversation on the subject of Evidences. 'There are many minds which seem happy and safe in themselves without the study of such arguments;

and some appear to shrink from the study, as suggestive of doubts which they have never felt. But if I had the charge of the education of a young enquiring spirit, I should think it my duty to provide all safeguards against danger.' Churton's *Memoir of Joshua Watson*, ii. 8, 9.

† *Clapham Common*, (Thursday) Oct. 11, 1838.

a disposition to find fault with our Church for not satisfying the wants and demands,—not of the human heart,—but of the imagination of enthusiastic, and ascetic, and morbid-minded men. *This* no Church does, or can do, by any honest means. He who has these desires may satisfy them himself. The mass of men have them not. To quarrel with the Church on this ground is to show a resolution to quarrel with her.”⁶

The extravagances of the leaders of the Movement had in fact become by this time an aggravation of Rose's disorder. So near to his heart of hearts lay the Church's malady, and so large had been his share—ever since 1825—in reviving the hopes of Churchmen when those hopes had all but universally failed, that he could not but regard with alarm and dismay symptoms of insecurity in the bulwarks which he had been mainly instrumental in erecting against the enemy's assaults. Not, of course, that he dreamed of open unfaithfulness, actual tergiversation, in *any* quarter; least of all in a chief standard-bearer, like John Henry Newman. How, in fact, was it *possible*, in 1837 and 1838, to anticipate an actual lapse to Romanism on the part of one who in 1837, and again in 1838, published such a terrible denunciation of the Romish Church as the following?—

“If we are induced” (wrote Mr. Newman) “to believe the professions of Rome, and make advances towards her as if a sister or a mother Church, which in theory she is, we shall find too late that we are in the arms of a *pitiless and unnatural relative, who will but triumph in the arts which have inveigled us within her reach*. . . . Let us be sure that she is our enemy, and will do us a mischief when she can. . . . We need not depart from Christian charity towards her. We must deal with her as we would towards a friend who is visited by derangement; in great affliction, with all affectionate tender thoughts, with tearful regret and a broken heart, but still with a steady eye and a firm hand. For in truth *she is a Church beside herself*, abounding in noble gifts and rightful titles, but *unable to use them religiously; crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural, as madmen are*. Or rather she may be said to resemble a *demoniac*. . . . Thus she is her real self only in name; and, TILL GOD VOUCHSAFE TO RESTORE HER, WE MUST TREAT HER AS IF SHE WERE THAT EVIL ONE WHICH GOVERNS HER.”⁷

No one may for an instant doubt that the pious and truthful writer really *meant* what is contained in the foregoing awful passage. It was the deliberate result of all his study and observation, all his reading and reflection on the subject of the Romish branch of the Church Catholic, down to the time of his writing. Rose therefore, I repeat, would have refused to entertain the faintest suspicion of defection at any future time in his correspondent. For *that* is no *obiter dictum* which I have been transcribing; but a passage from a published volume on the very subject to which it relates. And the sight of it, when he saw it in print in 1837, did not daunt its author; for he republished it in 1838. Equally certain however it is that the same keen eye and quick perception which had enabled Rose to discern Theological ability of the highest order in certain of the Oxford men of 1831 and 1832, qualified him now to descry deadly mischief in the altered tone and method of some of them. In 1838 moreover Newman was responsible for the “*British Critic*”; and therefore to some extent was identified with the prevailing sentiments

⁶ This was written in January, 1838. (Churton's *Memoir of Joshua Watson*, ii. 63.)

⁷ *Romanism and Popular Protestantism*,—pp. 102-3. Note, that here *not* the ‘City’ but

the ‘Church’ of Rome is spoken of, and *that* by name. The reader is reminded of what was said above, at pp. 89-90.

of that periodical. "The '*British Critic*' under *your* hands is no ordinary matter, and of course will be read,"—Rose had pointed out, with something like severity, a few months before.⁸ Hence then it was that his latest act before leaving England was to examine the latest number, and to commit to writing the foregoing remonstrance on what he had been distressed to discover there.

One more letter—a very short one—"from the same to the same," is the last with which the reader shall be troubled. I would gladly have introduced (but I do not find) the communication to which it was a response. The purpose of Mr. Newman's missing letter was evidently to obtain his friend's sanction to the exquisite Dedication with which he proposed to adorn the forthcoming (ivth) volume of his own admirable Sermons. It claims introduction in this place for the second time:—"To the Rev. Hugh James Rose, B.D., Principal of King's College, London, and Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury; who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother, this volume is inscribed by his obliged and faithful Friend." It is but right to add,—as well for *his* sake who penned these beautiful words, as for the sake of him to whose sad heart those words ministered comfort,—that this Dedication was not the language of ordinary complimentary address. Mr. Newman had concluded the latest of his previous letters (it bears date 8th July 1838),—"Believe me, my dear Rose, if you will let me say it, that you are ever in my prayers, morning and evening,—knowing your value and loving you." There was profound regard and real admiration,—the sincerest affection too there was,—on either side; and, (it is a comfort to know it,) it prevailed to the very last.

Neither,—(it will not be out of place that I should add,)—was the subject of this Memoir one to whom the proposed Dedication appealed in an ordinary way. In the earlier part of this same year (1838), the Rev. John Miller had asked his permission to pay him a similar compliment by dedicating to him, (in a prefatory letter,) the third edition of his famous Bampton Lectures. Rose wrote concerning it as follows:—

"What Miller proposes gives me more pleasure than I can express. I could say with truth, and if you saw me for a day you would be sure that I *do* say it truly *now* at all events, that most of the things of this world have lost their value for me. Rank, reputation, riches, except so far as the last might give me what I want, *rest*, are all gone by; but I have still, in all its strength and freshness, the sense of pleasure at any public testimony that they whom I really esteem and value feel so far at least kindly towards me, that they are not unwilling to speak of me or to me in public as their friend. I feel this to be perhaps the best and most satisfactory testimonial which a man can leave behind him."⁹ . . . "I shall not leave children to come after me who will care for my name; but if I did, I should rather leave them such records than almost anything else."¹

Hugh James Rose's *last* letter to John Henry Newman—(the occasion of which has already been fully explained)—follows:—

"My dear Newman,—I little thought, when I wrote yesterday, what pleasure was in store for me to-day. Be assured that your letter, in giving me such an assurance of your regard, sends me off on my winter's exile much more cheerful. I

⁸ H. J. R. to J. H. N.,—Clapham Common, July 7th, 1838.

⁹ To J. W. (?),—March 1st, 1838.

¹ To the same, Aug. 8th, 1838.

shall consider (*not making fine speeches*) the placing my name where you propose to do, as a very great *honour* publicly,—and privately a *very very* high gratification indeed.

"This last day, my head (feeble now at best) is quite in a whirl. I will only therefore say again 'pray GOD bless you and prosper your labours in His cause.'

"Ever most truly yours,

"H. J. ROSE.

"King's College, Oct. 12th, 1838."

It is plain therefore that the foregoing incident was almost, if not quite, the latest which Rose will have associated with his departure from the shores of England. If the actual terms of the proposed Dedication (which however bears date 'Nov. 19th') were at the same time sent him, it would not surely be fanciful to regard the incident as a premonitory token of the blissful greeting which was awaiting the "good and faithful servant" at the end of his journey,—that is, beyond the grave. His *work*—(excepting indeed so far as to suffer is to work)—was already ended.

A short sad story is all that yet remains to be told.—His last week or two in England, Rose spent at the house of his friends, the Harrisons, at Clapham,—Mrs. Rose going daily to and from King's College to 'pack up.' They embarked at Dover (one faithful female servant with them) on Saturday the 13th October; and after a very stormy passage, landed at Calais. At Paris, a new ground of uneasiness appeared in the distressing symptom of a tendency to swelling in the limbs. Mr. Rose felt unwell, but the physician thought it was nothing, and that they might safely proceed on their way. Travelling by the route of Geneva, which promised to be attended with fewer inconveniences than that of Marseilles, the party reached Florence about the middle of November. Glad they were to get there, for a very suffering journey it had proved. The dropsical symptoms were on the increase,—which rendered locomotion painful, and changes of whatever kind irksome in a high degree.

They took up their quarters in the hotel known to English travellers as "*il Pellicano*," (or, by another title, the "*Arms of Great Britain*,") where Mr. Rose had stayed during his former visit to Italy in 1824. Here, he received all the attentions which, under the circumstances, were possible: but the rapid progress of his malady soon made it apparent that it would be impracticable for him to proceed any further on his journey. Meantime, he had the advantage of a kind and skilful physician, (Dr. Harding,) who attended him most diligently and watched his case with real interest. What need to add that, above all, he enjoyed the consolation of the tenderest and most devoted of nurses,—not to mention the loving care of his wife's faithful attendant? All was in vain. Complications of disease came on which no art could check. He could never again be moved from the room into which he had been first carried on his arrival. It became plain that he was destined to end his days, like the saintly Leighton, "at an inn." Nothing, in the meanwhile, could exceed the calm, tranquil condition of his mind: contented with,—entirely resigned to,—whatever might be GOD's will respecting him.

I am sure that if Mrs. Rose were living she would have allowed me to transcribe her own description of the closing scene. Unwilling that her friend Mrs. Harrison should receive from any one but herself the tidings

of her beloved husband's departure, she wrote to her on the ensuing day as follows:—

"On Friday, the 21st December, he seemed so tranquil and so free from annoyance,—spoke so much and so delightfully,—that I really flattered myself all would yet be well. The medical man too said he was certainly better, and had every chance of a quiet night, and left him with satisfaction. In less than an hour he became very uneasy, and passed a very sad night. When morning came and I saw his countenance by daylight, I was certain that, humanly speaking, hope was at an end. He desired me to tell him what the Doctor thought of him, and if he was much worse. . . . He passed the day tranquilly and happily: told me what he wished to be done: begged I would not give way, as he could not bear *that*. During the day, from time to time, he listened to such portions of prayer and Scripture as were most fit for a person so circumstanced; and the last thing he seemed to take pleasure in was 'the Litany for a soul departing' in Bp. Cosin. (except a few detached verses at the very last). At half-past-four the Doctor came and wished him to take some broth. He assented with his usual gentleness, and I left him for a moment while the doctor gave it. A look from him recalled me. A slight obstruction in swallowing occasioned him inconvenience, and I offered to sustain his head. He looked at me as if to thank me,—tried to say something, but could not articulate. He then turned on me a look so full of peace, and holy hope, and tranquillity, that I felt sure that, in that awful moment, his GOD and SAVIOUR comforted him with an everlasting comfort. For the few moments that life remained, he seemed wholly free from pain, and passed away like an infant falling to sleep. But he never, while life remained, took his eyes off me; and the remembrance of that holy and happy look will be my comfort, when the bitterness of death is past."

Thus, a little before five o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 22nd of December A.D. 1838, when he had attained the age of 43 and-a-half years, ended the earthly career of HUGH JAMES ROSE. How forcibly is one reminded of what is read to us on 'All Saints' Day' out of the book of Wisdom,—an apocryphal work truly, yet full of Gospel teaching, Gospel hope:—"The souls of the righteous are in the hands of GOD, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery. But they are in peace!"

On S. Stephen's Day, his remains were attended to their last resting-place by his truly bereaved widow. As no strangers had been about him in his last illness, so neither in death were any hands but her own and those of her faithful servant suffered to perform towards him the last ministrations of love. Together, (for "Love is strong as Death!"²) they laid his shrouded body where it will slumber on until the Archangel's trumpet shall wake it from its last long sleep. Together, they followed it to its last abode, and had the comfort of seeing it deposited in a locality which at that time must have been one of even affecting beauty. Mrs. Rose used to describe it as "a retired and lovely spot, within the last few years permitted by the present government of Tuscany to be purchased for a protestant cemetery, situated just without the limits of the city of Florence, on the road to Fiesolè." She explained that "the large size of the cypress trees indicated it to have been a garden for a long time past, and contributed an appropriate feature to the scenery of a locality now consecrated to a higher and holier use." It may be sufficient that I should describe in a note the painful change which has since come over this sacred locality.³ As soon as the last offices of love had been fully

¹ Song of Solomon, viii. 6.

² When I visited Florence in Sept 1871, in com-

pany with my nephew, the Rev. William Francis Rose, vicar of Worle in Somerset (the Rev.

discharged, Mrs. Rose hastened back to England : did not rest in fact until she reached the darkened vicarage of Glynde,—the abode of her husband's parents.*

Many were the letters of sincere condolence written on the occasion : many the expressions of bitter regret, on public as well as on private grounds. A few brief specimens of either deserve insertion. Mr. Newman thus addressed the desolate widow :—

"I will only say that in sorrowing for the loss the Church has sustained in Mr. Rose, I am sorrowing particularly for one who was always a kind, condescending

Hugh James Rose's only surviving nephew), we were supremely anxious to visit this sacred locality,—the burial place of the English. Its beauty had often been vaunted in our hearing. We had always heard of a walled enclosure on a little declivity, seemingly shut out from the world : the dark foliage of the funeral garden contrasting grandly with the everlasting hills which form the background of the picture. It was distressing as well as perplexing to find ourselves driven to a new and populous quarter of the city, entirely built over with houses of the better class ; and in the centre of (what in London would be called) "a Square," to halt before a small oval mound-like enclosure, surrounded by iron railings, and full of memorials of the dead. The reader will divine what had happened. Florence has spread in the direc-

tion of the English burying ground. The soil surrounding it perforce was levelled wherever houses had to be built ; the boundary walls of the cemetery-garden were demolished, and the cypress trees hewn down. But it was determined that the English *Campo Santo* should be spared ; and an iron railing seems to have been thought the least unsightly way of keeping that little hill of graves inviolate.

In the south-east corner of this cemetery we found the monument we were in search of. It is a marble altar-tomb, with the following inscription on its upper surface. The memorial had evidently been uncared for during the thirty-two years since its erection, and presented a neglected look which gave us pain. Of course we did not leave it altogether as we found it.



H. S. E.

HUGO JACOBUS ROSE S.T.D.

Anglus

Reverendissimo in Christo patri
Gulielmo Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi a sacris domesticis
Collegii Regalis apud Londinenses Praefectus
qui

cum jam in Academia Cantabrigiensi
quid egregia posset indoles
rectissimis studiis informata
haud obscure significaverat
id deinceps

quum ex umbra in solem processerat
clarissimis patefecit indicis
Totum se dedit Ecclesiae

In concionibus

quarum permultas easque gravissimas
coram academicis suis habuit
magna cultus formae staturae dignitate
canorae vocis dulcedine

sancta copiosa flexanima eloquentia
oculos aures mentes omnium
tenebat in sese delixas

In scriptis

strenuus fidei Christianae defensor
insanientem redarguit sapientiam
Ingravescente Ecclesiae et reipublicae periculo
de neutra desperavit et ut alii bene sperarent
inter primos effecit

Felicissime in sacris litteris versatus
Graecarum Latinarumque scientissimus
animi candore eximio
singulari morum suavitate
omnium omnis aetatis et ordinis
mirifice sibi concilians benevolentiam
et brevis sed actuosae vitae curriculum
et in valetudine semper infirma
consulens aliis prodigus sui
domi maximis laboribus
non tam fatiscens quam fractus
hospes eheu

In hac urbe Florentina placide conquievit
xi kal. Jan. MDCCCXXXIX. a. aet. XLIII.
Have anima generosa dulcis et pia.

* The reader is invited to turn back to p. 69. See also p. 94.

friend to me. In fact it was he who has brought me into notice. He was the first to induce me to write on Theological subjects, and then to praise me when I had written. So generous, so noble-minded and warm-hearted in all he did and thought! This I have ever kept in mind, and may I never forget it.

"The recollection of the last seven years is full of sad yet soothing thoughts to me. How wonderfully things are carried on! Each has his part in the great work. Mr. Rose was favoured to begin, what he has not been given to finish. I associate him in memory with a dear and intimate friend, whom he knew and valued, and who in like manner had his part assigned him, did it, and was taken away."⁵

Dr. Pusey wrote to Benjamin Harrison,—

"Our friend Rose is taken to his rest, from what would year by year more have worried and vexed his noble and anxious spirit. It is a sad void to us all: but we know not how his spirit is employed, and whether he may not have some office of interceding for the Church, higher and more holy and more unintermitting than when in the body. 'They live to God.'"⁶

Dr. Wordsworth (Master of Trinity) expressed the apprehensions of a thousand hearts when he declared,—

"His uses to his Church and country at this most needful time were of a kind and degree, which, I deeply fear, we must in vain look for again; with all their promise, had it so pleased God, of increasing power and efficiency."⁷

"Pardon my poor memory," wrote Bp. Inglis (of Nova Scotia) many years after, to Joshua Watson,— "for recollecting your feelings and your expression of them, when you were all struggling and praying that even the last flickerings of life should be prolonged in such a man as Hugh James Rose. All hope of active employment had vanished; but you said, with very forcible expression, that his very name was a treasure; and, until the vital spark was gone, King's College, and the Church, and his friends would still possess more than common riches in his name. You infused your own feeling into mine, and there has been no change or perversion since."⁸

Archdeacon Churton also, recalling the occasion long after, says:—

"It is not easy to estimate the loss of such a man to the Church of England at such a time. It is certain that while he lived, his eloquence in the pulpit, his ability as a writer, his wisdom in counsel, his learning in controversy, and the many graces of his personal character, had raised him, without his seeking it, to the rank of a Master in the Schools of the Prophets; and enabled him to guide and animate the efforts of a large body of men of the highest promise at either University. When he was removed, the best of them were full of mournful forebodings. The bolder and less patient proceeded to those extreme expositions of opinion, which he had never ceased to deprecate; and the effects were in many ways disastrous."⁹

Enough of this however. Besides the fine inscription (from the pen of Bishop Lonsdale) on the marble altar-tomb which covers his mortal remains at Florence, there was set up a memorial tablet to Hugh James Rose (the inscription being the work of Bishop Copleston) in King's College Chapel, London. But to my mind, no tribute to Rose's memory suggests a more affecting image than that of the aged Archbishop, his attached friend and patron, who,—on receiving from Mrs. Rose a manuscript which she presented to the library at Lambeth,—wrote on the first leaf,

*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.—W. Cantuar.*

⁵ Oriel College, Jan. 29, 1839.

⁶ Ch. Ch., 23 Jan. [1839.]

⁷ Churton's *Memoir of Joshua Watson*,—

p. 65.

⁸ Churton's *Memoir*,—p. 67.

⁹ *Ibid.*,—p. 63.

His Grace one day asked Joshua Watson whether he could name any one to succeed their lost friend as Chaplain at Lambeth. "I do not ask," (said the Archbishop), "for a man to supply Mr. Rose's place. *That* is impossible; it can never be supplied. But he must have a successor."¹

Greatly is it to be regretted that no adequate portrait of this admirable man survives to acquaint posterity with his personal aspect. A spirited chalk drawing which hangs upon the walls of this Deanery is the only pictorial representation of him known to exist. It has been very well lithographed: the artist,—*F. Tatham*: the date,—'1834.' I only know besides² of a striking marble bust which was executed for Archd. Harrison by a private friend; but it is a posthumous effort. Of this, I believe, *repliques* have been made. His personal aspect was certainly most striking; his figure tall and commanding,—a grand "ecclesiastical" presence, as one of his pupils remarked: a singularly intellectual brow, a wondrous grave and thoughtful countenance. You could not talk with him, or indeed be in his company, without at once recognizing in him a being of no common order. From personal observation I am unable to say more; for it was only in the last year of his life that I was introduced to him. From that time forward however, through many years (1839-73), I heard him so frequently spoken of by his brother (and mine), as well as by his widow (who did not follow him till April 6th, 1855) that I seem to know him more intimately than many of his contemporaries can have done.

Some notices of Hugh James Rose as a preacher and as a reader have been offered in a former page.³ Archbishop Howley was often heard to declare of him that "he was the best preacher in England." His delightful address and conversation have already once and again been adverted to.⁴ "On the whole," writes William Palmer, (who knew him intimately, and at my request sent me, in his old age, a sheet of reminiscences),—

"I do not think that I have ever met elsewhere anything like his charm of manners, intellect, goodness, sweetness, strength, wit and acuteness, and breadth of view, combined with rare common sense and varied accomplishment. Alas, we shall never see his like again. Would that I could recall his words, but my memory does not extend to words. His candour was remarkable, and he never was restrained by politeness from stating his full and sincere opinion. I have given an instance in the 'Narrative.'⁵

"I have not mentioned his exceeding kindness and benevolence of manner. If ever there was a perfect, polished, dignified gentleman, it was he.

"I did not very often see him. I was busy in Oxford and he was at Hadleigh, —then in London, sometimes lodged in his Chaplain's rooms at Lambeth Palace. He resigned Hadleigh not long after our meeting there. He was obliged when in London, as Archbishop's Chaplain and Principal of King's College, continually to go out of town at night to some environ, deep in fog, in order to obtain relief from asthma by the thickness of the air. He was in perpetual suffering."

Superfluous surely it is, after all that has gone before, that I should seek to draw out in detail the character of Hugh James Rose. The single word which expresses the result of a perusal of the many memorials of his early life, is his *dutifulness*,—first, and above all, to his Parents. This disposition may be traced to enfold within itself the

¹ Churton's *Memoir*,—ii. 66.

² The profile portrait on his mural tablet in the chapel of King's College, London, and the slight thing referred to in a subsequent page

[p. 132], scarcely deserve notice.

³ *Supra*, p. 74 to p. 77. Also p. 70.

⁴ *Supra*, pp. 85-6: 91.

⁵ New edition,—pp. 224-5.

germ, not only of all the human charities, but of those also which are due immediately to GOD. In the case before us,—next to religious veneration and pious awe,—the prevailing characteristic of the man, beyond controversy, was a burning zeal for his Master's honour and glory. It was shown by his supreme solicitude for the well-being of the Church, as the authorized channel of GOD'S Grace, and His one appointed instrument for the Salvation of Mankind. To those who witnessed his efforts for the attainment of this sacred object, his straightforward independence was conspicuous,—his noble disdain of worldly ambition,—the utter absence in him of anything like self-seeking. His conscientiousness and candour scarcely struck men less. His life of suffering had resulted in weaning him effectually from this world and its concerns. Thus had there grown up in him that absolute resignation and submission of himself to the Divine Will, which seems to belong to the very essence of the saintly life.

Nor will the attentive and thoughtful reader have failed to note, in passing, how singularly, under the mysterious shaping of Providence, Mr. Rose's wretched health, his actual bodily infirmities, were made subservient to GOD'S purposes: certainly proved conducive to the welfare of CHRIST'S Church. *That* absolute necessity of foreign travel which drove him from his cure at Horsham, in 1824,⁶ became the occasion of his writing his earliest work, which resulted, (so to express the matter,) in the first influential stirring of the waters. His expulsion from beautiful Hadleigh, in 1833,⁷ by conveying him first to Durham, then to King's College, London, largely extended his sphere of influence and caused his 'light to shine before men' to a degree which would have been impossible had he been permitted to end his days in the tranquil enjoyment of a delightful country cure. The Hand which shaped his painful destiny thus, to some extent, becomes visible to one who is contented to give attentive heed to the strange sad story of his earthly career. That such a life remains, after all, a mystery, is undeniable: yet even to *us* there are traces discernible in it of a gracious and lofty purpose, a wise and beneficent plan. Of the extent to which the individual character may have become moulded by such a discipline of pain and sorrow, I forbear to speak. This point has been slightly touched upon already.⁸

I have nowhere adequately spoken of his love of poetry. He accounted himself "a vehement Wordsworthian." He found relief under public anxiety in sacred poetry, and spoke of Cowper as one of his sources of comfort:—

"The nightingale in the hymn 'Far from the world, O LORD, I flee,' especially pleases me. But I cannot always read Cowper. His melancholy, though morbid, was so real, and the pathos of his language goes so directly from the heart to the heart, that, having passed the age when 'sad fancies we affect,' I cannot always bear it."⁹

The truth concerning Hugh James Rose, in a word, is this,—that whatsoever things are pure, are lovely, are of good report,—whether in

⁶ See above, pp. 70-79.

⁷ See above, pp. 94-96.

⁸ See p. 137.

⁹ Churton's *Memoir of Watson*,—ii. 9, 10.

Providence, in Nature, in Literature, or in Art; he loved those things with all his soul. His intense appreciation of natural scenery,—in particular *the Down* scenery of his native county, of which he would discourse with a kind of rapture,—amounted in him to a passion. Some of his written thoughts on this subject are wondrous beautiful. But his one supreme object of meditation and delight was the Word of GOD. At an earlier age and to a far greater extent than is given to most men, he made the sublime discovery that there is *that* in those blessed pages which, while it affords the largest exercise for the loftiest faculties of the mind of Man, alone satisfies every noble and generous craving of the heart, as well as every grand and devout aspiration of the spirit. Had his lot fallen on quieter days, and had he been blessed with learned leisure, (instead of having to toil for his livelihood), he would have enriched the Church's treasury with many a fruit of his large knowledge, matured wisdom, sound scholarship, exquisite taste. But he succumbed in what seemed to himself a struggle for the Church's very existence; and scarcely lived to see more than the dawn of the fruition of his soul's devoutest hope.

HOW IS HE NUMBERED AMONG THE CHILDREN OF GOD, AND HIS LOT AMONG THE SAINTS!

The lesson which the foregoing grand life reads to a future generation is a precious and a practical one. Should a season of fiery trial again overtake our beloved Church,—days of persecution, or of defection from the Faith, or of darkness,—let not despondency prevail in any quarter. There may be no mistrust of the love or of the power of Him who hath shown Himself, all down the ages, our Church's sufficient strength and stay. "Only" let men "be strong!" Above all, let them beware of resorting to strange expedients for the recovery of peace within, or for the procuring of safety from without. Away, especially, with the preposterous imagination that some sort of union may yet be patched up with the Apostate Church of Rome! Rome, in England's day of greatest trouble, will prove England's deadliest foe. And does she not lie unmistakably under the tremendous curse of GOD? The one only essential unity,—the unity which alone has our LORD'S assurance of abiding safety,—is that which subsists between "the branches" and "the Root,"—(which is *Himself*). "I am the Vine," saith He: "ye are the branches."¹ It is Rome that hath severed herself from England,—not England from Rome; *she* that is un-catholic, not *we*: witness her two latest acts of Apostasy,—the dogma of 'the Immaculate Conception' of the Blessed Virgin, and the dogma of the Pope's 'Infallibility.' What would the ancient Catholic Fathers,—Athanasius, and the two Gregories, Chrysostom, and Cyril; Cyprian, and Ambrose, and Augustine, and Leo,—have said to Rome *now*?

¹ S. John xv. 4, 5: xvii. 21.

When the evil day comes, our greatest source of weakness (I grieve to know it) will be our own "unhappy divisions,"—the fruit, to some extent, it must be sorrowfully admitted, of the fatal misdirection given to the Tractarian movement at the end of about two years after its beginning; namely, in 1836. Only let Churchmen beware of multiplying those divisions needlessly. Rather let them insist on waiving differences on points confessedly non-essential. Beyond all things, if men are wise, their grand solicitude will be '*stare super antiquas vias.*' They will republish, if need be, they will strive to the death for,— "the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints." The three Creeds of the Church, they will at all hazards insist on retaining in their integrity: the creed called 'Athanasian' in particular; impressed with the solemn fact insisted on by Dr. Waterland,² that

"as long as there shall be any men left to oppose the *Doctrines* which this Creed contains, so long will it be expedient, and even necessary to continue the *use* of it, in order to preserve the rest: and, I suppose, when we have none remaining to find fault with the *Doctrines*, there will be none to object against the *use* of the Creed, or so much as to wish to have it laid aside."

Supremely careful to "*strengthen the things which remain,*" men will be content to *let our Book of Common Prayer alone.* When hearts are failing, each faithful son of the Church,—not separating himself from his fellows,— will, on the contrary, (like HUGH JAMES ROSE,) call upon them to take heart, and 'stir up the gift that is in them, and betake themselves to their true mother': resolved that, tide what tide, (GOD helping him) nothing shall ever shake *him* from his steadfastness in the faith of the Gospel,— *him* from unflinching loyalty to the Church of his Baptism. There is no telling what great things GOD may be pleased to work by the instrumentality of *one*: one, with neither rank, nor station, nor wealth, nor worldly influence, nor high office in the Church³ to support him: but on the contrary, one weighed down (it may be) by incurable malady, and burthened with his own full share of secular anxieties. . . . Surely, (I have once and again told myself, as I have slowly unravelled the history of this noble life,) the method of GOD'S Providence hath ever been the same: working out 'the counsel of His will' by instruments the feeblest and most unpromising,— and they, having often to contend, as in the present instance, with disadvantages of the gravest and most discouraging kind!

So only may the men of a coming generation reasonably cherish the conviction that although every human help shall fail them, yet, inasmuch as this our branch of the Church Catholic unquestionably holds GOD'S TRUTH, it will never be by GOD Himself forsaken, nor indeed seem to be by Him forgotten long. The rain may descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon this House. But it cannot fall; because it is founded upon a rock. '*And that Rock is CHRIST.*'

² *Works*, iii. 256, ed. Van Mildert.

³ The titular dignity of 'joint-Dean of Roch'ing.' Rose ceased to enjoy when he resigned Hadleigh in 1833. In Feb. 1827, he was

collated to the Prebend of Middleton in Chichester Cathedral, which, in Nov. 1833, he also resigned. Such were his ecclesiastical honours!

NOTE,—That Mr. Rose's published writings (of the years indicated) will be found mentioned in the Memoir in the following places, viz. :—

Of A. D. 1817 and 1818 [p. 68]:—of 1820 and 1821 [p. 69]:—S. P. C. K. Tract (which was a Sermon preached at Uckfield Oct. 31, 1819,) [p. 70]:—of 1821 and 1822 [p. 84]:—three of 1823 [p. 71-3]:—of 1826 [p. 72]:—of 1828 [pp. 70-2]: of 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832 [p. 77]: two more of 1831 [pp. 119 and 74]; another of 1832 [p. 119]:—of 1833 [p. 77]: four of 1834 [pp. 75, 101, and 97-8]:—of 1835 [pp. 31, 120]:—Defence of Bp. Hobart [p. 121].

I have omitted to notice two very remarkable Sermons: one, '*in aid of the Refuge for the Destitute*,'—April 24th, 1831:—the other, '*The Churchman's Duty and Comfort in the present times*,'—July 18, 1833. [This latter Sermon was therefore preached seven days before the Hadleigh Conference.] Also an Article in the '*Quarterly Review*' (April 1837),—'*Manners of the xith and xiith Centuries*.'

The following short Papers, Paragraphs, and Notices in the '*British Magazine*,' are marked (in his own copy) by Henry Rose as having been written by his brother Hugh: but, extending no further than November, 1834, it is evidently a very imperfect enumeration of his brother's contributions to the Magazine.—Vol. I. pp. 60: 273: 376 (Dale): 377 (Tyler): 439: 484 (Tiptaft): 486 (?)—Vol. II. pp. 26: 45 note †: 61 (Watson): 136 (?): 140: 144 (continued): 195: 285: 399: 416: 417.—Vol. IV. pp. 261: 390 † 508: 617 (being '*Prayers by Robert Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole*,'—which H. J. R. printed in pamphlet form in 1833, '*with Notes*').—Vol. VI. 86: 205: 212: 308 (foot-note): 313 ('*Statesmen's Morality*'): 314 ('*Conciliation*'): 437 ('*the Newspapers*'): 552 '*Liberal notions of Equity and the Law of the Land*'): 553 ('*The "Patriot"*')

POST-SCRIPT.—HENRY JOHN ROSE.

[A.D. 1800—1873.]

It would have been to mar the unity of the foregoing grand life, to attempt to weave into it, however briefly, the story of another and a kindred life. 'Kindred' in every sense: for, with corresponding views and aims, identical antecedents and traditions, HENRY JOHN ROSE was HUGH JAMES's only brother.

What gives him a claim to be distinctly commemorated in this place is the fact that he it was who, under every emergency, with entire self-denial and always in the most ungrudging manner, came forward to relieve the overtasked brain and exhausted bodily powers of that illustrious brother whose career, from the cradle to the grave, forms the subject of the preceding 85 pages. And yet, the picture of so beautiful a character as that of HENRY JOHN ROSE would have deserved exhibiting for its own sake.

His parentage,—the entire framework indeed of his early life,—has been already set forth particularly.¹ He was born at Uckfield in Sussex, on the 3rd of January 1800, and like his brother received his early education entirely at his Father's hands. No thoughtful person will affect to doubt the unique advantages of education at a public school: yet is one for ever reminded, as by the instances before us, that real proficiency in learning is only attainable when a man is resolved to take exceeding pains *with himself*. At the age of 17, Henry John Rose was sent up to Cambridge and was admitted a pensioner of Peterhouse,—June 25th, 1817. Thence (October 3rd, 1818,) he migrated to St. John's College. His name appeared, in 1821, bracketed fourteenth in the list of Wranglers; having enjoyed yet higher distinction in the Classical Examination of the same year. He was admitted shortly after (6th April 1824) foundation Fellow of his College and at once devoted himself to the cultivation of Classical learning and Divinity. He made himself a capital Hebrew scholar at a time when none of those aids were available which now-a-days solicit aspirants after such lore; without also the advantages which a well-furnished exchequer is everywhere able to command. "I knew Henry John Rose at Cambridge," (wrote the late learned Dr. Field :) "We sat together for a Hebrew Scholarship in 1823: I being the successful candidate."² By such an one it was no discredit to have been surpassed in any branch of human learning. Later on in life he was attracted to the study of Syriac by Cureton's revival of the Ignatian controversy, and acquired a thorough knowledge of that precious idiom. At Cambridge also he made himself a complete master of the German language, as his translation of Neander's '*History of the Christian Religion and Church during the first three centuries*,' in two volumes (1831 and 1841), attests. He became chiefly known, however, from his Hulsean lectures delivered in 1833, and published in the ensuing year:—'*The Law of Moses viewed in connection with the history and character of the Jews, with a defence of the Book of Joshua against Professor Leo of Berlin*.' By these two publications he established a high reputation as an accomplished scholar, as well as a learned and philosophical Divine. He resided at St. John's College for about seventeen useful and happy years. No man was ever prouder of his University or more sincerely attached to his College than he. For

¹ See above, pp. 63-4.

² Letter to myself,—² Carlton Terrace, Norwich, April 3, 1884.

a short period (viz. from March 1832 to September 1833) he was Minister³ of S. Edward's Church in Cambridge.

He found time however at College for something else besides Classical literature and Divinity. He lived throughout the unquiet and unsettled period which preceded and followed the passing of the Reform Bill, and took a prominent part with his pen in politics. Scarcely need it be added that he was as strong a Conservative as he was an earnest Churchman. He published besides "*an Answer to 'The case of the Dissenters,'*" in 1834: also a letter addressed to Professor Lee (June 13, 1834),—which I do not remember to have ever seen.

But throughout all that period of College residence, Henry Rose's home affections were paramount. In 1824, his Father had been presented to the Vicarage of Glynde, near Lewes, (by Dr. J. S. Clarke, in right of his canonry at Windsor); and thither it was as much the delight of Henry John, as of his brother Hugh James, at every opportunity to repair.⁴ His presence always brought light and life to the little household. His Mother, who was very observant of character, shrewdly remarked of him,—"Henry never *hangs up his fiddle*." It was her idiomatic way of indicating an equable temperament which requires neither auditory nor excitement in order to prove habitually cheerful and communicative, pleasant and entertaining.

In 1824-5 he accompanied his brother and Mrs. Rose in their tour through Germany and Italy, a tour which was destined to bear such memorable fruit: Mr. Henry Tufnell (one of Mr. Hugh Rose's pupils) being: other of the party.⁵ In 1827-8 he is found to have executed a considerable portion of his brother's edition of Parkhurst's '*Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament*,' which appeared in 1829. (The preface is dated 'Horsham, Jan. 2nd.') All the matter (writes his brother) "from *Καρπός* to *Ξυράω*, from *Υακίνθινος* to *Υποστέλλω*, and from *Χόρτος* to *Ὠμος*," is by Henry Rose.⁶

I had the happiness to make his acquaintance during a youthful visit to Cambridge; and in the December of 1836, being in London, he came to seek me out in Brunswick Square. He had already (namely in the spring of 1834) carried forward his brother's work as Divinity Professor at Durham for one or two terms;⁷ and now that the same brother was domiciled in King's College, his little parish of S. Thomas's in Southwark requiring a *locum tenens*, Henry Rose took up his residence at the Vicarage. At this time moreover it was that, in consequence of Mr. Hugh Rose's deplorable health, Henry, further to relieve him, undertook the Editorship of the '*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*,' as well as of the '*British Magazine*.'⁸ Both publications were still superintended by Hugh James,—but the labouring oar, in respect of both, devolved to Henry, who carried on the former long after his brother's death. The '*Biographical Dictionary*,' at first, at all events, was under his sole management; while, for the '*Encyclopædia*,' he wrote the later portion of the Ecclesiastical History,—namely, chapters x, xi, xii (A. D. 1700 to 1858); which form the last 115 pages of a volume which has since been separately published.⁹ We saw a great deal of him at my father's house during this period. The society he occasionally met there delighted him greatly, and he was with all of us a cherished guest.

³ "The term '*Minister*' has always, until very lately, been applied to the Incumbent of S. Edward's,—which is a donative, and came into the hands of Trinity Hall from a monastery suppressed in the xth century. Hence its immunity from Episcopal jurisdiction. I believe it holds an altogether unique position in this respect."—(from the Rev. J. J. Linn.)

⁴ See above, pp. 65, 67, 78, 80, 88, 101, 106-7, 131, &c.

⁵ See above, pp. 70-8.

⁶ See above, concerning this work,—p. 73.

⁷ See above, p. 99.

⁸ See above, p. 114.

⁹ '*History of the Christian Church, from the XIIIth century to the present day*,'—1858.

In the Spring of 1838 (24th May),—which was destined to be the last year (22nd December) of his brother's life,—Henry John Rose married Sarah Caroline, eldest daughter of Thomas Burgon, esq. (subsequently of the British Museum), having been already (viz. in 1837) presented by his College to the Rectory of Houghton Conquest in Bedfordshire. In that moated parsonage house,—erected by Dr. Zachary Grey,¹ (the editor of *Hudibras*,)—for about thirty years (1842–72), I passed all my vacations, and still can but linger fondly over every mention of its name. My brother possessed a capital library, consisting chiefly of works of Divinity,—which proved to me an unspeakable help; for he was as willing as he was apt to guide me to sources of information,—to teach and to communicate his knowledge. In short, I owe to him, and to the calm seclusion of his delightful home, more than I am able to express. *There* it was that I toiled at an as yet unpublished '*Harmony of the Evangelists*'—which I always hoped would be my first essay in Divinity; and there '*a Plain Commentary on the Gospels*' was entirely produced. The consequence has been that while life lasts I shall find it impossible to dissociate those accidents of time, place and occupation. All have got woven into one another. The blessed pages (strange to say) ever seem to me to have for their near foreground the little orchard which all day long I used to look down upon from the windows of my bed-room (which was also my study), and the pleasant avenue of umbrageous limes beside it and beyond. How also shall I ever be able—even if I desired it—to divest my memory of that perpetual *click* of the gate at the end of the avenue, throughout the live-long day, which betokened the approach or the exit of another and yet another pensioner on the unfailing bounties of the household?

Henry Rose found that 'the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places.' The scenery round about his secluded Rectory was of that sweet domestic character which, without ever aspiring to the praise of being actually beautiful, yet in effect always pleases, never tires. In a sheltered hollow of the chain of hills which form the southern limit of the landscape, were to be seen, till 1856, the remains of 'Conquest Bury,'—the ancient home-stead of the Conquests, who had been lords of the soil thereabouts for 400 years. In a westerly direction stretched Houghton Park, in which the Countess of Pembroke ('Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,') in 1615 built herself a stately mansion which was only reduced to a shell in 1794. It was *there* she passed her widowhood. Those picturesque ruins, surrounded by fine forest oaks, are approached from the North and West by an avenue of wych elms, from the South by an avenue of chesnuts. At the foot of one of those oaks, commanding a charming view of '*the Ruins*,' is a seat which was inscribed—till time and weather rendered the letters illegible—'JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.' A pleasanter walk is not to be found in all that neighbourhood than the walk from Houghton to Ampthill, a distance of about two miles. I speak of the way over the hill, which may be greatly varied and made full of interest and beauty. Contiguous is Ampthill Park,—fame¹ for its giant oaks; some of which in the time of the Commonwealth were pronounced too aged for ship-building purposes. In the same park an obelisk marks the site of Ampthill Castle,—where Queen Catharine of Arragon resided while the business of her divorce was pending. A superb lime-tree avenue contributes another charm to this classic locality.—But indeed the walks about Houghton, in whichever direction, are all delightful; and every walk conducted to the abode of a kind and congenial neighbour.

Once established at Houghton, Henry John Rose gave himself up to the duties of the Pastoral office, never thenceforward absenting himself

¹ Rector of Houghton 1726–66.

from his post for more than two successive Sundays in the space of four-and-thirty years. Besides re-edifying the parish School of Houghton,—(an endowed foundation which has long since lapsed into insignificance,)—he accounted it his singular felicity that he was enabled, before he died, to superintend the complete restoration of his own beautiful parish Church; as successful a monument of the skill of Sir G. Gilbert Scott as is to be anywhere seen in England. Rose certainly found it in a deplorable condition,—the chancel in particular (for which, as Rector, he was personally responsible) having fallen into a state of even squalid neglect. Thanks chiefly to the munificence of the present Duke of Bedford and the liberality of the late Lord John Thynne of Haynes Park, nothing remained to be desired for Houghton Conquest Church, when he left it. The chancel he restored to far more than its original beauty. His large-hearted brother-in-law C. L. H., (the name last commemorated in the present volume), by subscriptions collected throughout the Archdeaconry, provided the parish Church with an excellent organ. The village minstrelsy when Henry Rose first knew the place was certainly of a type which would now-a-days be pronounced fabulous.

The best traditions of an English country parsonage were to be witnessed at Houghton in perfection. Real learning and sound Divinity, pure taste and graceful hospitality,—flourished there and abounded. Within doors, there was unfailing loving-kindness,—unbroken peace and joy: without, there was (with all their faults) a GOD-fearing,—a well-disposed and affectionate peasantry. No place was ever more fortunate in its neighbouring Clergy than this: good and faithful men, all of them, with whom it was always a privilege to be brought into familiar intercourse. Rose's secluded dwelling was sought out by many a Continental scholar,—(as Lepsius, Land, and Lagarde); as well as by many whose names Englishmen agree to hold in honour; as P. F. Tytler, Dr. Corrie, Temple Chevalier, Dr. W. H. Mill, J. B. Mozley, A. C. Fraser, H. L. Mansel, William Kay, Charles Marriott, Bishops Cleveland Cox and Quintard. Quite as well deserving of commemoration, in my account, as anything, is the act (or rather the *habit*) of faith which left the Rectory,—(a lone house at the end of a lane leading from the village,)—wholly without an occupant every Sunday, in order that the entire household might be enabled to attend Divine Service.

Concerning the Parson's library I have already spoken. His books had been collected for use,—not for ornament: and it was remarked, when specialists or men of great attainments visited him, that it seemed as if there was *something* to be found in the library on every subject that could be named.—It will be remembered that Henry Rose was one of the contributors to '*Replies to Essays and Reviews*,' (1862),—having selected for his province the wretched sophistries of Dr. Rowland Williams. He undertook, besides, a '*Commentary on the Book of Daniel*' for the Speaker's Commentary,—which however unhappily remained unfinished at the time of his death. He also became one of the Revisionists of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament Scriptures, and took part with his pen in all the great Ecclesiastical questions of the day. At an earlier period, he had been joint-editor of several collections of '*Scripture Prints for Cottage Walls*.' He further edited Berkeley's private papers, (which he had inherited from his brother,) for the late collected edition of Bishop Berkeley's '*Works*'; and occasionally contributed articles to the '*Quarterly*,' the '*English*,' and the '*Contemporary Review*.' To the '*Literary Churchman*,' he also communicated not a few Reviews of foreign publications.

I cannot, in this place, withhold an expression of disappointment and regret that one so accomplished and so learned did not leave behind him

some more considerable monument of his attainments and his genius than any which have been hitherto enumerated. But he was a singularly modest man: was the reverse of ambitious and self-seeking: loved learning for its own sake: was at all times willing rather to toil for, and to bestow himself upon, others, than to assert and to contend for himself. It was indeed a very lovely character. His sweetness, gentleness, consideration, forbearance, refinement, were apparent to all. Large-hearted and liberal-handed too he was, beyond his means.

Let me be allowed here to pourtray him yet further. He was of a most calm temperament: possessed a singularly quick and clear understanding; and was endowed with an extraordinary memory. His regard for Truth was conspicuous in the accuracy with which he would repeat a story: and he told a story particularly well. His library seemed,—nay, *was*—all in disorder; but he could always find a book with ease, almost in the dark; and he would turn to the place required with surprising readiness. Quite characteristic of him was his exceeding *fairness*. This quality of mind it was which, combined with his generous warmth of heart, conciliated to him in so eminent a degree the Clergy of his neighbourhood. He was the President of a Clerical Society which used to meet once a month at one another's houses from March to October inclusive, for mutual edification. At one time, discussing the Rubrics,—at another Parochial difficulties,—at another, hard places of Scripture,—it shall but be added that, under his Presidentship, those gatherings of brethren became a great instrument for spiritual improvement, as well as a delightful social bond. Productive were they of unmingled good to all the neighbouring parishes, as some, yet living, would eagerly attest.—And now, to proceed!

In 1866, Henry John Rose succeeded Dr. Tattam as Archdeacon Bedford, by appointment of Dr. Harold Browne, Bishop of Ely; and was ever after a regular attendant at all meetings of Convocation. In consequence of his office, he became also, from this time forward, the author of many '*Charges*' and '*Sermons*' on the questions which have of late years disturbed the peace of the Church. Some of these will be found noted at foot of the page.² Here also should be commemorated the great interest he took in the proceedings of the '*Bedfordshire Archaeological Society*,'—to which indeed he contributed some valuable and very interesting papers.

But it was not so much by his singularly varied learning and vast stores of general information, or even by his published writings, that Archdeacon Rose was known in the county where he lived and among the large circle of attached friends of which he was the centre and chief ornament. It was his genuine sympathy: his inflexible integrity: his singleness and sincerity of purpose: his correct judgment: the moderation, courtesy, and kindness which he displayed on all occasions, public as well as private; but above all, his unswerving Churchmanship and uncompromising zeal for the Truth, which drew men to him and made him universally respected and beloved. Nothing knew he of the hollow arts and supple tricks whereby popularity is sometimes courted, or of the spurious liberality which is at all times ready to surrender to public clamour the things which are not its own. He was an English Churchman of the good old type; of which, (be it remarked in passing,)

² *The English Liturgy a Protest against Romish Corruptions*.—(Two Sermons), 1850. . . . *The question 'Why should we pray for fair weather?' answered*.—(Harvest Home, Market Harborough), 1860. . . . *Position of the Church of England as a National Church historically considered*.—(Primary Charge).—1858. . . . *Christian Charities cleared from the misrepresentations of 'Exc Home'*.—at Cambridge, 1868. . . . *Charge to the Churchwardens*

of the Archdeaconry of Bedford.—May 1st, 1867.—Another, June 23rd, 1869.—Another, —June 1st, 1870.—Another, (his last).—May 14th, 1872.—He also put forth papers on the following subjects:—*Documents relating to Milton the Poet*, [1845].—(Brit. Mag.). . . . *On the Jewish Shekels*, 1841. (Num. Soc.). . . . *Remarks on documents relating to John Milton and Isaac Barrow*, [1856]. . . . *Rp. Horne's Life and Letters*.—(Cont. Rev., 1867.)

samples are not by any means so rare as certain of the new school would have us believe. I have spoken of him as the very model of a dutiful Son, a devoted Brother. It cannot be improper to add that he was also the tenderest of Husbands, the most loving and indulgent of Fathers, the faithfullest of Friends. His singular sweetness and evenness of temper : his unfailing playfulness of disposition and cheerfulness of spirit,—a feature of his character which did not forsake him to the last : but above all his deep unaffected piety, made his home ever bright and happy. All who came within its influence acknowledged its charm ; and not a few have been known to speak of it as their ideal of an abode of pleasantness and peace.

In person, Henry John Rose considerably resembled his brother Hugh James. There was in both the same exalted stature,—the same intellectual forehead, the same dignified presence. A spirited crayon drawing, (executed, I think, in 1839,) by the accomplished hand of E. U. Eddis, R.A., is the only portraiture of him which is known to exist : for a representation of him (at Durham) as his brother's *shadow*, scarcely merits notice.

The end came suddenly, after a few days of very acute suffering, on Friday the 31st of January, A.D. 1873,—when the Archdeacon had just completed his 73rd year. A more interesting group of meritorious Clergy and faithful Laity, than the incumbents and gentry of the neighbouring parishes who followed him on foot, in long procession, to the grave,—I have never met with in any country district. Few of them indeed are anywhere alive at this time : but at first the void which the Archdeacon's death occasioned was acknowledged as well as very painfully felt by them all. . . . He was survived by his wife and five children,—two sons, both in Holy Orders, and three daughters ; the eldest of whom was married in 1870. He sleeps in the south-eastern angle of Houghton Conquest churchyard. His eldest son (named after his illustrious uncle 'Hugh James' [*b.* 1840, *d.* 1878]), M.A. of Oriel College, rests by his side, and is survived by two little children of delightful promise,—Theresa and Charles Henry. The Archdeacon's younger son, Rev. William Francis Rose, M.A. of Worcester College,—(Hugh James Rose's only surviving nephew),—was appointed by Lord Chancellor Cairns to the vicarage of Worle, Somerset, in 1874. I shall only say of him, that he is treading closely in the footsteps of his Father.

Obvious it is,—and to no one more obvious than to the present writer,—that the task of writing the '*Life of Hugh James Rose*' should, for every reason, have devolved on his younger brother Henry. There had subsisted between them throughout life the most loving confidence. Henry knew Hugh's mind on every subject ; and could have produced a hundred sayings as well as details of interest, without effort. During my frequent sojourns at Houghton, I did not fail,—sometimes with earnestness,—to urge the Rector to undertake this task, even as a duty. Finding however that I could not prevail, I at last abstained from reviving a subject which I saw was inexpressibly painful to him. He could never converse about his brother for long without exhibiting emotion. Hugh James Rose's early death, which was to the Church the ruin of a great expectation, the disappointment of a grand promise,—was to his Parents, to his Widow, and to his Brother, also a sorrowful legacy of tears.

May I be permitted to add, that it has been a real solace and support to me during the compilation of that earlier Memoir, to know that I was achieving, however imperfectly, a work which hundreds besides his Widow and his Brother, (though no one nearly so ardently as they) supremely desired to see at last undertaken by some friendly hand?



Charles Marriott.

(III). CHARLES MARRIOTT:

THE MAN OF SAINTLY LIFE.

[A. D. 1811—1858.]

WHAT is here proposed is not so much to write a Life, as to pourtray a Character. Greatly do I regret that I did not long ago fulfil the intention, - (long ago conceived and never consciously abandoned),—of committing to paper some recollections of the holy man whose name stands written above the present page. At the end of thirty years, the more delicate traits of such an one as he are apt to grow blurred and indistinct. His *obiter dicta*, in particular, can no longer be recalled. It is only the general result which remains so indelibly impressed on the memory. Since however an opportunity for repairing this long-standing omission at last presents itself, it shall not be let slip. It would be a reproach if no written memorial were to survive of a character so unique, so beautiful, so saint-like, as that of Charles Marriott. And certainly the thing must be done *now*, or it will never be done at all.

Utterly at a loss should I have been concerning the first chapters of his history, but that I have been allowed access to a short biographical sketch which his brother John drew up in 1859; and have been entrusted with certain "Memoranda concerning Charles Marriott and his Parents,"—the work of an accomplished first cousin; of which documents I shall, without further acknowledgment, freely avail myself.

CHARLES MARRIOTT, third son of the Reverend John Marriott [1780-1825]. Rector of Church Lawford in Warwickshire, and Curate of Broad Clyst, Devon,—was born at Church Lawford on the 24th of August, 1811.

Certain interesting features of character are perceived to have descended to him from an earlier generation. His grandfather's house is described as "a happy home . . . full of bright minds and warm hearts, —a little needing regulation perhaps, and severally somewhat overapt to do what seemed right in their own eyes; but, in every essential respect, thoroughly at one. All made the service of GOD their end: all were attached members of the Church of England; and, -(what in those days was essential to domestic concord),—all were of the same way of thinking on political questions. Loyal-minded Tories were they all, and staunch Anti-Gallicans. A passion for reading prevailed throughout the household." My informant adds,—“When our Father,¹ then at Christ Church,

¹ George Marriott, esq., barrister, father of the Ven. Fitzherbert Marriott, (Archdeacon of Hobart Town,)—and Sophia, (whose words I

am in the main quoting),—Charles Marriott's first cousins.

told Dean Cyril Jackson that he had a younger brother (John) coming up to matriculate, who he hoped might be admitted to 'the House,' the old man's answer was,—'Glad of it. *Like the breed.*'"

JOHN, father of John and CHARLES MARRIOTT, more than justified the Dean's anticipations. Five years before the institution of the "Class-list," viz. at the Easter of 1802, (in which year the Examination statute came into force), the only successful Candidates for honours were "Abel Hendy [Bible clerk] of Oriel, and *John Marriott of Ch. Ch.*" The books taken up were Cicero, Quintilian, Livy, Juvenal, Lucretius, Aristotle (Ethics and Rhetoric), Thucydides, Sophocles, *Æschylus* and Pindar.

In externals, John Marriott presented a remarkable contrast to his son,—(the subject of the ensuing memoir); being a man of peculiarly charming manners, with an almost dangerous facility of expression, and a fascinating address which made him the darling of society, especially among women-kind. Besides his classical attainments, he was singularly felicitous as a poet. He could throw off graceful English verses with as much readiness as most men can write an ordinary letter, and is the author of several well-known hymns:² but he is chiefly remembered as the author of the "*Devonshire Lane.*"³ The charm of his conversation and character won for him, (when he was for a short time in Scotland as tutor to the young heir of Buccleuch), the friendship of Walter Scott, who dedicated to him the 2nd canto of 'Marmion.' In those introductory verses, Scott testifies that his friend's "harp, on Isis strung, To many a border theme had rung;" and affectionately reminds him of their joyous rambles "up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,"—the scene of many a prouder hunting in ancient days. But (adds the Minstrel of the Border),—

"Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.

Nor dull, between each merry chase,
Pass'd by the intermitted space;
For we had fair resource in store,
In Classic and in Gothic lore,
We marked each memorable scene
And held poetic talk between."

John Marriott was in fact one of the most polished and accomplished gentlemen of his time. His wife, Mary Ann Harris, (of a Rugby family,) Charles's Mother, is known to have been a lady of exceeding piety, and was gifted with a very fine understanding.

The sons of this couple, John and Charles, loved to believe that their Father's religious principles were identical with their own. In the early days of the Oxford movement, thirteen years after their Father's death, they even published a volume of his sermons⁴ to establish the point. His

² The hymns, '*Thou, whose Almighty Word,*'—and '*GOD who madest earth and heaven,*'—are by him. He also contributed a ballad to Scott's '*Border Minstrelsy.*'

³ This *jeu d'esprit* is not known to have been ever printed; yet has it got about strangely (An *Austrian Princess* the other day inquired after it!) It begins,—'In a Devonshire Lane as I trotted along / Other day much in want of a subject for song, / It came into my mind, p'rhaps inspired by the rain, / Sure Marriage is

much like a Devonshire Lane.'

⁴ '*Sermons by the late Rev. John Marriott, M.A., Rector of Church Lawford and Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry,*—edited by his sons, &c. This volume reached a Second Edition. "My father's sermon on '*Union with CHRIST*' is the one I value most highly in the new volume"—[C. M. to Rev. A. Burn,—'Chichester Dioc. College, Feb. 6th, 1840']."

pulpit teaching, in the main, may very well have been what they could have themselves adopted; but it is certain that his sympathies and friendships were rather with the most large-minded and cultivated section of the Low Church party of his day, - with men like John Bowdler and the Thorntons, rather than with the Watsons and their school. Whatever his opinions may have been, his piety was warm and genuine. Of his winning personal qualities I have spoken already. More than twenty years after his death, his memory was affectionately cherished in his parish in Devonshire.

Some lines written on Charles's christening-day by his father are preserved. They conclude with an aspiration which enjoyed abundant fulfilment:—

“Grant to this child the inward grace
While we the outward sign impart.
The Cross we mark upon his face
Do Thou engrave upon his heart.
May it his pride and glory be
Beneath Thy banner fair unfurl’d
To march to certain victory,
O'er sin, o'er Satan, o'er the world.”

Charles's earliest lessons in reading and writing were from the village schoolmaster of Broad Clyst,—a humble functionary who lived to hear of his pupil's subsequent honours at Oxford. Greatly delighted with the intelligence, the old man lifted up his hands and exclaimed, - “Why, I should think he could teach *me* now!” . . . In due course, Charles came under his father's guidance with other pupils:—

“I well recollect” (writes his brother) “the satisfaction my Father used to express at his rapid progress in learning. His childhood gave promise of his great powers. He very early acquired the habit of thinking out subjects for himself; and used to form his own conclusions with great distinctness, and often with a degree of judgment far above his years, on matters of difficulty and importance. From the very commencement of his education he showed singular aptitude in acquiring languages. Indeed, no kind of knowledge seemed to come amiss to him. When quite a child he preferred reading on any subject that happened to be uppermost in his mind, to the out-of-door amusements which occupy the leisure of most boys: never happier than when ensconced behind the window-curtain (where he could sit unobserved and unmolested) he was devouring the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*.’ From this source he picked up a vast amount of miscellaneous information, and laid the foundations of knowledge which he turned to good account in after years.”

So far, his brother. His cousin writes,—“When taken with the children to see Exeter Cathedral, while the elder ones were trying to measure the circumference of the great bell with bits of string, Charles was heard from behind to deliver (in his small peculiar voice) the oracular counsel,—‘Take the diameter.’”

“Another incident strikingly foreshadowing a prevailing disposition of his after life is remembered of him at the same early period. No one could make out what became of his pocket-money. It was neither spent nor hoarded. When the family left Broad Clyst, a wail from the old almswomen—(they lived close to the Parsonage gate)—revealed the secret. ‘How they should miss Master Charles! he always brought them his money o’ a Saturday.’”

He once told his cousin Sophia that questions about the Morality of Trade used greatly to exercise him while yet very young. He would ponder,—How it could be right to buy, and then sell for more than the

thing had cost you? And this problem again re-asserted itself later on in life, and led him to risk all that his profuse alms-giving had left him of his private fortune, in an attempt to set on foot a system of trading on improved principles. It was a clear going beyond his measure, and ended (as might have been expected,) in disappointment and disaster. But to proceed in order.

It was the delicacy of his Mother's health, requiring a warmer climate, which constrained the removal of the family into Devonshire,—in which county Charles accordingly passed most of his earliest years. His parents both died when he was yet a boy: his Mother in 1821, when he was only ten years old; his Father in 1825, when he was not quite fourteen. They were residing at Broad Clyst at the time. The Mother, though a complete invalid during the whole of his childhood, and for some years too ill to take any part in his education, may well have left the impress of her own deep, reverential earnestness and holiness of spirit upon her children's minds. It is impossible to read certain letters which her husband wrote on the occasion of her death, and which have been preserved, without suspecting that we know whence were derived to John and Charles Marriott, her sons, the singular simplicity, sincerity and humility of character which afterwards were so conspicuous in *both*;⁵ in Charles especially. How tenderly the memory of this beloved wife was cherished, is attested by some lines written by her husband on hearing his little daughter play one of her first tunes. He was taken ill, of a painful and distressing disorder, in the summer of 1824: was removed to London for better advice, but without avail; and died on the 30th of March, 1825.

The guardianship of John Marriott's children was left to their mother's sister, Miss Frances Octavia Harris. For about two years they lived with her, under the roof of their father's youngest sister, Miss Sophia C. Marriott, at Rugby. Then it was that the attempt was made to send Charles, as a day-boy, to Rugby school; but the experiment proved hopeless. He was so utterly miserable, so unfit to cope with other boys, that the plan was abandoned at the end of one term.⁶ Their aunt, Miss Harris, afterwards married the Rev. Andrew Burn of Kynnersley, in Shropshire, who had been the Rev. John Marriott's Curate at Church Lawford: whereupon, John and Charles became his pupils until they went to College. At Kynnersley therefore, where Mr. Burn resided, first as Curate and afterwards as Rector, the remainder of Charles' youthful days were chiefly passed. There were five or six other pupils in the house, amongst whom Charles always held the foremost place in ability and acquirements. His brother adds, that "though his quaint sayings and doings were often a source of amusement to his companions, he was looked up to by them, both for his superior understanding, and on account of the high standard by which all his conduct was regulated."

"The sort of life which he led at Kynnersley probably suited him much better than the life at a public school would have done. His health was always delicate,

⁵ There was a younger brother, George, who died young, after a long period of failing health.

⁶ "In the Rugby School Calendar appears in the January Entrances of 1825,—'Marriott, Charles, son of the late Rev. J. Marriott, aged

13, Aug. 24th.' And I find his name in the School List at the bottom of the Upper Remove (Form below the Fifth). He must soon have left." (From Dr. Bloxam.)

and I think it is very doubtful whether he could have borne the roughness and exposure incident to a more public education. As it was, his genial temper and his desire to be on the most friendly terms with his companions, led him to share most of their amusements in a way that was beneficial to him, devoted as he was by nature to study and retirement."

In the year 1828 he stood for a scholarship at Balliol College, but failing to obtain it, he entered at Exeter College on the 24th March 1829. In the ensuing November being 18 years of age he competed, and this time successfully, for an open Scholarship at Balliol,—a considerable achievement for a youth who had enjoyed such slender educational advantages. Andrew Burn was a good man, of 'Evangelical' sentiments, and must have been a competent scholar; but it was rather "as having been a second Father to him" that he was gratefully remembered by Charles Marriott to the last days of his life. His cousin "doubts if Charles was strongly influenced by any one, till he went to Oxford."

"We cousins" (proceeds my informant) "saw but little of him; but I remember he always seemed to know something of every subject that was started, however remote from his own sphere of study. It was once remarked as strange that any should ever have thought of educating *fleas*. 'How' (it was asked) 'were they to set about it?' Charles looked up from his book,—'The first thing to be done is to put them in a pill-box, till they are quite tired of jumping.'—He had a very powerful memory. After reading Wordsworth's '*Vernal Ode*,' (a poem of 135 lines with very recondite thoughts), once through, and glancing at it a second time, he repeated the whole by heart.

"In the little intercourse we had, I remember best his manner when anything was discussed in his company. He would almost always *wait* 'till livelier tongues from emptier heads had spoken,' and then would drop a few weighty words which put the whole matter in a new light. The question was once started, how 'the wisdom of the serpent' came to be held up as a pattern, seeing that in practice what passes for 'wisdom' is often action severed from high principle. After one and another had tried to explain it, Charles said, 'The Fathers explain it thus—the serpent always takes care of its head, so you are to take care of your principles.'"

In the Michaelmas Term of 1832, after an undergraduateship marked by the highest standard of moral conduct as well as by close application to study, Charles Marriott obtained a first class in Classics and a second in Mathematics,—which was a great disappointment to many besides himself. They had made up their minds that he was to take a "*double first*"; and, but for his persistent bad health, he would certainly have achieved it. He had not the physical power to read for both schools Already did he number among his friends all the more intellectual men of his day: not that he confined his regards to such, for he was always ready to become the friend of anyone whose conduct gave proof of high principle,—however inferior to himself in abilities and attainments. And his friendship once given, was not easily lost. "I believe" (writes his brother) "there was nothing within his power that he was not ready to do for a friend who wanted his help. Many such instances have come to my knowledge, and I believe there were many more known only to himself." At the ensuing Easter (1833), he was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel, in the room of Robert Isaac Wilberforce. Frederick Rogers (now Lord

⁷ A mistaken Patristic gloss on Gen. iii. 15, founded on the (utterly false) Septuagintal ren-

dering of the Hebrew: but affording a capital moral lesson.

Blachford) was elected at the same time. He was at once appointed Mathematical Lecturer, and afterwards became a Tutor of the College. It was a memorable epoch, for in the autumn of that same year (1833) the '*Tracts for the Times*' were commenced. Newman and Froude were away from Oxford at Easter, (when the Oriel fellowship election takes place), but Marriott made the acquaintance of both, if he had not made it already, on their return in the autumn: and the Society numbered besides among its members Keble and Jenkyns, Dornford and Denison, Christie and Mozley, Walker and Eden.

Marriott was in consequence something more than an eye-witness of the Tractarian movement from its original inception to its close. He was throughout this period a great student, and became devotedly attached to John Henry Newman; the attractive charm of whose mind and manner, converse and teaching, was a thing not to be described. There probably occurs in most studious men's lives an interval of a few precious years during which they have been able to devote themselves exclusively to the cultivation of their favourite science: and these were Charles Marriott's years of severest thought and toil. But the brief entries in the private Diary which he kept about this period indicate an amount of intellectual activity and manysidedness which is even perplexing. He was studying with Johnson (late Dean of Wells) the higher Mathematics and Astronomy: was obtaining help from another source in Music (organ and piano) and singing: was entertaining himself at the same time with poetry (Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Southey), Biography, contemporary History and Metaphysic. As if this were not enough, his mind was at work on Aristotle and Cicero,—Irvingism and Astrology,—Agriculture and tithes,—Logic and Political Economy,—Pantheism and the Poor Laws,—Comets and Geology,—Utilitarianism and Ontology,—the Progress and Prospects of Society. He was also an active member of a Moral Philosophy society, which I believe owed its beginning to William Sewell, and died of neglect some thirty years ago. But, as I have said, Divinity was *the business* of Marriott's life. He was already recognised as a student of the highest type, and in 1838 found himself importuned by Bp. Otter, in the second year of his brief but admirable Episcopate [Oct. 2nd, 1836–Aug. 20th, 1840], to undertake the Principalship of the 'Diocesan Theological College' (for preparing Candidates for Holy Orders) which the Bishop was anxious to establish in Chichester. Marriott yielded to the solicitations of this excellent Prelate, but determined first to recruit his health by spending a winter in the south of Europe.

Leaving England on the 16th of October 1838, he journeyed leisurely south: visiting Lyons, Nismes, Avignon, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, and reaching Rome on the 30th November. At Rome he found Benjamin Harrison and Manning, Gladstone and George Richmond, besides other English friends,—the society to which Hugh James Rose was to have contributed one more conspicuous element. Aware that Rome had been Rose's destination, Marriott made repeated inquiries after him, and at last learned his death when he was himself on the eve of departing (January 18th, 1839), in order to return northward. At Florence (on the 22nd) he "went to look for Mrs. Rose, but found that she had been gone some

time." So he repaired to the Cemetery and saw his friend's grave,⁷—"dictis quae dico ad sepulcra eorum qui requiescunt in CHRISTO." Ten days after reaching England, he repaired to Chichester, and unpacked his books on the 26th February, 1839.

The Theological College, which in his time was located at 'Cawley Priory, —(the name of a delightful residence surrounded by an ample garden, situated in the South Pallant),⁸—was singularly fortunate in being at its outset presided over by so accomplished a scholar, so judicious a Divine, so pure a spirit. He had for his colleague the Rev. Henry Browne,—(author of that remarkable, but little known work '*Ordo Saeculorum*,')—of whose abilities he entertained a very high opinion. I have heard him say that he never knew a man who in so eminent a degree possessed the art of making his often abstruse meaning intelligible to others, as Henry Browne. At the opening of the Lent Term in the ensuing year (1840), Marriott delivered an inaugural '*Lecture*' (on the Studies preparatory to Holy Orders, which he afterwards printed, "together with the Rules of the College, and an Appendix containing a List of Books used and referred to in the Course of Study.") He also edited critically for the use of his students the (so-called) "*Canons of the Apostles*" in Greek, with Johnson's English Version reprinted from '*The Clergyman's Vade mecum*' [ed. 1714], together with Johnson's English Notes. This is in fact a very valuable pamphlet. The '*Praefatio*' is dated 'Peterport, Guernsey, Nov. 13th, 1840.' An admirable Address, '*The Church's method of communicating Divine Truth*,'—which on the title-page is stated to have been "a Lecture delivered at the opening of Lent Term, 1841,"—completes the enumeration of the printed Memorials of his connexion with this Theological College. It was by Bishop Otter that he was ordained Priest on Whitsunday, 1839, at All Souls', London,—of which church Dean Chandler was at that time Rector.

Some notion of his method with his students is to be derived from a letter of his to the Rev. J. Bliss, dated from the 'Diocesan College, Feast of S. Matthias, 1840:—

"At present we read in the Bible daily from twelve to one; construing from the Greek, whether in the Old or New Testament, and considering both language and sense in some degree critically. Then we take half an hour either at Hooker [bk. v.], with reference to the Prayer-book, Canons, &c., or Justin Martyr's '*Apologia*,' construing slowly on. Pearson might take Hooker's place, or Beveridge on the Articles, another term. And Justin might be replaced by S. Clement, or S. Ignatius, or the Canons of the Council of Nicaea, &c. At breakfast and tea we read Ecclesiastical History, Biography, &c. As to exercises we have done but little. A comparative table of the Baptismal Services,—a short instruction on Confirmation,—are some of those which I have set. I hope we shall do more in this way in future. But I am only just learning my way. On Saints' days we read a Psalm, comparing LXX, Vulgate, &c., and looking at Commentaries. Theodoret, S. Augustine, Chrysostom and Jerome are all most useful as Commentators. Theodoret is the most handy. The Students are expected to abstain from public amusements, and from sporting, and to inform

⁷ See above, p. 239-40.

⁸ These pleasant quarters were abandoned in the Spring of 1844.—Marriott's colleague succeeded him as Principal in 1841. The institution declined, and at the end of a few years (viz. at the close of 1845) was declared to be in

a state of *non esse*. Reviving at the end of nine months under the Principalship of the learned Philip Freeman, it again became prosperous; and has flourished and been successful ever since.

me beforehand, if they conveniently can, when they wish to be absent from our meals, and never to miss Lecture without leave. I have begun a course of weekly Lectures on Ecclesiastical History."

Subjoined is a characteristic extract from another of Marriott's letters written at this same time. It was addressed to C. F. Balston, esq.,—who had consulted Marriott concerning Coleridge's '*Aids to Reflection*.' The letter is sure to be perused with interest:—

"I well remember that in my last term 'in rooms,' having already made some little progress in Coleridge, I somehow or other found time to read the first book of Hooker's '*Ecclesiastical Polity*.' I did not then master it, nor have ever done so since; but I found within the first two pages of it enough to stay my mind in all after enquiries after Truth. I should be curious to know (unless indeed I have anticipated the question) whether you would light upon the same words, which fixed themselves indelibly on my mind, so that, for years after reading them, not a day passed but they were fresh in my recollection. Pray do,—when you have either now or at some other time read the first few pages (not to look for any one saying, but really to enter into the spirit of the Author),—let me know what strikes you as his great *dictum*. I shall not be the least disappointed if we differ, for I suppose there are hundreds of *dicta* in his writings, that singly involve the germ of all true philosophy. For every Truth has such a relation to the rest of Truth; that they cannot be apart. And Words, as Coleridge goes far to show, carry much more in them than the first meaning we attribute to them. But more of this, if you will, some other time."

The hints afforded by his brief Diary at this period of his life indicate the same multifarious reading,—the same craving after diverse departments of study,—which we have already encountered. He was assiduously occupied with Hebrew and with Anglo-Saxon. His enthusiastic remarks on natural scenery (for he was a great walker) and his occasional record of the beautiful aspect of the heavens at sunset, are full of freshness and delight. We also meet with frequent indications of variable health and of a most infirm body. He complains of drowsiness and of a proneness to catch cold. We are not surprised to learn that, at the end of two years, he was forced to resign his Principalship. The demand which it made on his powers was too great. He returned to Oriel, and in October 1841 was appointed sub-Dean of his College.

Let it not be supposed that in this return of his to Oxford there was any admixture of shrinking from toil and effort. Of his absolute singleness of purpose he gave a signal illustration at this very juncture,—affording proof that he was prepared to sacrifice at the shrine of duty whatever the world had to offer that was to himself most attractive. In truth, all through life, to do *what was right* seemed the one only thing he set before himself as worth a thought. Archd. Marriott, his cousin, relates as follows:—

"I saw—(he had a special reason for showing it to me)—the letter in which he consulted Newman as to whether he should offer to accompany Bp. Selwyn to New Zealand, when the Bishop was going out (as he then believed) without a single educated man as his helper. This was in 1841. The step would have involved the sacrifice of all Charles's habits,—of all he was specially fitted for,—and above all, of that close association in work and constant intercourse with Newman, which was the joy of his life. The question was put as simply as a soldier might have asked, at which gate he should mount guard. The only approach to an expression of feeling was, 'I like best being your servant, but one must not always go by liking.' I do not know whether the Bishop ever heard

of this thought. Assuredly to be a Missionary in a new country was not Charles's vocation. The severance from his friend came in a far harder form. I do not know whether they ever met after Newman left our Church."

I will but add that his interest in the New Zealand Church remained unabated to the last. Besides keeping its Bishop acquainted with the progress of Church affairs in England, and affording him many a practical proof of his sympathy, it was for the benefit of Selwyn's candidates for the ministerial office that Charles Marriott edited a precious volume of '*Analecta Christiana*,' which deserves to be reprinted, and might well become a standard text-book in our Theological Colleges. The former part was published in 1844,—which is the date of the interesting Epistle dedicatory: the latter part, in 1848. It contains extracts from the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius,—two Epistles of Ignatius,—excerpts from Clemens Alex.,—two treatises of Athanasius,—four of Chrysostom's Homilies on the Acts,—and the Apology of Gregory of Nazianzus. It extends to 371 pages.—In 1848, Marriott edited in 12mo. four of Augustine's shorter Treatises,¹ which he also inscribed to Bishop Selwyn,—announcing at the same time his design to offer him someday something by Bernard.

Truly critical was the moment at which he re-appeared in Oxford. "From the end of 1841, I was on my death-bed, as regards my membership with the Anglican Church,"—writes Mr. Newman in his '*Apologia*.' "I had given up my place in the movement, in my letter to the Bp. of Oxford in the Spring."² True, that it was not until the Michaelmas of 1843, that "beginning to despair of the Church of England," Mr. Newman resigned his *cure* of S. Mary's:³ not until another two years had fully run out, that he actually lapsed to the Church of Rome.⁴ But the good work which he had entered upon with so much zeal and alacrity in the September of 1833,⁵ at the end of seven years he had practically abandoned; and, at the close of the eighth year, had openly withdrawn from. At *that* precise season then it was that Marriott came back to Oriel: and it soon became evident that it was *he* who must stand in the gap which Mr. Newman's impending desertion had already occasioned, or that much of the good work which had been begun must collapse. Some words which he addressed about this time to Bishop Selwyn claim insertion here, as giving his own view of the position he found himself occupying in Oxford:—

"My health continues weak, and inadequate to anything very laborious, though I hope I am not wasting my time. My advisers seem agreed that my work is here, and my sober judgment goes with them, even after every allowance for the certain truth, that our labourers abroad do as much as any body here, to strengthen us at home. *But one's way is harder to find here, and one's dangers closer at hand, and one's responsibilities incalculable.* The times are forcing on us a change, which under GOD must be prevented from issuing in confusion, and must receive a character by the efforts of a few; and though I have scarcely any judgment, or power of calculation in the matter, I have a place, which seems assigned me by Providence. It is a subordinate one; but I do not know how to relinquish

¹ *De Catechizandis rudibus*.—*De Symbolo ad Catechumenos*.—*De Fide Rerum quas non videntur*.—*De Utilitate Credendi*.

² *Apologia*, p. 237.

³ *Ibid.* p. 306, also p. 325.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 366.

⁵ See above, p. 93.

it without a real desertion of duty. It is all but wrong of me to speak of this again, but really my sympathy with your Mission is such, that I cannot help thinking at times how it would be, were I engaged in it."⁶

How truly agonizing this entire period [1841-45] was to Charles Marriott, may be more easily imagined than described. With his boundless power of sympathy,—his warm affections,—his unwavering devotedness to the Church of England,—it was a constant source of heart-ache to him to witness token after token of growing estrangement on the part of one for whom he entertained such entire reverence and affection. It was (to use Mr. Newman's own image) like witnessing the dying agonies of some loved object indefinitely prolonged. What had first opened Marriott's eyes to the approaching catastrophe as a thing probable, as well as how it affected him, is best illustrated by his letter to Newman already partially quoted in the '*Apologia*.' "One very dear friend, now no more, Charles Marriott, sent me a letter at the beginning of 1845, from which, from love of him, I quote some sentences":⁷—

"Bitton, Jan. 15th, 1845.

"If you saw B. in town, he will have told you that he shewed me a letter, which I think he has shewn to no one else. I must at once write you my mind upon it; though you know me well enough to be aware, that I never see through any thing at first, nor feel it as it is. How it affects my chief concern,—the best manner in which I can hereafter serve GOD,—I know not. It casts a gloom over the future, which you can understand, if you have understood me, as I believe you have. But I may speak at once, of what I see and feel at once, and doubt not that I shall ever feel:—that your whole conduct towards the Church of England, and towards us who have striven and are still striving to seek after GOD for ourselves, and to revive true Religion among others, under her authority and guidance, has been generous and considerate; and, where that word is appropriate, I may add dutiful,—to a degree that I could scarcely have conceived possible." The course you have adopted has been one more unsparing of self than I should have thought human nature could sustain, though I know little of it but the slight reflection of your pain at some points when perhaps it has been my lot unwillingly to add to it. If I have been too dull for your intention, I know you will forgive one who most deeply loves you, and whose very resistance to your hints arose from that love. I have felt with pain every link that you have severed, but I have asked no questions, because I felt it to be necessary that you should measure the disclosure of your thoughts according to the occasion, and the capacity of those to whom you spoke." [Then, after a passionate inquiry whether any course of joint action could be devised as "a possible means of keeping us together amongst ourselves, as well as of uniting us to our Brethren," Marriott concludes:] "I say no more at present, for I write in haste in the midst of engagements engrossing in themselves, but partly made tasteless, partly embittered by what I have heard; . . . I do not press you for one word of explanation. It may be a self-deceiving apathy, but I think it is not. Be it as it may, I am willing to trust even you, whom I love best on earth, in GOD's Hand, and in the earnest prayer that you may be guided into all Truth, and so employed as is best for the Holy Catholic Church and for yourself: and remain ever yours affectionately,

"C. M."

It was at such a juncture then, that Marriott nobly came forward,—identified himself, as he had never done before, with the 'Tractarian'

⁶ From '*Littlemore*,—Sept. 13th, 1845.'

⁷ '*Apologia*, p. 361-2.

⁸ So honorable a trait of character deserves to be specially commemorated. Writing to his Aunt from Oriol, (Oct. 12th, 1845,) C. M. says,—"There is hardly anything in which I more thoroughly admire Newman than the manner in which he has thrown aside the power he had

in the Church of England, since he has felt that he must be drawn out of it. It is hardly possible that I should ever have the same hold of any mind that he has had of mine; yet he contrived to detach me from depending on himself, and to give me over to Pusey, sooner than even passively allow me to be drawn after him."

movement, (with all that was Catholic in it he had been all along in profoundest sympathy),—and manfully stood in the breach. Never was there a time when such calmness and intrepidity were more needed. Not that he was one to controul, and guide, and govern. Like John Keble, he was without the peculiar gifts which are required for a leader. Indeed, only in the capacity of a subaltern could any one in Oxford have come forward at that particular moment. Hugh James Rose had been for three years removed from the scene,—“perhaps the only man” (to quote a remark of Dr. Wordsworth’s to Joshua Watson) “who, not going all lengths with the authors of the movement, was really respected by them. Others may allay the storm, but *he* would have prevented the outbreak.”⁹ Keble was far away at his country cure. Pusey was the only leader at head-quarters: and to him Marriott opportunely joined himself. He brought to the cause every good and perfect gift which at that time it most urgently needed: I mean, above all things, a well merited reputation for sound Theological learning and solid Classical attainment,—combined with what I can only designate as a truly Apostolic holiness of character,—a most conciliatory, sympathizing disposition,—entire singleness of purpose. But his prime qualification for supplying Newman’s place was his unswerving loyalty to the Church of his fathers,—his absolute and undoubting confidence in the Apostolicity of the Church of England. Cherishing no miserable suspicions on this subject, he was scarcely able to understand how they could be seriously entertained by any competently learned person. His view of what constitutes a living branch of CHRIST’S Holy Catholic Church soared far above the region of logical quibbles,—intellectual subtleties,—arbitrary definitions,—irrelevant truisms.¹ It was the view of Andrewes and of Hooker,—of Laud and of Bull,—of Barrow and of Bramhall,—of Pearson and of Butler,—of Rose and of Mill. Rather was it the view of GOD’S Word, as interpreted by the Church Catholic in all ages. He may,—he *must* have secretly entertained grave doubts concerning the Catholicity of the Church of Rome: concerning the Catholicity of the Church of England, he never harboured one misgiving. “For my own part” (he said),—

“though I may be suspected, hampered, worried, and perhaps actually persecuted, I will fight every inch of ground before I will be compelled to forsake the service of that Mother to whom I owe my new Birth in CHRIST, and the milk of His Word. I will not forsake her at any man’s bidding till she herself rejects me; nor will I believe, till there is no other alternative (which GOD forbid should ever be!), that she has fallen as she herself tells me she *may* fall.”²

The office to which Marriott found himself promoted,—(words which I cannot write without bitterness,)—was no sinecure. No pains had been taken by the authors of “the Tractarian movement” to lay foundations. The younger men to whom it appealed became speedily intoxicated with the “new wine” of which they had found themselves suddenly recommended to drink freely. They had never had it explained to them systematically *why* they were ‘Churchmen,’ and wherein they were ‘Catholic.’ They had been stirred by the war-cry of a party, in the forefront of which they recognized whatever was noblest, purest, most

⁹ Churton’s *Memoir of Joshua Watson*,—ii.

principle fatal to Romanism.

^{145.} ² To Sir J. W. Awdry,—Oriol, Feb. 20, 1845.

¹ *Ans.* ‘*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*,’—a

highminded in the University. They had learned its watch-words, and, with generous impetuosity, had adopted its principles and its practices. But what was to be done when, at the end of a few years, the leader of the movement was seen to "go over,"—and when it became the fashion for his lieutenants to speak half-heartedly of the Anglican cause, and to describe themselves from many a pulpit as "faint, yet pursuing"? Only too evident was it that leader and lieutenants alike—with all their great attainments and splendid gifts—had lost their way; were, after all, unacquainted with the impregnable strength and true Catholicity of their Anglican position. A sound Regius Professor of Divinity at that juncture would have been an incalculable blessing: but what was to be hoped for when such an one as Dr. Hampden filled the Divinity Chair? "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician?" must have been the voiceless exclamation of many a faithful heart. In the meantime, with pitiful indiscretion, the disciples of 'Tractarianism' seemed bent on precipitating a crisis by the extravagance of their public utterances. Excellent and able men,—as Ward, Oakeley, Faber, Macmullen and half a score others,—openly vied with each other in their professions of unfaithfulness. What wonder if this provoked fierce denunciation,—uncompromising opposition? The worst anticipations of Hugh James Rose were more than realized. In 1844 (Sept. 5) Marriott described to Selwyn the position of affairs at Oxford as follows:—

"In Church matters we are much at a stand. Many are in great alarm about Romanism; and inclined, for fear of it, to persecute any one who believes half the Church Catechism. Those with whom I feel most sympathy are disabled from acting publicly by people's want of confidence; while some are pressing beyond our views, and trying to bring everything to a strictly Roman standard. Unless Captain Lysias, or some better influence, comes in, we are likely to be roughly handled between Pharisees and Sadducees."

In the ensuing February [1845], Marriott wrote: "—

"The Bishop of London has put Oakeley in the Court of Arches for publishing a claim to hold all Roman doctrine (as distinct from *teaching* it) while he signs the Articles. The cause will come on pretty soon, I believe. . . . I wish they would not push things to such extremities as drive people mad, and almost absolutely paralyse the Church of England during the agitation. It is much the same at Oxford. The working of the University is seriously impeded by commotions."

Throughout the whole of this trying period, Mr. Newman's friends,—(and no man ever had more enthusiastic, more devoted adherents than he),—refused to listen to the confident language in which his impending fall was openly predicted: declined to admit any evidence concerning him but his own. They trusted him implicitly: insisted on hoping against hope; until he himself informed them (Oct. 8th, 1845) that the fatal step had been taken, and that he had actually transferred his allegiance to that Church which a few years before he had publicly denounced with unsparing bitterness as under the actual domination of Satan.⁴ To many, when the University re-assembled after the Long Vacation, such tidings concerning Mr. Newman seemed simply incredible. Marriott, in a letter to Bishop Selwyn ('S. Simon and S. Jude, 1845'), expresses what was the sentiment of a hundred hearts besides his own:—

³ To the Rev. W. Cotton,—from Oriel.

⁴ See above, p. 136.

"A change has come over the whole face of things here. To many eyes perhaps there seems little difference; but to those who have fairly estimated the worth of one who has left us, all seems altered. My own hope is to labour on towards the restoration of our Church; but it must be in heaviness the best part of my days. How many we are likely to lose I do not know; but some whom I regret much are already gone. I can hardly believe that I am now going on with works and schemes for our own Church; and Newman, still living within three miles, not only wholly separated from all my undertakings, but in a manner opposed to them. Not that he has yet done anything like opposition, nor that I think he will take an aggressive line; but still, his weight is now on the side of drawing from us those whom we would keep, and so undoing what we do."

Impossible it is to exaggerate the mischievous effect which Newman's lapse to Romanism had on the religious movement inaugurated by Hugh James Rose some fifteen years before. A master-stroke of Satan's policy it certainly was, thus effectually to paralyze the Church's newly recovered life, and to divert into many an unhealthy channel those energies which it was beyond his power to quell and render inactive. For a time there prevailed on every side nothing but dismay and perplexity,—confusion and half-heartedness,—suspicion and distrust. Much of the good which had been already effected was more than undone:—

"We are leaving no stone unturned" (wrote Marriott to his Aunt) "where we see a hope of doing anything towards restoring and maintaining the Church of England, and towards checking the now almost prevailing tide of secession."⁶

What wonder if progress—except on sectarian lines—henceforth became impossible? Writing to Bp. Selwyn (on Christmas Eve, 1845), Marriott says,—

"There has been much talk of extending Education in Oxford. Had it been 18 months ago, I could have raised money to found a College on strict principles. Now, people are so shaken that I do not think anything can be effected."

But over and above all this, there is no describing what an amount of heart-break, and consequent spiritual misery, Mr. Newman's defection occasioned. Many (as Mark Pattison) drifted from their moorings entirely, and subsided into something scarcely distinguishable from absolute unbelief. More grievous still, (if *that* were possible), the *moral* shock which all underwent proved incalculably severe. Men were heard to ask one another,—*Who* then is to be trusted? and *what* professions of fidelity are henceforth entitled to attention? *That* thing which the Psalmist said 'in his haste,'—are *we* then henceforth, every one of us, to say at our leisure? Not that any respectable person in Oxford suspected Mr. Newman either of insincerity or of untruthfulness. But *the facts* being such-and-such,—What was to be made of them?

Not to dwell longer on a period which I can never recall without anguish and heart-ache,—Marriott found himself surrounded by the perplexed and half-hearted, the desponding and the despairing; by avowed Romanizers, and by men who were almost without any faith at all. He was written to, resorted to;—worried with the conscientious doubts, scruples, perplexities, of a hundred persons who had no claim upon him whatever;—became at last entangled in an unmanageable correspondence. But in the meantime there had been a vast amount

⁶ C. M. to his Aunt,—Oriol, Oct. 19, 1845.

of literary labour enterprised by the leaders of the party: and by whom was *this* to be carried successfully forward, if not by some high-souled student, who, like the man of whom I am writing, would be content to toil on without fee or reward; without the refreshment which self-chosen labour at least brings with it; without indeed any help or encouragement, but that of his own approving conscience?

This is the proper place for making reference to the immense quantity of *hack-work* (if the expression be allowable) to which Charles Marriott cheerfully submitted. In no other way can I designate certain of his literary labours. He was for at least fourteen years associated with Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble as joint Editor of the "*Library of the Fathers*,"⁷—(to which undertaking however, the last-named Divine contributed nothing but the sanction of his name⁸): and throughout that entire period, every most irksome and inglorious department of editorial responsibility was freely imposed upon Marriott singly.⁹ His brother John relates with truth, that "in one shape or another, the '*Library of the Fathers*' was always on his hands. Either he was translating,—or he was correcting the translations of others. He was collating manuscripts,—or else he was correcting the press. The work was carried on at all times, and wherever he was." To my own infinite disgust, I once found him (with a severe head-ache) making the *Index* to a volume of Augustine,—I think it was vol. xxii. Of course I took it from him and did it myself. Between 1841, in which year he put forth the Translation of Chrysostom's Homilies on the Epistle to the Romans,—and 1855, when he was struck down by paralysis,—he is found to have edited at least 24 volumes (i. e. more than half) of 'the Library.' Twelve of these volumes were works of Chrysostom (viz. his Homilies on S. Matthew and on S. John,—on the Acts and on S. Paul's Epistles). Eight, were works of Augustine (viz. his short Treatises, his Commentary on S. John's Gospel and on the Psalms). Four, consisted of Gregory the Great's '*Moralia*' on the Book of Job." Dr. Pusey, in the 'Advertisement' (Advent, 1857) prefixed to vol. xxxix, (which is the vith and concluding volume of Augustine's Exposition of the Psalms), thus freely acknowledges the largeness of his obligations to the subject of the present Memoir:—

"The first hundred pages of this volume were printed, when it pleased GOD to withdraw from all further toil our friend, the REV. C. MARRIOTT, upon whose editorial labours the '*Library of the Fathers*' had, for some years, wholly depended. Full of activity in the cause of Truth and religious knowledge,—full of practical benevolence, expending himself, his strength, his paternal inheritance, in works of piety and charity,—in one night his labour was closed, and he was removed from active duty to wait in stillness for his LORD's last call. His

⁷ The earlier volumes of that great undertaking appeared under the editorship of Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble and Mr. Newman.

⁸ This statement requires modification, for, although the work was not published until long after Marriott's death, vol. xlii of the *Library* is entitled '*Five Books of St. Irenæus*, Bishop of Lyons, against Heresies. Translated by the Rev. John Keble, with the fragments that remain of his other works.' Besides this, Mr. Keble edited St. Chrysostom's Homilies on St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, which were translated by Mr. Medley and Mr. Cor-

nish. And throughout the whole work he was consulted about difficult passages both by Dr. Pusey and Mr. Marriott.

⁹ It has been pointed out by one who knew Dr. Pusey intimately that he took his share of the mechanical drudgery of the editorial work. At spare moments of time he too was constantly correcting proofs, revising translations, and even constructing indexes.

¹⁰ These volumes (Nos. 18, 21, 23, 31) bear date 1844-5-7-50 respectively. In strictness the volumes are three,—in sundry 'Parts.'

friends may perhaps rather thankfully wonder that GOD allowed one, threatened in many ways with severe disease, to labour for Him so long and so variously, than think it strange that He suddenly, and for them prematurely, allowed him thus far to enter into his rest. To those who knew him best, it has been a marvel, how, with health so frail, he was enabled in such various ways, and for so many years, to do active good in his generation. Early called, and ever obeying the call, he has been allowed both active duty and an early rest."

How laboriously and conscientiously Charles Marriott did his work, may be inferred from his Preface to vol. xxxv, which volume is the conclusion of Chrysostom's 'Homilies on the Acts.' In fact, *all* his work was first-rate, under whatever conditions of haste and discomfort it was produced. Yet could not one help feeling angry at witnessing such fine abilities wasted—for it *was* a waste—on what an infinitely humbler instrument could have perfectly well accomplished; while more than one great undertaking remained unapproached, which scarcely any one of his contemporaries could have achieved nearly so well as he, and which he himself wanted nothing but leisure and repose of mind to undertake at once. I am thinking especially of a Commentary on S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans which was to have been *the* work of his life,—but of which a very slight sketch is all that he ever effected. Allusion is made to the "*Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans*," which he delivered at S. Mary's during the last two years of his Ministry [1853-5], and which were posthumously published by his brother in 1859. Even this sketch does not extend beyond the xiiith chapter. An elaborate exposition of the entire Epistle was in fact to have been *his* contribution to that 'Commentary on the Bible' which Dr. Pusey announced as to be edited by himself, and of which the several portions were actually assigned to different labourers. Of this great undertaking the only portion which ever appeared was Pusey's own precious '*Commentary on the Minor Prophets*': but I remember Dr. William Kay's telling me that he had finished his Commentary on 'Genesis,'—(which was the book assigned to *him*),—many years before Pusey's death.

Besides thus taking the labouring oar in the editorship of the 'Library of the Fathers,' Marriott was a chief promoter of the scheme for producing the original Texts of certain of the giants of old time. The '*Bibliotheca Patrum*' (for so it is called) was commenced in 1838, with Augustine's '*Confessiones*.' Field's admirable edition of Chrysostom's '*Homilies on S. Matthew's Gospel*' followed in 1839. The task of editing Theodoret's '*Interpretation of S. Paul's Epistles*' devolved on Marriott." He collated for this purpose Codices in the Paris library. But he was evidently extending his editorial regards to other Fathers. Writing to Bishop Selwyn from 'Littlemore, September 13th, 1842,' he says:—

"I have been spending some time in Paris, looking at MSS. of S. Chrysostom, and collating some of Macarius; and I hope we shall very soon be going on again with editions of some part of the Fathers in the original. I am now spending a day or two with Newman, in his Parsonage at Littlemore, where he leads almost a monastic life, giving the whole morning to study and devotion. The quiet that reigns here is new to me, and very favourable to reflection, though I doubt whether I am equal to such a life myself."

⁹ '*Theodoret's Interpretatio in omnes B. Pauli Epistolas*': ad fidem codicum Parisien-

sium recensuit C. Marriott B.D.—Pars I, 1852. —[Pars II is dated 1870.]

It was at the Easter of 1850 that Charles Marriott succeeded C. P. Eden as Vicar of S. Mary-the-Virgin's, which is also the University church. Nothing could exceed the zeal and alacrity with which he threw himself into the duties of his new office. He and I had always been friends; but from this time forward I saw a great deal of him. Having no parochial cure of my own, I was able at all times to assist him at his Services, to administer the early Sacrament (7 a.m.) for him, or altogether to stand in the gap when he was away,—which happened not seldom. He was greatly loved by his parishioners; as well he might be,—so exceedingly attentive, kind and sympathizing was he in times of sickness or trouble. He was greatly revered also. The Cholera visited Oxford while he was Vicar (*viz.* in 1854), and the utter disregard he displayed for his own personal safety,—his magnanimous self-sacrifice,—evidently impressed certain of his (and my) “dearly beloved brethren” far more than all our discourses put together. It was very striking to hear [1863-76] words of downright enthusiasm concerning him, from lips not by any means given to such language. “Mr. Marriott was a saint, if ever there *was* one, Vicar! And as for those girls in black, people may call them popish, or whatever they like: but let me tell you, if ever there were Angels upon earth” The man was choked with emotion at the recollection of those days, and could not proceed. But the events referred to demand more particular notice.

“When the Cholera broke out in 1854” (writes Sir Henry Acland) “it was Long Vacation. There was no real authority to administer the arrangements. I was put in charge. I had to arrange two departments; one, That a lady should visit all cases in the houses of the poor;—the other, That a lady should take charge of a white-washed cow-house in a field where many cases were sent. Miss Skene undertook and fulfilled the first duty.”¹ “She visited daily every house (within a certain area) to instruct the Nurses, to comfort the sick, to cheer the disconsolate; and, where need was, herself to supply a sudden emergency, or to relieve a wearied attendant. By day and by night she plied this task, and *when* she rested, or *where*,—as long at least as she knew of a house where disease had entered,—is known to herself alone.”²

Miss Hughes carried on the latter work to the end.

“This lady, with more constancy than prudence could approve, and more energy than a woman's strength could long endure, was by day and by night among the people; superintended all the arrangements, and provided, to the best of the means allowed to her, for all their wants. In all leisure moments, with the help of her friends, she taught the children; not only by the teaching of books and of needlework, but by the persuasion of games, and by the discipline of cleanliness, often not less necessary than unpalatable. Nor in these rude and temporary contrivances was a lesser but an important act forgotten. The cheerful decoration of flowers and of pictorial illustrations was provided at the Hospital and the other buildings; and an attempt was made to remove the horror of the pest-house, by such means as we, in this country, alas! are daily proved to understand so much less than any Continental people.

“May those orderly habits, and the nightly prayers and the hymns of the infants, be transplanted to some widowed and fatherless homes where they were not known before! While these acts of strength and love spring up in time of need, let none be heard to doubt the practical powers and noble nature of English women!”³

¹ MS. letter to myself,—May 4, 1887.

² Acland's *Memoir on the Cholera at Oxford*

³ *in* 1854,—p. 99.

³ Acland's *Memoir*,—p. 98.

Miss Hughes writes,⁴—"In the time of the Cholera in Oxford (1854) Mr. C. Marriott gave constant and most valuable help to the sick in the temporary hospital in the 'Field of Observation.' *Fearless and faithful*,—is the best description of his work among them. He usually came twice a day,—certainly once each day while the cholera was at the worst,—and at any time, day or night, I knew I could send for him or Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Venables, if the dying needed spiritual help.

"You will remember the terrible cases of small-pox which occupied one part of the rough Hospital. I was unwilling that Mr. Marriott should have the risk of going into it; but he would not allow any care for himself to hinder any possible help he might give to the souls of the sick, however loathsome their bodily condition might be. And with the cholera patients he would minister to the last moment. I seem to see him now hearing the confession of a dying man in one part of the ward, while in another part the priest from the Roman Catholic church in S. Clement's was ministering in like manner to one of his flock.

"There was one case of awful despair in a poor dying woman who refused to listen to any words of the mercy of GOD, saying only 'too late, too late.' To her, Mr. Marriott devoted much care and many prayers. It seemed as though no impression could be made upon her. The cry went on—'too late, too late, too late for me.' But Mr. Marriott's tender fervour to bring her to faith and trust in her SAVIOUR prevailed at last. He said,—'But you *do* believe in the love of those around you, now that JESUS sends it to you?' With what seemed the last effort of life, she raised herself,—clasped her arms round the neck of the sister who was attending to her,—and kissing her answered,—'Yes, it *is* love.' The last struggle followed almost immediately, and we heard her say, 'JESUS, save me,'—the words he had entreated her to use. So his prayers had been heard. She died in hope and faith.

"There was one part of Mr. Marriott's work in the 'Field of Observation' which was the bright spot of the day. It was with the Children who had been brought in on the death of their Parents, or from infected localities. You will remember the two tents which were used for dormitories for the boys and for the girls; to these, late in the evening, when they were settled for the night, Mr. Marriott used to go, and after saying prayers with them, ended by singing Ken's 'Evening hymn.' To watch him and the children with their up-turned faces and clasped hands was a scene of beautiful harmony to eye and ear."

In the foregoing narrative I find one little circumstance omitted, which may not however pass unrecorded by me. The Rev. John Marriott relates,—*"In the course of his attendance on the small-pox cases, Charles caught the disease, and was seriously ill for some time. But he recovered in the course of the Spring and resumed all his employments as vigorously as ever."* . . . And so much for the terrible Long Vacation of 1854.

I was a regular attendant at S. Mary's throughout C. M.'s Ministry [1850-5], as I had been when Eden was Vicar [1843-50]; and before that, during the last years of Mr. Newman's incumbency [1842 and 3]. The three men were greatly dissimilar as teachers, certainly: but they all three agreed in certain essential respects. They were original;—they were highly intellectual;—they were good *teachers*, and were evidently thoroughly in earnest as to what they taught;—they all three seemed to be (they *were*) penetrated with a sense of the sacredness of their Office, and the importance of the message they were commissioned to deliver. And yet, O how diverse they were! The sermons of the last named Divine, which have since become everywhere famous, were like those of no other preacher for their finished beauty, their pathetic

⁴ MS. letter to Sir H. W. Acland,—Easter 1887.

interest, their constraining power. There is no telling how they affected the heart, moved the will, gratified the understanding. Concerning Eden's pulpit addresses, sufficient will be found hazarded further on. As for dear Charles Marriott's sermons, they were singularly unadorned productions; yet most precious views they were on the deepest of subjects, boldly and clearly enunciated, yet set down only in the way of hint or outline: recommended by remarks which seemed as if they had been hastily drawn up from the deep well of the preacher's own spiritual, saintly experience. He would knit his brows, and preach very much as if he were in earnest conversation with you. Everything he said was weighty, and full of Gospel sweetness: thoroughly well worth trying to remember. But the thoughts sometimes seemed to me deficient in arrangement, as well as in elaboration and finish: the whole, sounding as if it had been committed to paper at a disadvantage. . . I once saw him finishing a sermon,—under conditions which would have accounted for anything. It was Sunday morning,—the University sermon just over, and the bell going for the parochial Service. In less than 5 minutes he must be in Church. I rapped at his door, "Come in,"—(without raising his head). He was leaning, *sprawling* rather, over his table,—with his ink-bottle secured to his button-hole (like a tax-gatherer) and eagerly writing. He did not speak,—nor did I: but I had my own thoughts on the subject. . . . There was no pretension whatever to oratory. Like James Mozley,—he was no 'speaker.' (Anything but that!) It was the importance of *what he said* that constrained attention to his utterances. His manuscript (like Eden's) was without erasure or correction of any kind.

His brother's view of this matter claims attention:—

"Though he had no special gift of eloquence, yet, from the fulness of his mind and the careful way in which he had thought out the meaning of Scripture, his sermons were composed rapidly and with ease. They flowed from his pen without a pause, and from this facility of composition, there is an ease and freshness about them which conveys the impression of what is spoken without book. They exhibit no attempt at high finish: but abound in clear expositions of Holy Scripture, and in striking passages enforcing his own views of Divine Truth,—his own high standard of Christian life. I should say that the main design and aim of his teaching was to bring people to a knowledge of their true position and privileges as Christians, and to exhort them to a faithful and earnest use of the high gifts bestowed upon them through the Gospel. All his powers were devoted to the earnest endeavour to do good in his generation."

It ought to have been sooner mentioned that in 1843, yielding to the urgent desire of his friends, Marriott published the former of two volumes of Sermons,—which proved the chief literary memorial which he was destined to leave behind him. He styled the volume,—'*Sermons preached before the University and in other places.*' They range from 1838 to 1843. In the 'Advertisement' prefixed, he says:—

"As the writer is conscious that many things are imperfectly explained, he begs to have that construction put upon them which is most agreeable to the doctrine of the holy Catholic Church in all ages, and in particular of that branch of it to which, through the mercy of God, he belongs."

The second volume of his Sermons ('*preached in Bradfield Church,*

Berks, Oriel College Chapel, and other places,'),—appeared in 1850. It was dedicated to his excellent and devoted brother, the Rev. John Marriott, Curate of Bradfield, and was prefaced by an apology for the want of style and finish in some of the Sermons. The author points out that although he had sometimes "written at the notice of a few hours, he has often been putting down the thoughts of many years."—I will but declare concerning both these volumes (so little known!) that they are simply priceless, and will richly repay those who will be at the pains to inquire after them.

In the 'Preparatory Thoughts' to one of his works, (*'Reflections in a Lent reading of the Epistle to the Romans,'*⁸) he says:—

"I must strive to order all my doings for the day, so that each may have its proper place: and it will be well even to attend to my books and papers, that they may be rightly put in place, so that I may know where I am, and where my work is, and may not spend time uselessly in looking for this and that."—(pp. 2-3.)

Impossible it was for any one who knew the man and was acquainted with his rooms, to encounter the foregoing virtuous resolution without a smile. Those rooms were the very picture of disorder. But, I am impatient to add,—they were *not* in that respect a faithful reflex of his mind; much less of his spirit. He was no confused thinker,—neither was there any want whatever of serenity and calmness in his soul. He could find a book, and the place in a book too, as readily as any studious man of my acquaintance. If you were suddenly to ask him a profound question in Divinity, he could,—and with evident pleasure *would*,—instantly focus his thoughts, and proceed to explain. No. The disorder was the inevitable result of Marriott's over-tasked life and over-crowded shelves;—added to the publicity of a College staircase, and (what every real student at last discovers to his regret) the insufficiency of ordinary college accommodation for one who is engaged in laborious research. Undeniable however it is that anything more untidy than Marriott's rooms can scarcely be imagined. His library was a very fine one; but the Fathers were suffocated with dust,—supplementary shelves encumbered every wall, passage, angle,—the pamphlets, sermons, catalogues, were literally without number. . . . It is a comfort to be able to add that, instead of being scattered after his death, his library was transferred to Bradfield,—where it is now preserved in its entirety. I remember being invited by Mr. Keble to assist in securing the collection for some Colonial see,—in South Africa, I think.

It deserves to be mentioned that it was to C. M.'s zeal and liberality that S. Mary's is indebted for its present interesting Vestry. Allusion is made to the small apartment, (once, I believe, the Chapel of S. Catharine,⁹) which connects the eastern extremity of the Chancel with the "old Congregation-house,"—(for such is the proper designation of the long vaulted chamber beneath the *solarium*,—once the University library, now known as the 'Law School'). Till his time, S. Catharine's chapel had been the receptacle for the University fire-engine,—then transferred

⁸ 1849,—p. 146.

⁹ See Peshall's *History of Oxford*,—p. 58.

to the ancient vaulted chamber already mentioned, which adjoined it on the north.⁷

He was pre-eminently one of those friends, (I did so greatly enjoy their society at Oxford!), who had no objection,—on the contrary, who loved,—to talk freely when we were alone together about the hard things of Scripture. Woolcombe was another of these,—and Kay another,—and Gandell, another. I cannot say how refreshing it was to get Marriott on such subjects. I never found him unprepared. The seemingly tangled prophecy on the Mount of Olives being once the subject of conversation, he furnished me instantly with the clue to its unravelment: pointing out that *taûta* (or *πάντα ταûta*) is the expression invariably used to denote the event in the foreground, (viz. the destruction of Jerusalem),—in contradistinction from the end of the World, which is spoken of as *ἡ ἡμέρα*, or *ἡ ἡμέρα ἐκείνη*.⁸—He was always fresh and original. [Something concerning the ancient allowance of Polygamy, which (by an oversight) will be found further on (in page 183) should have been introduced in this place.] Our talk being once about Jael, I asked him how he got over the difficulty. He replied instantly,—“I suppose she regarded Sisera in the light of a wild beast: a creature to be snared and destroyed, by any possible method.”—I perceived on such occasions that he always had his own view,—had thought the matter out *for himself*,—although he was saturated with the Patristic method, and was the last man in the world to depart from what really *was* Catholic teaching. But on *this* head,—(for the subject is not only very interesting, but of the highest importance also),—he shall be allowed to speak for himself. To a friend who ‘objected to any appeal to Catholic Antiquity, except as speaking through Councils,’ he replied,—

“More perhaps than you are aware might be collected from the early Councils. . . . But I will not insist on that. I should rather maintain that there is a truly Divine Tradition in the Church, of which the inductions of individuals are only very imperfect pictures, but which is represented with tolerable fairness by the consenting testimony of various students. It is upon such Tradition (collected, as I believe, with supernatural aid) that the decrees of Councils are framed, as you may read at length in Vincent of Lerins, or in the history of almost any Council. And therefore I believe such a Tradition to be a real source of Truth, though I cannot be sure that I individually get from it the exact truth. I prefer it to any modern tradition, because no modern tradition *can possibly* be Apostolic when it contradicts an *earlier universal* Tradition.”

“For using such induction, and attributing a high authority to its results, we have both the precept and the example of the Church of England: *precept*, in the Canon of 1571, and *example* in setting forth the Homilies, which make use of passages from holy Fathers as grounds of argument. On the particular subject in question” [I believe the Holy Eucharist is referred to] “you must remember that we have the Liturgies, as well as the Fathers, for testimony to the doctrine of early times; and their testimony is more like that of a Council, than that of an individual Doctor.”⁹

⁷ This historical locality,—(namely, the ‘old Congregation-house’ of the University, which had long fallen into a state of squalid desecration),—was in 1871 zealously renovated mainly through the exertions of the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, now Dean of Winchester. For a period it was used as a chapel for the ‘*Scholares non-scripti*’ of the University; but I am not surprised to learn (1887) that “for a long time past there

have been no Services of any kind held there,” and that it has again lapsed into a state of entire neglect. It is scarcely a habitable locality,—damp, dark, and much below the external level.

⁸ S. Matt. xxiv. 33, 34, compared with ver. 36.

⁹ To the Rev. J. H. Walker,—dated “S. Leonard’s, Jan. 10, 1845,—800th anniversary of the martyrdom of Abp. Laud.”

Any one reading with attention his Sermons,—the two precious little volumes (described at p. 170-1 as published in 1843 and 1850,)—will understand something of his delightful way of handling sacred subjects: his spirit so calm and thoughtful,—so reverent and profound. It is difficult, at the end of many years, to produce specimens: but I will recall one characteristic incident, and then pass on. Unfortunately the subject-matter on the occasion referred to has entirely passed out of my recollection; but the external circumstances of the case dwell as freshly with me as if the things had happened yesterday, and these exhibit *the man*.

It must have been about the year 1854, (for I was commenting on S. John),—and well into the winter, (for the snow lay deep on the ground),—that I had been devoting the whole of more than one long day to the study of certain doctrinal passages in the fourth Gospel; which must evidently be regarded in connexion with one another, and explained by the same doctrinal clue: but concerning which I had made the perplexing discovery that all the *Greek* Fathers (as it seemed) interpreted them in one manner,—all the *Latin*, in another. How to reconcile the two, I saw not: and who was *I* to adjudicate between the giants? I was greatly distressed. The College clock—(to quote an expression of Mr. Newman's,¹)—had “struck as many as ever it could,” and I was getting desperately tired: but (1), To go to bed was out of the question: while (2), To postpone the record of what had been occupying me wholly for the last 13 or 14 hours, I foresaw would be fatal. The morrow was to be a busy day: then came Sunday; and by Monday morning,—*Where* would be the many delicate threads which I now held, as it were, in my hand? There were but two men (so at least I judged,) who were competent to help me: Pusey—(but how to persuade the porter to let me in through Canterbury gate at such an hour?); and Marriott. It was a dreary night. What if he should be gone to bed? and the lamps out on the break-your-neck stairs? . . . “I can but try, at all events,” I told myself. So, wrapped in a railway-rug, I picked a path through the snow, and blundered up Marriott's staircase. There was a gleam of light under his door: so he had *not* gone to bed. Half ashamed, I rapped. “Who's *that*?” I held the door open,—and, of course, in streamed the icy blast. A fractious voice again exclaimed,—“Who's *that*? I say. Will you be so good as either to come in, or else to go out? for I'm suffering from a cold in my forehead.” Sincerely begging his pardon, I kicked the door to behind me, and advanced. Marriott's expiring candles just enabled him to recognize me: for fire-light there was none. He did not know how to make sufficient amends for his discourtesy. He was ‘So glad to see me,’—‘Wouldn't I sit down?’—‘The tea was not quite cold,’—‘The water would boil in a minute,’—‘Pray throw off your rug,’—and so on. Meanwhile, other candles had been lighted and the dying embers had been raked together. His kindness was touching. A few words sufficed to explain my errand. I sat down and so did he. I explained, and he listened: but soon he

¹ A man came in late to a College lecture (10.15 p.m.). The gentle reproof was,—“You are *very* late, Mr. So-and-so.”—“Didn't hear the clock strike, sir.”—“And I'm sure, Mr.

So-and-so,—the clock—struck—as many as ever it could.” [From the late Rev. B. E. Bridges.]

grew restive. I named the Greek Fathers one by one, Athanasius, Gregory, Basil, &c. and stated the substance of their remarks. (I heard an impatient "yes, yes"): then I specified the Latins, informing him, one by one, what they each said, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, &c. (Again I heard, "I know, I know.") "Then, since you know, tell me how these Doctors are to be reconciled; for they seem to me to be opposed and inconsistent. I have nothing more to say." . . . He was silent, but slowly began rocking himself to and fro in his chair,—like one putting an infant to sleep: and after a considerable pause, began. It was all very lucid,—all very beautiful: disjointed but logically coherent. He kept twitching his hand before his forehead, twitching and snatching, as if he were trying to catch a fly. He explained to me very ingeniously and thoughtfully as much as I wanted to know in less than a quarter of an hour. In fact I saw it all, at the end of his second or third sentence. In a few minutes more *I* was to be heard insisting on his letting me depart,—and *he* was to be seen insisting on lighting me downstairs. I speedily regained my fireside,—blotted several sheets of paper,—and long before the clock struck two, had forgotten every Greek and every Latin Father,—besides Charles Marriott and S. John himself. In the morning, my last night's adventure seemed the queerest of dreams. I awoke laughing at the recollection of the dear fellow's fractious "Who's *that*?" and the proposed dilemma that I must "be so good as either to come in, or else to go out."^{*}

I would fain, without more delay, say something which should be illustrative of this beloved friend's beautiful character. Of his many conspicuous graces I am really at a loss *which* to single out for the foremost place. Sometimes, his profound humility of spirit first presents itself to my memory: at other times, his singleness of purpose: at others, his purity of heart: at others, his utter unselfishness: at others, his candour and forbearance, (*that enikēia* which S. Paul [Phil. iv. 4] commends). He was so indulgent in his estimate of other men's words and actions: severe only towards himself. Occasionally, it is the habitual consideration and kindness of his disposition which forces itself on my recollection as his pre-eminent grace. But straightway there spring up, side by side with these, instances of his rigid conscientiousness; or again, tokens of his boundless charity. He was about the *fairest* man I ever knew. Perhaps his consistent holiness,—the habitually devout and reverent tone of his mind,—was his prevailing characteristic. There was something unspeakably sweet, and pure, and simple in the outcome of his habitual inner life. His was indeed a heavenly character. To me he seemed habitually *to walk with GOD*. I first understood the meaning of that Scripture phrase by closely observing *him*. A brother-fellow expresses my meaning exactly when he remarks that "he seemed to move in a spiritual region out of the reach of us ordinary mortals."

No thoughtful reader will be surprised, after all that goes before, to hear me declare that Charles Marriott afforded a signal instance of that

^{*} Unable to recall the precise object of my visit, I am but sure that it was *not* the mystery involved in the last words of S. John xiv. 28,—

where the Greek and the Latin Fathers are similarly divided.

influence for good which a Collegian of high character and holy life is enabled to exercise at the University. One consequence of this was that many young men came up to Oxford recommended to his notice by their Parents. His practice was,—besides inviting them to his rooms, calling on them, or taking a walk with them,—to hold once or twice in the term a kind of general reception in the Common Room : at which some senior men would, at his request, look in for half-an-hour. It was quite a lesson to see how Marriott conducted himself on such occasions. He invariably singled out for attention the most shy and alarmed, or the most awkward and *cubbish*, or the most stupid and silent, of the youths present. He would pursue these unpromising, unattractive creatures into the corner of the room whither they had retired for concealment : would carry them tea, toast, &c., &c., and in short, *insist* on making friends with them. The trouble he would take on such occasions used quite to astonish me. But in truth it was a part of his Religion. He was always the succourer, advocate, champion of the neglected and forlorn ; the feeble and the friendless ; the lowly and retiring. I have really never seen any one like him : for his acts of this class were not the result of occasional conscious effort. It was *his nature* to be thus kind, sympathizing, friendly : and to be so at all times,—and to all. And, as I was saying, his example in this respect,—the influence of his daily practice,—was felt to be a leavening power by all who came in Charles Marriott's way.

His unfailing good nature—but in fact it was his inveterate Christian consideration—really knew no bounds. Overwhelmed (as he always was) with all manner of work, he never denied himself to any one who saw fit to call on him, or wanted anything of him. "I see you are too busy. I will not disturb you," once exclaimed Edward King,—(the present Bishop of Lincoln, who was at that time an undergraduate of Oriel,—“a royal fellow,” as C. M. used to call him,)—and was proceeding to leave the room. "That depends," (quietly rejoined Marriott,) "on the relative importance of what *I* am doing and what *you* have come to me about." The reply aptly expresses what the speaker seems always to have felt—viz. that the 12 hours of every day had to be spent in GOD'S service, and that he was not a competent judge beforehand of *how* GOD might be most acceptably served. He therefore always held himself in readiness to meet any demand which might by any one be made upon him for a measure of his time, or for a share of his attention. A singular illustration of the thing I mean, presents itself.

A poor man, (resident in his parish), having solicited an interview, communicated his trouble, which was this:—With a legal claim (as he felt sure) to considerable property, he was yet unable, in consequence of his impecunious condition, to assert his rights. Marriott bade the man bring him the evidence on which he relied,—promising to consider it. Sundry deeds, abstracts of wills, &c. were the consequence ; and the Vicar,—relying on the light of nature,—proceeded to unravel the problem. It taxed his patience and his legal knowledge to the full. But the issue was, that after a day or two of incessant (and therefore most inconvenient) labour, he satisfied himself that his client was in error. The man had

no case,—and of this the Vicar convinced him . . . Let it be remembered that I am not relating this incident with unmingled admiration. Marriott should have put the matter into professional hands, and reserved himself for inquiries of a different class. But—such was the man! His compassionate nature led him to sift the case to the bottom; and he could not, of course, foresee what a dance his guide would lead him.

I recall another humble incident somewhat in point, and certainly in a high degree characteristic. One very hot afternoon in the Long Vacation, he entered my room in beaver with a troubled brow, and—“Would I go for a walk?” “Certainly.” I took my hat and prepared to follow him. “You won’t mind a couple of *brats*?” he said inquiringly. (I groaned inwardly.) “Do you mean that two boys are to walk with us?” Yes, he meant *that*. (They were two choristers, I believe, whom he had promised to befriend, and this was how he was keeping his word.) We plodded along in profound silence, and at last found ourselves on the turnpike road to Kidlington: the heat tropical,—the ‘brats’ kicking up the dust in front. At the end of the first half-mile he ejaculated,—“I hope you don’t mind my not talking?” “If you are disinclined to talk, never mind. I can think.” Rather ashamed of this, he straightway added,—“Unless you would put up with my talking about S. Augustine. I have been at work upon him all day, and I can really think of nothing else.” The rejoinder was obvious; and a truly interesting conversation followed. It proved in fact as remarkable a walk as I ever took in my life; and would have been a delightful one,—but for the heat, the dust, and the ‘brats.’ On getting back to Oriel, he challenged me to a cup of tea. The prospect of a quiet half-hour in his rooms,—*with* Augustine for reference, and *without* the boys,—was charming; but at sight of the dusty perspiring urchins, his heart evidently melted. He let fall something about their ‘perhaps liking something to eat.’ For all reply, up rushed the young villains before us, while behind came ‘Richard’ with two breakfast commons and a pot of jam. The rest may be imagined. . . . But how was it possible to overlook the man’s sincerity and self-sacrifice,—the genuine kindness of heart,—which could be thus considerate towards the two uninteresting children who had already ruined his afternoon and were now going to spoil his evening?

From Trinity until the Christmas of 1851, Marriott’s Curate at S. Mary’s was the Rev. Robert E. Sanderson, of Lincoln College,—now a Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, D.D. and Head-master of Lancing College, Sussex. Invited to recall what he is able of those days, my friend and neighbour has furnished me with the following characteristic and interesting narrative. But he begins, of course, by lamenting the obliterating influences of six-and-thirty years:—

“What can never pass from my recollection is the clear outline of his personal aspect and bearing, his ways and manners. And these were very characteristic, and for that reason were very dear to those who loved him well for what he was in mind and heart and spirit.

“Apart from these general impressions, what remains most fixed in my memory are the evenings which, soon after I became his Curate at S. Mary’s, he devoted to the study with me of the opening Chapters of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians.

You knew his rooms better than I could describe them. A corner of a table was cleared of tokens of disorder even more incongruous than books and papers; and we set to work with a Greek text of the New Testament only in our hands. Presently, a Commentary; then, a Greek Concordance; then, a Father: book after book was hunted up from chair and sofa and floor,—rescued from what looked more like the ruins of a sacked and plundered library, than a student's room. Of course time was lost in the search, and we seldom got through more than 3 or 4 verses in the evening. But then, not a word was passed over. And a whole flood of light was thrown from collateral points of view upon these words, until they shone out quite vividly, as words inspired. The quiet and monotonous tone of his voice, full of frequent hesitations, yet always solemn, always reverent, is in my ear to this day. He taught as one who was also learning. And *that*, I take it, is the true spirit of the expounder of Holy Scripture. Certainly it was the first real lesson I ever received in the true method of studying it. So, he knew as little as I did how the hours passed. Time and the world seemed forgotten. The manner of our reading was as if we were in the presence of things eternal, and concerned with them only.

"I think we spent two evenings a week for six months over these readings. Yet we did not get beyond the middle of the 3rd chapter of the 1st Epistle. To the student of to-day such slow work would seem a waste of time. Certainly it was not the way to prepare for 'an Examination.' Fresh from the Schools however, this seemed to me the very merit of the method.

"But what lavish kindness did he show in all this! nor less, in receiving me every Sunday evening to dine with him in Oriel. I have, since, often thought how unspeakably it would bore me now to have, every Sunday, to entertain the same young Deacon at dinner. But Charles Marriott never let himself seem to be bored. And I see now better, why it was so. Though of a nature quite susceptible of provocation, he had, I doubt not, so disciplined himself by the law of loving-kindness, as to have acquired a placidity which, when he was engaged in what he conceived to be a duty, or a charity, seemed part of himself. But I know he keenly felt the irritations when they caught him unawares. When overworked and ill, the incessant rapping at his door by triflers and intruders, really was a shock to him. I can hear now his patient (yet impatient) cry 'Come in.' His nerves were wounded, as the body might feel hurt by a blow. We have all felt the same. But there was this difference:—*He* patiently endured it for years together. *We* should have quickly found a remedy.

"It was peculiar to him, in a way I never remember to have seen in like degree in others, to be asleep,—I mean, *to be* asleep, not *to seem* asleep,—and yet, as if by a kind of unconscious cerebration, (to use a cant word), to have the power of calling to mind what had been said the while in his presence. An instance of this occurred to me, when he criticized a Sermon of mine of which I could have declared,—for I saw him *asleep* during it,—that he had not heard a word. I cannot account for this. Was it possible that the brain *did* receive, more distinctly than is usual, the spoken sounds and retain them, till he awoke to recall them for use?

"If his mental powers were thus at times awake when he was asleep, there were times when he was so absent as to be really half asleep when he walked and talked as if awake. This would explain his want of readiness in giving expression to what in truth he knew. And, as if by a kind of economy, it became habitual to him to say when consulted,—'Don't trouble yourself to find this out. Pusey knows. He'll tell you.'

"In truth he so taxed, and so neglected his bodily and mental powers, that, (as was inevitable,) both gave way; and the end came before he could leave behind him any permanent mark of his really large powers. His great industry, and his wide sympathies, and his affections distracted him. He lacked concentration. This was fatal to him and his memory. And so his life passed by."

It was often remarked that Marriott "knew something of everything." It would be truer to say that he knew a great deal about most things. The variety and extent of his knowledge, in departments quite foreign to

his own, often astonished his intimates. Such was the versatility of his intellect, that it was evident he had left no branch of Science wholly unexplored. He was conspicuously of a metaphysical turn, had a most subtle intellect, delighted much in whatever problems illustrate the Science of Mind. Some of his playful remarks on such subjects were of the quaintest and most original description. I was telling him of the distress I experienced at the inveterate way a typographical error would sometimes elude my vigilance, however often I might read over a printer's proof. To comfort me, (I suppose,) he told me that he was troubled with the same infirmity of vision; gravely adding that recently while watching a certain letter, he "had *distinctly seen it uncurl itself* and turn into"—some other letter.—A quick observer too he was. He would sometimes enter my room at night, muffled up,—('the veiled prophet' we used to call him),—to tell me of a circle of light round the moon, an *Aurora borealis*, or some such interesting phenomenon, and invite me to come out for a moment into the quadrangle to gaze at it with him. He was sincerely fond of the exact sciences, and had a real acquaintance with Astronomy. On a clear night, he would often plant the fine telescope which is kept in Oriel library on the summit of the College tower in order to observe the planets. This struck one the more, because not only were his hands always quite full of work, but his organism was so delicate that exposure to cold and damp was apt to disable him.—He studied Music, and understood its theory, though as a performer it must be candidly confessed that he was but a slender proficient.—It must have been from his father that he inherited his aptitude for Poetry, which was considerable. I have seen him sit down and write twelve lines in short rhyming measure without serious hesitation and delay.—Though he was no draughtsman, he was the author of a large portfolio of portraits,—some of them very striking ones,—of the members of the Common Room, executed by tracing in outline the shadow of their profiles (*σκιαγραφία* the Greeks would have called it) against the wall.—At one time of his life he had made Moral Philosophy sufficiently his study to offer himself as a candidate at Magdalen College for the vacant chair. Mr. Newman in a letter to the President,—('emboldened by the great kindness the President had so long showed him,')—strongly recommended his friend and brother-fellow for the office. The letter is dated Nov. 15th, 1841:—

"He has lately been Principal of the Diocesan Theological College at Chichester, a situation which he resigned from infirm health. He is a grave, sober, and deeply religious person; a great reader of ecclesiastical antiquity; and has more influence with younger men than any one perhaps of his standing. He has lately become one of the Editors of the Translations which we are making from the Fathers."

Once, at a College meeting, the Provost having turned to him for his opinion on an intricate question relating to the College property,—perceived that he was asleep. "Ah!" exclaimed Hawkins, laughing, "it is useless asking Marriott, I see." But Marriott,—leaving off nodding, and opening his eyes,—to the astonishment of us all, took up the discussion at the right place, and delivered his opinion concerning the problem before the society, like one thoroughly versed in the law of farms.—He

was indeed of a most inquisitive turn, and was always entertaining himself with some strange problem,—e.g. with the theory of *shaving*. I remember his inviting me to guess how many strokes of the razor are necessary for a single performance.—At a fellowship examination, he proposed for one of the 'General Questions,'—(but his suggestion was overruled,)—"Explain the principle of the *boot-jack*, the *smoke-jack*, the *bottle-jack*." Accordingly, he was greatly tickled and diverted by any utterly unscientific remark. He had been endeavouring to elicit from a humble railway official the source of a recent accident,—*why* the boiler had burst. "Don't you see," (replied the man), "there's apt to remain in the boiler at night, when the fire is out, a *naasty sulphurous vaccum*,"—which, in the speaker's view, was enough to account for any extent of disaster.—An old servant of his family, who was very prone to break the family crockery, could only explain each fresh disaster by remarking that it was "*cruel crips clome*."—The parish-clerk of Bradfield, being much offended with the Sunday-school children's practice of bringing their dinner to Church, and eating it between the services,—“No. I don't like it,” (exclaimed the old man): “it do look so very *dog-matical*.”^{2*}—He was quite taken aback when an undergraduate,—more skilful in driving a team than in construing Greek,—having to read in Chapel, announced “Here beginneth the first chapter of the book of *the prophet Barouche*.”

This phase of his character,—I mean, his keen appreciation of whatever was droll, absurd, or humorous,—must have struck certain of his intimates and contemporaries forcibly; for many of them³ have reminded me of it,—professing at the same time their inability to produce a single specimen. “Have you” (asks his cousin Sophia) “quite brought out the fact that, along with his deep seriousness of mind, there was a keen sense of the ludicrous,—a peculiar delight in anything quaint and odd; and even a vein of something like satire, which he would use to put down anything he peculiarly objected to?”—Of this last, I can only recall a single instance. A brother-fellow having on the previous evening, *more suo*, behaved himself somewhat overbearingly at dinner,—(they had been, with other fellows of Oriel, Anthony Froude's guests at Exeter,)—ejaculated to Marriott on coming out of chapel,—“My friend, I'm afraid I made rather a fool of myself last night.” . . . “*I observed nothing unusual*,” was the other's calm reply.

I wish I could bring out this lighter aspect of my friend's character more fully, but the general impression is all that dwells vividly with me. What has been offered must suffice on this head. I was unwilling that Charles Marriott should be thought wanting in a trait which no man of genius was probably ever wholly without. But it is not the aspect of his character which habitually presents itself to *me* when I think of him; though, (strange to relate,) at the close of life, when his great mental powers gave way, the sense of what was droll and incongruous seemed among the last to forsake him.

^{2*} A relative of C. M. supplies a somewhat different version of this story, according to which the scene of the meal was the school-room, and the speaker the village school-master. He objected to the children eating

their dinners “one boy here, and another there, Sir, without saying grace nor nothing.”—W. F. R.

³ As Canon R. F. Wilson, of Rowhams, Southampton.

What I am far more prone to recall,—far more fond of recalling,—is the deliberate purpose with which, (simple as a child in this behalf,) he sought (and found) repose for his spirit in the familiar Gospel page. I have seen him refresh himself in this way; and it was impossible to see it without *feeling* refreshed also. The distractions of the times in which he lived, (which, to say the truth, made Academic life a warfare), added to the disorder of his rooms, (which really passed all bounds,)—must, one would have thought, produce a state of mental perplexity and unrest enough to crush the spirit and darken the very light of life. But it was *not* so. He had a source of inward calmness,—had access to spiritual consolations,—of which few avail themselves so largely. It seemed to me that he was of a kindred nature to that Saint who said,—“When I am in heaviness *I will think upon GOD:*” and who habitually spoke of GOD as ‘his stronghold whereunto he might always resort,—his house of defence and his castle.’⁴ His cousin Sophia having once expressed to her brother (the Rev. Wharton Marriott) her apprehensions “that Charles’s innumerable ‘irons in the fire’ produced a burden of anxiety which would prove too much for him,”—“I do not think so” (replied the other): “he is so entirely persuaded that all things are as GOD wills,—and that *He* will determine whether it is best that anything should succeed or fail,—that I do not think he troubles himself.”

It may not however be concealed that Marriott’s best instincts were constantly exposing him to serious inconvenience. Signally was this apparent in respect of the Printing establishment which he set up at Littlemore. After the dreary events of the early Spring of 1846, when Mr. Newman made his mournful exit from that village, Marriott (besides succeeding to his rooms at Oriel⁵) made it his business to become possessed of the humble quarters in which his friend had resided at Littlemore since 1842:—

“I have taken the premises Newman occupied at Littlemore; partly, because I did not wish that he should be embarrassed with them: partly, because I was apprehensive lest any of his new friends should be led to urge him to put a Roman colony there,—which would be no good to them and a great annoyance to us.”⁶

But what was to be done with those three or four cottage tenements which Newman had made into one by merely connecting them externally with a shed? Marriott persuaded himself that it would be a judicious proceeding to convert the premises into a *Printing office*. This, of course, involved the paid services of a superintendent and of press-men. He could not but be aware that all the many nameless requirements of a commercial undertaking must in addition inevitably be encountered,—as, the frequent purchase of type, ink, paper, &c. &c. &c. Above all, there must be a constant succession of works to print, or the press must stand still. The consequences might surely have been foreseen. The Littlemore printing-press was a perpetual worry to him, as well as a heavy tax on his time and drain on his finances. I cannot say how much it used to distress me to see such an one as Charles Marriott laying down a sheet of Augustine or of Theodoret, in order to unpack a heavy assortment of

⁴ Ps. lxxvii. 3: lxxi. 2. (P. B. version.)

⁵ See below, p. 201.

⁶ To his cousin Fitzherbert, — Bradfield, Easter Day 1846.

great and small *pica*, newly arrived from the type-founder: or, toiling up to Littlemore "to see what the printers were about": or,—(worst of all!)—writing something with inconvenient speed in order to supply the compositors with "something to go on with." Writing to Bp. Selwyn (May 14th, 1846), he had said,—

"I am reading S. Augustine *De catechizandis rudibus* with my Missionaries that are to be, and I recommend it decidedly to the notice of such persons, not only for doctrine, but for some very valuable practical hints." [At the end of a year and-a-half,]—"My press at Littlemore gets on slowly, and it will be some months before I can finish S. Augustine *De catechizandis rudibus*."⁷

At foot will be found indicated a few of the publications (not original) which emanated from this press.⁸ In many instances however, (as already hinted,) he printed at Littlemore short things of his own.⁹ Of these, one in particular deserves honourable mention. I allude to a little volume entitled "*Hints on Private Devotion*." It extends to 84 pages, bears date 1848, and is dedicated to Alexander Forbes, the pious and accomplished Bp. of Brechin. It reached a third edition in 1850, is very valuable, and ought to be far better known than it seems to be. His publisher was Mr. Parker of Oxford.

While on this subject, it would be unreasonable to omit some record of the fact, that in the latter years of his life Marriott was drawn into supporting a Quixotic commercial undertaking which went by the name of "The Universal Purveyor":—

"The object of it" (writes his brother John) "was to place the supply of the ordinary necessaries of life on (what he believed to be) a better footing; and the prevention of the adulteration of goods. It was also intended to do away with the mischiefs of excessive competition, and the practice of false advertising and puffing of goods. His friends greatly regretted that he suffered himself to become involved in this scheme,—for which he was wholly unfit, alike by education and by habits. But he believed it to be the commencement of a great work for good, and no persuasion could induce him to give it up. The result was the waste (for it proved an utter failure) of a very considerable sum of money, and a degree of worry and trial to himself, which I am convinced had a great share in bringing on the malady which cost him his life."

It has been already remarked that certain of Marriott's best instincts were apt to bring him into trouble. One sad example of this is already before the reader. I cannot help remembering that there was also a

⁷ Nov. 4th, 1847. See back, p. 167.

⁸ Besides the works already indicated,—*'The Danger of Schism,'*—[a sermon preached (1836) by his father at Dr. Sandford's consecration]: Oxford, 1847, pp. 13.—*'Psalm cxix,* in Parts for the day.' [It bears no date].—*'Prayers for Persons associated in aid of Christian Missions,'*—Littlemore, 1843, pp. 12.—*'Occasional Reflections upon several subjects,'* by the Hon. R. Boyle, &c. [Originally published in 1665. The preface is dated 'Littlemore,' 1848.] pp. 389.—*'Lectures on the History of England'* for young persons: vol. i. Anglo-Saxon period,—by a Lady [Mrs. Trevelyan],—2 vols. 12mo. 1850—4.—*'The Life and Times of Hincmar, Abp. of Rheims,'* by the late J. C. Prichard, vicar of Mitcham, formerly fellow of Oriel, 1849, pp. 566 [This work had been written by his friend while at Madeira and Barbados in search of health. It was intended to form one of a series of Ecclesiastical Biographies from the Littlemore

Press, but the plan was not carried any further.]—*'Hymnæ secundum Usum insignis ac præclaræ Ecclesiæ Sarisburiensis,'* &c.—*'Preces Privatæ, in Studiosorum gratiam collectæ, et Regia autoritate approbatæ,* A. D. 1568';—a small square volume of 600 pages. The copy he gave me ('Contubernali, Amico, Adjutori,') bears date March 1854.—*'Sacra Academicæ. Preces atque Cantica in studiosorum usum,'*—*'A Sermon* preached at Littlemore, at the consecration of the new Chancel,' by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford.—*'Family Prayers, with Prayers for grown Persons and young Children, for the Use of the Parish of Bradfield.'* [This was reprinted in 1869.] The Address is signed by 'John Marriott' and 'John le Mesurier.' *'School Prayers for Morning and Evening,'* compiled by the Rev. W. J. Butler, Vicar of Wantage.

⁹ See below, the long note at p. 191-2.

grotesque element in the practical operation of some of his chiefest graces. I am sorry to be so often funny in my reminiscences of what was in reality as sad a life as any in this collection, and of a character which was so supremely holy also. But if the reader is to be informed what manner of man Charles Marriott actually was, the traits must be set down as they present themselves, or it will not be a faithful portrait.

He was "given to hospitality," and entertained largely. I do not mean that he gave "dinner parties." He brought his strangers into Hall. But in fact every one of distinction in the Church who visited Oxford, either knew him or else brought him letters. Sometimes it was a learned Romish ecclesiastic—as Dom Pitra—who was his guest; and delightful it was to meet men of that stamp at his table. Especially at breakfast,—(*that* characteristic Oxford meal!)—he was fond of entertaining visitors, and careful to invite men of kindred pursuits to meet them.

An American Bishop for example, attended by three of his Clergy, having crossed the Atlantic, would present himself at Marriott's door,—who instantly asked them all four to breakfast next morning, and sent off cards by his servant to certain of his intimates, who found themselves invited to meet the strangers 'to-morrow at 9 o'clock.' On his way from Hall or Chapel—or in the street—he would ask another, and another, and another, as he happened to encounter them. Unfortunately, he kept no reckoning. The result may be imagined. On entering the dear man's rooms next morning, whereas breakfast had been laid for ten, fifteen guests had assembled already. While we were secretly counting the tea-cups, another rap was heard, and in came two University Professors. All laughed: but it was no laughing matter, for still another and another person presented himself. The bell was again and again rung: more and more tea and coffee,—muffins and dry toast,—butter and bread,—cream and eggs,—chops and steaks,—were ordered; and 'Richard' was begged to 'spread my other table-cloth on my other table.' The consequence was that our host's violoncello,—fiddle-strings and music-books,—printers' proofs and postage stamps,—medicine-bottles and pill-boxes,—respirator and veil,—grey wrapper for his throat and green shade for his eyes,—pamphlets and letters innumerable,—*all* were discharged in a volley on to the huge sofa. At last, by half-past nine (thanks to Richard's superhuman exertions) twenty of us (more or less) sat down to breakfast. . . . I am bound to say that the meal was an entire success,—as far as the strangers were concerned. They were greatly entertained,—in more senses than one. There was plenty of first-rate conversation too. Good-humour certainly prevailed universally. The delightful absurdity of the whole proceeding was so painfully conspicuous, and the experience (to strangers) so unique! . . . But O the consequences of such a *scrimmage* to the poor overworked student when the guests were gone, and the serious business of the day had to commence! Chaos must first be reduced to order:—the letters must be read and answered:—the proof-sheets scrutinized and annotated:—there would be callers to attend to,—bores to encounter,—engagements to keep. And long before *that*, the second post would have come in, and perhaps another batch of 'illustrious strangers' would have announced their arrival.

The good part in which Marriott took all this kind of thing, was to me astonishing. I remember more than once teasing him on such occasions by gravely inquiring,—“Don't you think, dear fellow, that you and I should both be greatly improved if we were to get married?” The subject was of course far too solemn for a light response. He would reply as gravely,—“When our friends find Angels to marry them, I think you and I may be content to let marriage alone,”—or words to that precise effect. His allusion was to Mrs. Acland,—as perfect a Christian gentlewoman as ever adorned society:¹ a most delightful person.

Certain of Marriott's contemporaries, remarking on his personal peculiarities, have made prominent, almost exclusive, mention of his absent manner,—his aptness to fall asleep,—his strange nervousness: have treated him in short as if he had been a curiosity, a phenomenon and nothing more. But are such matters deserving of more than slight incidental notice? They were the mere accidents of the man. Truly has it been remarked concerning him that,—

“He never spared himself, and did not allow himself sufficient rest. He seemed not to be able to spare the time necessary for sleep; and this probably helped very much to wear out his strength, which was never very great. He frequently suffered from illness, of which continual drowsiness was one of the symptoms; but he always contrived to shake it off when there was work to be done.”²

His peculiarities,—call them infirmities if you will,—if they are to be insisted upon, might surely be *explained* also, as well as *counter-balanced*. Only fair, for example, would it be straightway to add that Marriott's familiar talk was always original and supremely excellent,—that his chance remarks generally left you something to think about. His words with reference to Scripture, in particular, which were always thus weighty, keep coming back to me, at the end of thirty years, when I seemed to have forgotten them. Talking of the allowance of polygamy in the ancient days,—“You may observe” (he once remarked thoughtfully) “that we are constantly told of the domestic misery which it occasioned. We are generally shown, in a subsequent page, that it eventually led to deplorable, even to dreadful consequences.” (How grand a commentary on Jacob's, —on David's sorrows! Why, it is the story—*ἐν ὀλίγῳ*—of the disruption of the Kingdom!)

Then, for his habits. Nothing was commoner than to hear him rallied for falling asleep at the wrong moment,—at S. Mary's, for instance, during the University Sermon. (By the way, he once told me that the only preacher who ever had the power to keep him awake was Mr. Newman.) In part constitutional, this habitual drowsiness was certainly in part the result of excessive brain-work,—so that he was at all times not indisposed to close his eyes, and presently to slumber. He commonly wore a black silk skull-cap, the *nodding* of which, during the University Sermon, certainly had a droll effect. Singular to relate however,—(let me be forgiven

¹ I may be allowed to mention, out of love and veneration for the memory of that admirable lady, that after her death (October 25th, 1878), more than one choice specimen of woman-kind remarked to me somewhat as follows:—“I believe, if here in Oxford we had to name

one model woman whom we should wish to represent our sex, we should all agree in naming —Sarah Acland.”

² *Literary Churchman*,—Oct. 1, 1853:—p. 359.

for again referring to (his peculiarity),—Marriott's *power of attention* was not by any means effectually suspended. He always knew what the Sermon had been about,—better than many who boasted that they had kept wide awake.³—Again, quite true is it that when suddenly accosted in the street, especially by strangers, he would exhibit hesitation, perhaps would look bewildered, would even stare, and for a few moments not utter a word. More than that. He was at all times prone—in the Common Room especially—to subside into fits of silence. But really, (so at least it ever seemed to me), this was only either (1), Because he was very tired and had nothing particular to say: or else (2), Because he was oppressed with secret meditation: or else (3), Because the topic in hand was one on which, if he delivered himself at all, he must speak with more deliberation, and at greater length, than was practicable at such a moment and before such an auditory: for he was conscientious to a degree. Certainly, in ordinary conversation, he was not wanting in quickness or vivacity. I do not of course forget that if, when alone together, you appealed to him for his opinion on some very grave matter, he was apt to look steadfastly at you, and pause for several seconds before making any reply: but by this, you were always greatly the gainer. *On réculé* (says the proverb) *pour mieux sauter*. Unconsciously, (as it seemed), he was taking time to think; and yet, not so much pausing to clear his own views on the subject, as taking a moment to consider how he might put *his* view of the problem most intelligibly and suavisely before *you*. The consequence was that, as a rule, his words were thoughtful, weighty and worth hearing. Often, his casual remarks were profound,—far-reaching,—affording evidence that the man from whom they proceeded had well considered the subject, and had taken a larger or a deeper view of it than the generality of his fellows. I find this feature so admirably touched in a brief notice which appeared immediately after his decease, that I shall here simply transcribe the passage:—

"In society he was generally silent and thoughtful, but very observant of all that was going on around him. Seldom speaking unless spoken to, and then often taking several minutes before he gave an answer to a question which had perhaps been asked heedlessly, but of which he saw all the bearings better than the person who had asked it, he would not give his answer until he had turned them all over in his mind: and then it would be so cautious and guarded, that *it was sometimes difficult to fathom his meaning*; but when the hearers had arrived at it, they found *a depth in it which they had little anticipated.*"⁴

Never, to my mind, did C. M. appear to more advantage than when for a few days he made himself one of a domestic circle. His *considerateness* on such occasions was even extraordinary. He at once threw off his cares and his silent fits,—entered into the spirit of the little household,—was full of quaint sayings (which were long remembered) and entertaining anecdotes (which were well worth telling). The tone of his conversation, the tendency of his remarks, was always the best imaginable. Chivalrously courteous and indulgent towards the ladies of the family,—instinctively seizing the most interesting aspect of the trifle of the hour,—he always seemed *to lift up* the table-talk, as well as to sanctify it. It was more

³ James B. Mozley had the same infirmity, and the same peculiarity. See his *Letters*,—p. 61.

⁴ See the reference above, in note ² (p. 183).

than once remarked to me by one who is now, with him, in bliss,—“Whenever he comes among us, he always seems to bring a blessing with him.”

His sympathy was excessive : his heart, most tender and affectionate. There was something almost womanly in his kindness. At a season of bitter affliction (it was the latter part of the year 1854) I remember receiving one particular visit from him. It was a raw comfortless night,—the wind howling up the college staircase. Who could it be ? What could any one want with me on such a night,—at such an hour ? . . . It was Marriott. He entered ; divested himself of his cloak,—wrapper,—veil. I still could not imagine what had brought him,—for he said nothing : but sat down near me, and sadly surveyed the fire. I soon *felt* what his errand must be. He knew my heart was heavy—was aching. He had come—to keep me company : and he sat silent, like Job’s friends ; and for the same excellent reason.⁵

Perhaps his prevailing grace,—certainly his most interesting characteristic,—was his unbounded *Charity*, using that word of course in its Gospel sense. He recognized the good in everything and in everybody : in his opponents,—and in conflicting schools of thought,—and in rival parties,—and in unsound books,—and in false philosophy,—and in erroneous propositions. When we were reading over the papers of candidates for a Fellowship, and perhaps making merry over some extremely foggy production,—“O” (Marriott would exclaim) “the man *has a view* !” And he would proceed to hammer out what, to his apprehension, the man (though he certainly had not said it) at least had intended to say. This wonderful kindness and *considerateness* of disposition : this indomitable readiness to make allowances for everybody, and determination to see “good in everything,”—resulted in a loveliness of character which there is really no describing. He never said a harsh thing,—nor, I verily believe, *thought* very ill,—of anybody. You could not vex him more than by launching out against some common acquaintance, of whom you entertained a very unfavourable opinion.—But, in fact, you ran the risk of throwing him off his balance, if you did : for though the individual was no friend of his, but an avowed and troublesome opponent, and a highly objectionable creature into the bargain,—he would not allow the harsh censure to pass unchallenged. Ready was he, on the contrary, to discover all manner of extenuating circumstances, or he would invent an ingenious hypothesis to cover the man’s latest delinquency. The consequence was, he could never be persuaded to believe that any one was an impostor, or was taking advantage of his simplicity. This easiness, and utter absence of suspicion, often entailed inconvenient results. He was incessantly beset by beggars : was always being preyed upon : knew to his cost what it is to live on a College staircase, and to enjoy the reputation of being “a very kind gentleman.”

No scheme of benevolence lay nearer to the heart of Charles Marriott than the founding of a College or Hall for the reception of Poor Students. Deeply impressed with the fact that this, and no other, was the avowed

⁵ Job ii. 13.

purpose and intention of those very 'Founders and Benefactors' to whose piety and munificence the Colleges of our two Ancient Universities are indebted for their existence, he resented, with what I can only describe as a holy indignation, the practical exclusion of poor men from the benefits of an University career. Many of the Colleges are plainly declared in their Statutes to be eleemosynary foundations. What else, for instance, is the College to which he and I belonged,—concerning which the Founder says,—

"Hoc enim in eadem domo specialiter observari volumus, ut circa eos qui *ad hujusmodi eleemosynae* participium admittendi fuerint, diligenti solitudine caveatur, *ne qui praeter humiles, indigentes, ad studium habiles, proficere volentes, recipiantur*"!*

Equally patent is the fact that our ancient Colleges have entirely drifted away from this, the known intention of their Founders,—have completely lost sight of their very *raison d'être*. From causes which it is needless to specify,—Oxford has become exclusively an University for the rich. And nowhere, not even in Keble College, is it at this instant possible to procure the full benefits of an University education, except at a cost which is simply ruinous to persons of slender resources; utterly unapproachable by the actually *poor*. No doubt, if a youth is able to compete successfully for a 'Scholarship,' the case is different: but how can such a result be expected for one who has enjoyed no early advantages at all? To insist therefore that it is as fair for one as for another, that benefactions of this class (worth from 70*l.* to 100*l.* a year), should be the rewards of '*merit*,'—is to talk nonsense. It is no '*merit*' whatever if a youth of 18, from the sixth form of one of our public schools, produces a vastly better Greek or Latin exercise than a youth of 20 or 21 who has blundered his way into the mysteries of Greek and Latin composition with few external helps, or none. Does not '*merit*' dwell rather with *him*, who, fired with a sublime ambition, and in resolute defiance of "Poverty's unconquerable bar," presses forward,—as if encouraged by the beckoning of a viewless hand: secretly conscious of power, and only asking that he may have the means of existence provided him, and be allowed '*fair play*'? . . . 'Time and I against any two!' says the Spanish proverb. *Who*, at some time or other of his life, has not *felt* it?

To provide some remedy for this,—(*not* by the preposterous method recently adopted by the University, of suffering men to lead *non-collegiate* lives in Oxford, and eventually to scramble through the Schools as best they may,—with none of the advantages of the place except a barren degree),—Marriott, as I have said, was unremitting in his efforts to procure the establishment of a College or Hall for the reception of Poor Students: and so to confer upon its inmates the advantages of an University course,—without the fatal drawback of entailing upon them at the same time a ruinous outlay. This (he saw clearly) would be far preferable to the plan of planting them in the existing Colleges,—where the rate of expenditure is fixed by the tyranny of custom and fashion far higher than could possibly be made consistent with the straitened financial

* In proof that the Colleges of Oxford—(the remark applies equally to those of Cambridge)—were intended by their Founders for the en-

couragement of Learning in the sons of poor Parents, the reader is referred to the end of the present volume, *Appendix* (G).

resources of the class which he desired to benefit. Not that the *alumni* of such a College would of necessity be drawn from a lower stratum of society. His undergraduates would probably be for the most part,—what to a large extent our undergraduates at present are,—the sons of persons exercising liberal professions or engaged in commerce: *socially*, therefore, undistinguishable from the rest of the Academic body. The one difference would have been the essential condition for their being admitted, viz. the public avowal that they were alike unable to pay from 100*l.* to 250*l.* a year—(aye, or anything like it,)—for the privilege of an University education, and incapable of competing successfully for those prizes which are invariably the rewards of previous training of a high order,—viz. College Scholarships.

His benevolent heart was always full of this project. In 1848 he addressed a "*Letter to the Rev. E. C. Woollcombe, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, on University Extension, and the Poor Scholar Question.*" Mr. Woollcombe had previously published a Letter to the Provost of Worcester on the same subject, to which Marriott wished to call attention, and to add further suggestions of his own. His early death was the principal occasion why this high-souled project eventually came to nothing: but he is known to have obtained promises of considerable sums of money for the foundation and endowment of such a Hall as he contemplated, and a modest fund was actually raised and vested in Trustees,—which, had he lived, might by this time have grown into a permanent blessing to the University. . . . I have said so much on this subject in the humble hope that in future years some one like the munificent Merchant-prince who in our own days has founded and endowed Hertford College, Oxford, may be moved, after reading what has been above offered, to bestow on the Church the incalculable benefit of such a College as has been indicated. Marriott, besides pledging himself largely towards the foundation of a College for poor scholars in Oxford, was a liberal promoter of William Sewell's work at Radley and of Edward Munro's work at Harrow Weald.

But there was another cognate scheme of benevolence which Charles Marriott as fondly cherished, and which at one time he considered to be on the very eve of practical development. As far back as the year 1842 he had sufficiently matured his design to announce it in the following terms to the Rev. E. Coleridge:—

"My dear Coleridge.—If my plan is permitted, I think of sending the following notice to friends, but not making it quite public.

"It has been determined, in consequence of communications from some of the Colonial Bishops, to open a house at Oxford for the preparation of Candidates for Holy Orders, who are disposed to begin life on the principle of being content with food and raiment, and serving where they are most needed, and wherever the Bishop under whom they serve may place them. With this view a plan of preparation is offered to those who can be well recommended, and are at the same time willing to live by strict rule, and in a homely manner. They will have to do some things for themselves which are usually done by servants: but nothing of this kind will be expected of them, which is not shared by the person who presides over the House. They will be expected to attend the daily service of the Church, except in case of sickness; and to be regularly present at the devotions and instructions of the House; and to abstain from every practice

that is in the least unsuitable to such an establishment. Each will have a bed-room to himself, but there will be one or more common sitting-rooms, according to the numbers. It is hoped that no one will apply for admission who is not prepared cheerfully to observe the utmost regularity. These terms are not likely to be tempting to many, but it is hoped that those whose views are chiefly in the service of GOD and its rewards, may find here an opportunity of fulfilling their earnest wishes, and the help of likeminded companions.

"If you are acquainted with any young men, who are disposed and fitted to take advantage of this plan, you would oblige me much by putting me in communication with them, and by informing me whether they would need pecuniary assistance towards the expenses of their stay in this place; as it may, in some cases, be obtained. Economy will be carefully observed, and no profit of any kind made from the students. You will remember that I have not yet got the consent of the authorities here, to set this on foot, but I hope to do so shortly. If they refuse, I cannot help it."

Such were the benevolent designs with which Marriott's heart, head, hands were always full. His brother remarks:—

"Some of his intimate friends had long felt that he was overtaking his strength. I often tried to press upon him the duty of keeping within bounds, and restraining the sort of nervous eagerness with which he pushed on at every thing in which he was engaged. He would listen patiently to advice of this kind, and sometimes allow that it was needed. But it seemed to produce no abatement of laborious exertion. He appeared to be under an irresistible impulse to be always doing something,—and whatever it was, his whole energy and attention was thrown into it without reserve. His charities were large and free, and he was always most ready to devote time and care to the sick, and to give them the fullest share of his ministerial attention and sympathy. At the same time he was carrying on a very large correspondence with a great variety of persons. There were many whom he had helped forward in their education, with whom he kept up afterwards regular communication. Many persons consulted him about religious anxieties and difficulties,—and he was mixed up with many undertakings of various kinds for doing good work in the Church. He also corresponded with more than one of our colonial Bishops on matters affecting the interests of the Church in the Colonies.

"In addition to these various and engrossing employments, he was in 1854 elected a member of the Council for the government of the University. He devoted a great deal of anxious and laborious thought to the questions brought under his notice in this capacity. His mind was never made up on any subject connected with the welfare of the University without a very careful endeavour to see through it in all its bearings, and to weigh exactly whatever might be brought forward on either side of the question."

The present is confessedly rather an attempt to pourtray a Character, than to write the history of a Life. Room must be found however for one more historical incident; viz. for Charles Marriott's editorship of the '*Literary Churchman*' from its commencement (viz. 'Saturday, May 5th, 1855') until, at the end of ten weeks, his connexion with that valuable periodical was suddenly brought to a calamitous close. The publication itself was a literary venture of Mr. John Henry Parker of Oxford. Very characteristic is the editorial Address prefixed to the first number: from which I subjoin an extract:—

"We believe that nothing is more fatal to the true conveyance of information with respect to religious statements, than the way of representing them which is prompted by unwillingness to admit the solid truth of any. There is more truth in a false statement, there is more truth in the garbled representation of it by an adversary, than in the cold and lifeless impression of it which comes through the medium of an unbelieving mind; and none but an unbelieving mind can

be wholly indifferent. Rather, indifferentism itself is a sectarian opinion, and one of the last to which a religious mind can shew any kind of partiality.

"But Truth is better set forth by the gravity of simple enunciation, than by the violence of invective or the piquancy of ridicule."

At foot of the page will be found enumerated the more important articles contributed to the '*Literary Churchman*' by C. M., the Editor.⁶ The latest of those Reviews must have been the last thing he ever wrote for publication.

The end came unexpectedly, and in a moment, while he was thus freely spending himself in the discharge of his many duties. I have reason to preserve a lively recollection of what proved to be, in effect, the closing scene. Reference is made to the morning which followed the night of June 29th, 1855. My servant (George Hughes) awoke me with the tidings that 'Mr. Marriott was upon the floor of his inner room, lying on his face.' Bidding him run for Dr. Acland, I hastened to the spot, raised my friend from the floor, and with the aid of his servant conveyed him to his bed. Acland presently helped us to undress him, and elicited, as consciousness and the power of speech returned, the outline of what had befallen him. He had been dining at Radley,—(St. Peter's Day, the occasion of their 'gaudy,')—and, in company with some friends, had bathed in the river on his way back to Oxford. He felt ill and faint in the water, but was brought to Oxford in a boat, and walked to his rooms. There he complained of headache and sickness, and was left by his friends intending to go to bed. The following morning he was found by his servant,—having fallen on the floor insensible by his bedside. It had been a stroke of paralysis, which had resulted in the loss of the use of his left side. His speech, though intelligible, was considerably affected.

All has been said. I might as well here lay down my pen. Remedies were of course administered, and a letter dictated by himself was despatched to his brother, who instantly repaired to Oxford.

As soon as Charles could bear the journey, he was conveyed (23rd of August) to Bradfield in Berkshire,—the residence of his excellent brother, the Rev. John Marriott, who was Curate of that parish: and with him he remained, tenderly nursed and lovingly watched over, until his death. Hopes were at first encouraged that he might to a certain extent recover the use of his limbs; but this was not to be. He was carried from room to room, and when placed in his chair had not the slightest power of raising himself from it. He was conveyed out-of-doors daily. His cheerfulness, fortunately, never forsook him. He was fond of being read to. This sad state of things lasted for upwards of three years.

⁶ Besides the editorial Address, or Prospectus of the Journal, (in No. 1, p. 5), a Review of Maurice's '*Learning and Working*,'—Ibid. pp. 8-10:—of Pusey's '*Doctrine of the Real Presence*,'—No. 2, pp. 31-4:—of 'Saravia on the Holy Eucharist,'—pp. 34-6:—of Meyrick's '*Papal Supremacy tested by Antiquity*,'—p. 36:—of Bp. Selwyn's '*Verbal Analysis of the Holy Bible*,'—p. 36.—In No. 3, of '*The Dogma of the Immaculate Conception*,'—pp. 56-8:—of Conybeare's '*Essays*,' pp. 59-61:—of Pinder's '*Meditations*,'—p. 62:—of Wordsworth on 'Bunson's Hippolytus,'—p. 65.—In No. 4, of

Mensies' '*Reformers before the Reformation*,' pp. 80-1:—of '*Dogma of the Immaculate Conception*,'—pp. 82-3:—of '*Lignori's Moral Theology*,'—p. 87:—In No. 5, of Mozley's '*Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination*,'—pp. 102-4:—of Taylor's '*Evidences*,'—pp. 105-7:—In No. 7, of Rousset's '*Catholic and Protestant Nations compared*,'—pp. 128-130. . . . Dr. Barrow, the learned and amiable Principal of St. Edmund Hall, succeeded C. M. as Editor of the '*Literary Churchman*.'

For all these details, I am indebted to Mr. James Parker.

His life-long habits of self-control were manifest during his illness, notwithstanding his weakened condition both of body and mind. It was quite his prevailing feeling that he must do what the doctors ordered, as the right thing,—although he never could be brought to understand that he was not in a fit state to go back to Oxford and return to his manifold employments there. . . . In the Spring of 1858, his strength manifestly declined. In August came a severe epileptic seizure; and early in September he suffered from inflammation of the lungs. Under this, it became manifest that he was sinking. He continued to be sensible till late on the 14th: and on the morning of Wednesday the 15th, between 7 and 8 o'clock (September 15th, 1858), with a very slight struggle, he surrendered his pure spirit to GOD, and entered on his Saint's rest,—having lived but 47 years.

On the ensuing Monday, his loved remains were laid in a vault belonging to the Rector, under the south transept of the parish Church of Bradfield. It was a delicious autumn afternoon,—bright and calm,—and there were none present but just a few who really cared for the one who had 'gone before.' The Rev. Upton Richards, who was standing next to me, when the last words of peace were spoken, whispered in my ear,—*'Blessed are the pure in heart!'* . . . I was thinking the same thing.

I have passed thus hastily over the last three years of Charles Marriott's life, and have touched thus lightly on its close, for an obvious reason. His career had been—(surely I may say 'mysteriously')—*brought to a close on S. Peter's Day, 1855*: for it was on that day, ere yet he had completed 44 years of mortal life, that his "many excellent gifts" suffered what amounted to total eclipse. But he had "fought a good fight": he had "finished his course": he had "kept the faith." Henceforth, as we confidently hope and humbly believe, there was laid up for him that "crown of everlasting glory" which the good LORD "hath promised to them that love Him." . . . And "they shall be Mine, saith the LORD of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

I seem, in what precedes, to have done this dear friend no manner of justice. I have revealed not a few of his little personal eccentricities: said not a few things about him which will provoke a smile. I do not seem to have exhibited a corresponding solicitude to adumbrate the surpassing holiness of his character.

But there is nothing whatever to suggest a smile in the spectacle of one leading without effort a life wholly above the world: utterly scorning the littleness of party: absolutely devoid of self-conceit,—or self-seeking,—or self-esteem. Like Hugh James Rose, and like John Keble, and like Isaac Williams, Charles Marriott was well content to go down to the grave without experiencing any of those marks of favour which are considered the appropriate rewards of men who have greatly distinguished themselves above their fellows, and rendered important services to the Church. He was incapable of coveting for himself any earthly reward, but that of his own approving conscience.

The purity of his spirit was extraordinary. No one who heard him deliver a certain discourse in the College Chapel, in which he spoke with horror about fornication,—will ever be able to forget it. At a Penitentiary Meeting at which Bp. Wilberforce presided, held in the College hall a short time after, I read out to the men a grand page from that same sermon, and remember to this hour the effect of the awful words,—though it was the merest *echo* of the discourse as originally delivered. . . . What fell from him on that occasion was not what any of us might have said, approaching the subject from the stronghold of Christian chivalry. It was the utterance of one standing face to face with the realities of the unseen World, and in view of the terribleness of eternal death. . . . I can but repeat that if ever there was a man in whom the Gospel became a living principle of action,—a practical thing,—the very guide of the daily, hourly, life and conversation,—*that* man was Charles Marriott. He was a great power for good in the University,—a leavening principle in the College to which he belonged,—a blessing to every society in which he mingled.

Care-worn and haggard as he sometimes looked, when one came suddenly upon him in his own dusty and untidy rooms, and found him evidently working against time; somewhat shabby too as he was in his attire when walking in public, (like certain other celebrated characters who shall be nameless);—Marriott had the handsomest face of any man of my acquaintance,—and (like Samuel Wilberforce in *that* respect) responded remarkably to the process of the *toilette*: looked well, in short, when “got up” with ordinary care. His noble forehead, his beautifully cut features, his mouth so full of firmness and expression, it was a pleasure to look upon. There exists no adequate pictorial representation of him. An engraving from a portrait by Drummond recalls his features with tolerable success: but it is altogether wanting in manliness, character, dignity.

It is impossible to lay down the story of such a life as the present, without something akin to disappointment. The man's abilities were so splendid,—his attainments so rare,—his opportunities so unique. And what did he effect? What monuments of his genius or of his learning has he left behind him? Candour's voice falters over the enumeration of Charles Marriott's printed ‘Works.’⁹ Excellent, admirable even, as they

⁹ His two ‘*Lectures*’ (at Chichester Theological College) have been spoken of above, at p. 159; also, his edition of the ‘*Canones Apostoli*,’—Concerning his ‘*Analecta Christiana*,’ see p. 161:—concerning his edition of Theodore’s ‘*Interpretatio in omnes B. Pauli Epistolas*,’—p. 167:—concerning certain ‘*Treatises of Augustine*,’—p. 161.—I have noticed his posthumous ‘*Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans*,’ at p. 167.—Of his two Volumes of ‘*Sermons*,’ something has been said at p. 170.—His ‘*Reflections in a Lent reading of the Epistle to the Romans*,’ are noticed at p. 171. Of his admirable ‘*Hints on Private Devotion*,’ enough has been said at p. 181.—His labours for the ‘*Library of the Fathers*’ are referred to at p. 166.—I only know besides, of the following occasional efforts,—chiefly single Sermons:—

‘*The Church’s Instruments for the work of the HOLY SPIRIT*,’—a Sermon on the Colonial Bishoprics,—1841, pp. 21.—‘*Numbering our Days*,’—a Sermon preached (1842) on the death of Rev. H. Stevens, late Rector of Bradfield,—1843, pp. 28, with a remarkable Appendix of practical hints collected under eleven heads. [This Sermon seems to have also borne the more appropriate title ‘*Preparation for Death*,’]—‘*University Extension and the Poor Scholar Question*,’ a Letter to the Rev. E. Woolcombe,—Oxford, 1848, pp. 14.—‘*A Letter to the Rev. H. W. Bellairs*, on the Admission of the Children of Dissenters to Church Schools,’—Littlemore, 1849, pp. 14.—‘*Five Sermons on the Principles of Faith and Church Authority*,’ [preached in 1844, 1849, 1850, &c.], Littlemore, 1850, pp. 69. [“These were published in answer to the request of a

are, can they be said to have at all fulfilled the lawful expectations of his friends? Were not his days consumed in literary drudgery? Not by choice, but yielding to a sense of duty, did he not submit to a series of lowly tasks which two or three men of average ability and attainments might have discharged every bit as well as he? There can be but one answer to these questions.

Was then his life a failure?

No, it was not by any means a failure. A man may bequeath to posterity other and better 'Works' than the products of his pen. It is by a conventional use, or rather misuse of language, that we so limit the meaning of a familiar word. The Last Day will reveal how much of good *Work* Charles Marriott did in his generation, by his career of lofty self-denial,—his singleness of heart,—his saintliness of spirit,—his pure converse,—his consistent course. *That* sowing of his will hereafter be found to have resulted in a splendid harvest. His "works" were the daily, hourly outcome of his inward holiness,—the influence on others of the essential sanctity of his individual character. He lives at this day, he will go on living, in the good lives of others. "If I have any good in me" (remarked Edward King, Bp. of Lincoln,) "I owe it to Charles Marriott." Thousands there must be, yet living, who would eagerly say the same! His light shone steadily before men,—and so shone that *they* glorified GOD. There is no telling what a blessing such an one is in a place like Oxford. He insensibly moulds characters. His presence is felt to be a constraining power. Young and old,—lofty in station and lowly,—wise and simple,—*all* are the better for it. And, (as I have explained in an earlier page,) Charles Marriott's example was especially precious at a moment of general dejection, and half-heartedness bordering on despair; when the suspicion was industriously inculcated in certain

friend who had claims on the author both from his office and from personal intimacy. He had found that he frequently had to answer in private the difficult question,—'What are the grounds of our belief in any of the particulars of the faith?' and he thought it might be useful to throw out publicly such a statement as might suggest to others the tone of thought most likely to lead to solid satisfaction and the attainment of Truth.

'The path of humility and good order is the way to Truth and Unity: and if every one were first to endeavour to receive the Truth as handed down to him by his own forefathers, and then to extend, in a secondary way, to others the same favourable construction which this endeavour would lead him to put on the documents of his own Church, even the present divided state of Christendom might before long be brought to an end.' (*Lit. Churchman*. See above, p. 188.)—'*The Unforgiving Servant*,' preached at S. Mary's, and dedicated (with an affectionate Address) to his parishioners,—Littlemore, 1850, pp. 24.—'*Two Sermons on Civil and Social Duties*, especially on the Duty of Educating the Poorer Classes,'—Littlemore, 1853, pp. 31.—'*The true cause of insult and dishonour to the Church of England*,'—preached at S. Mary's, Jan. 5, 1851,—pp. 18.—'*Singleness of purpose the secret of success*,'—preached at S. Mary's upon the occasion of the death of the Duke of Wellington, Sept. 10th, 1852.—'*The Unity of the SPIRIT*,'—preached

at S. Mary's (on Ephes. iv. 3,) when a collection was made for the Patriotic Fund, Nov. 1854.—'*A short Catechism for very young Children*,'—(pp. 11) 1852.—'*Prayers before, Thanksgiving after, Holy Communion*,'—privately printed (1846), pp. 32. (It bears no Author's name, but my copy was from him.)—'*Letter to the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., on some of the provisions of the Oxford University Bill*,' (May) 1854.—'*The New Year's Plain Sermons*, (No. 24,) 1849.—'*GOD, and not system, the strength of the Church*,'—Sermon on Ephes. iv. 10. London, 1880.—'*On the digestion of Knowledge*,'—Sermon on S. John xv. 24:—Sermon on Philippians iii. 18, 19,—written, at Dr. Pusey's request, for a course of Sermons.—'*Sin not imputed*,' Ps. xxxii. 10 (written for Rev. A. Watson's Sermons for Sundays, &c., &c. [Series I.] 1845).—'*The joyful sound of the New Creation*,' Ps. lxxxix. 15. (The same, [Series II.] 1845).—'*The Co-operative Principle not opposed to a true Political Economy; or Remarks on some recent publications on Subjects relative to the inter-communion of Labour, Capital, and Consumption*,' Oxford, 1855.

At p. 181, will be found enumerated certain works printed at his Littlemore press, which he must have had the trouble of supervising. His connexion with, and work for, the '*Literary Churchman*' will be found remarked upon at pp. 188-9.

quarters that the Church of England was powerless to retain within her embrace the Saints she had nursed at her bosom. *Here* was the best practical refutation of the calumny ! . . . On no account may such a life be spoken of as "a failure."

We are tempted, perhaps, to deplore the want of concentration of purpose in such an one, and to regret that he did not habitually set his face like a flint to defy the distracting influences amid which he lived. Had he pursued the course which some may think themselves competent to have prescribed for the guidance of his life, doubtless the result would have been largely different. But,—Is it quite certain that the world would thereby have been a greater gainer? or that the Saint himself would have eternally worn a brighter crown?

Charles Marriott resolutely did the work which, according to his best judgment, GOD gave him to do;—did it with a single eye to the Master's glory;—did it "with a perfect heart." He lived, as I have once and again said already,—he lived *quite above the world*: lived, "as seeing Him who is invisible." Like Enoch, he "walked" habitually "with GOD." His daily "life and conversation" were a perpetual witness to the transfiguring power of the Gospel: a living commentary on its maxims and the very best illustration of its precepts. . . . *Who* will presume to judge such an one? *Who* will not rather render thanks to "the Father of spirits" for the blessing of his bright example, and pray for grace to follow—at however humble a distance—in his holy footsteps?

(IV). EDWARD HAWKINS:

THE GREAT PROVOST.

[A. D. 1789—1882.]

IN the heart of Oxford, hemmed in by public thoroughfares,—on a small plot of ground which has been the possession and the home of one society since ‘the age of Scotus and Occam and Dante,’—stands a College of which from A.D. 1828 to A.D. 1882 the subject of the present memoir, Dr. Edward Hawkins, was Provost. It derives its familiar designation from the mansion (called ‘*le Oriole*’) which anciently occupied part of its site, and had been the property of Eleanor of Castile; its actual title being ‘the House or Hall of S. Mary.’ In the words of Cardinal Newman (himself a fellow and chief ornament of the same house from 1823 to 1846),—

‘The visitor, whose curiosity has been excited by its present fame, gazes with disappointment on a collection of buildings, which have with them so few of the circumstances of dignity or wealth. Broad quadrangles, high halls and chambers, ornamented cloisters, stately walks or umbrageous gardens, a throng of students, ample revenues, or a glorious history,—none of these things were the portion of that old foundation; nothing in short, which to the common eye a century ago would have given tokens of what it was to be.’

But Oriel under the Provostships of Eveleigh, Copleston, and Hawkins, earned for itself a great reputation; achieved a name which is already a household word wherever the English language is spoken. Will the present writer be disappointed, (he asks himself) in his hope that by drawing with an affectionate hand a sketch, however slight and imperfect, of the last-named of those three Provosts, he will win the thanks of not a few generations of Oxford men who already carry with them, indelibly imprinted on their memories, the image of that dignified presence,—that reverend form,—that familiar face? EDWARD HAWKINS had in truth become an historical personage long before his resignation of the active duties of his office in 1874. And though we ejaculate ‘*Floreat Oriel*’ as fervently now as when we used to drink the toast in his company over the Founder’s cup,—(filled inconveniently full of hot spiced wine) on ‘the gaudy,’—we cannot conceal from ourselves that the College over which he actively presided for 46 years will henceforth hold its onward course under essentially changed conditions. EDWARD HAWKINS was *the last* ‘PROVOST OF ORIEL.’

‘Our family,’—wrote his great-grandfather in 1737, (Mr. Cæsar Hawkins of Ludlow in Shropshire, to his son Sir Cæsar Hawkins, the first Baronet,)—‘had a good estate at Pottersbury in Northamptonshire;

at Long Compton in Warwickshire; and at Blackstone in Worcestershire. And my great-grandfather had a regiment of horse in King Charles the First's time,—which proved the beginning of the family's ruin.' Colonel Cæsar¹ Hawkins, the soldier who thus stands foremost in the family annals, was a conspicuous personage during the period of the Great Rebellion. He was governor of Greenland-house in Buckinghamshire, which had been garrisoned for the King with a view to commanding the passage over the Thames from Henley and Reading to London. After gallantly defending it against the Parliamentary army under Lord Essex during a severe six months' siege, Colonel Hawkins was forced to surrender Greenland in July 1644, (the whole structure having been beaten down by cannon,) but on honourable terms.² Clarendon describes him as marching into Oxford with his three hundred men; and relates that he was immediately despatched with the royalist force under command of Colonel Gage to the relief of Basing-house. Dr. Francis Hawkins, the Colonel's grandson, was appointed Dean of Chichester [1688-99]—perhaps in recognition of the losses his family had sustained in the King's cause. Certain it is that, as Chaplain of the Tower, he 'had merited of the government by zealous service among the State prisoners, and had been particularly acceptable in his dealing with Fitz-Harris before his execution.'³ At Chichester, he found a disorganized Chapter and a dilapidated Deanery. Hawkins has left a record of the former circumstance in the 'Act-book' of the Dean and Chapter⁴: of the latter, there survive large material traces. The Deanery (which then stood on the city wall) was left a ruin by the Parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller. Parts of the structure are yet discernible in the wall which bounds the Dean's garden on the south.

Fourth in descent from the same soldier, was Sir Cæsar Hawkins, [1711-86,] pre-eminent as a surgeon, created first Baronet of the family in 1778. He purchased the manor of Kelston in Somersetshire, from the Haringtons; razed their old family mansion, and (in 1760) erected a modern residence on a site nearer the Avon. It is described as 'charmingly placed' on a hill, overlooking the river which there makes a graceful bend. There is a portrait of him by Hogarth at the College of Surgeons. His youngest son Edward, [1753-1806,] became successively Vicar of Bisley (near Stroud in Gloucestershire) in 1778, where most of his children were born,—and (twenty years later) Rector of Kelston, whither he removed in 1800. He was the father of thirteen children, of whom the subject of the present memoir was the eldest. He died,—(it is stated on his monument,)—"5th January, 1806, aged 53."

¹ The Provost did not know how this name (which has prevailed for at least nine generations) originally came into his family. A connection (it is presumed) might easily be established with some immediate descendant of that Sir Julius Cæsar [1557-1636], whose history has been so laboriously investigated by Lodge, Norroy herald.

² Lipscomb's '*Bucks.*' iii, 576,—quoting Whitelock's '*Memorials.*'

³ Kennett's '*Collections.*' Lansdowne MSS. —Details of this business are found in '*A narrative, being a true Relation of what*

discourse passed between Dr. Hawkins and Edward Fitz-Harris, esq., late prisoner in the Tower; with the manner of taking his Confession.'—London, fol. 1621, pp. 10. Two or more copies are in the Bodleian Library.

⁴ He was obliged solemnly to remind the Chapter (May 2, 1695) by formal protest,—'*quod omnia sub nomine Decani et Capituli contra voluntatem Decani pro tempore existentis peracta, invalida sunt,*'—and that a certain transaction effected in defiance of his known will, '*omnino vacua et nullius valoris existit.*' His signature follows. (*Act Book* ii. fol. 142.)

EDWARD HAWKINS, of whom I am now to speak, was born,—not at Bisley, however, but at Bath,—on the 27th February, 1789: ‘a little more than nine weeks before the opening of the States General at Versailles, and the commencement of the French Revolution.’ The friend who notes this coincidence of dates, proceeds as follows:—

‘The first time I was at Bisley in Gloucestershire (of which Mr. Thomas Keble was then Vicar), I found a tradition in the village, that the Provost of Oriel was born there. On my return to Oxford, I said,—“Mr. Provost, I have just returned from a visit to the parish where you were born.”—“Where have you been?”—“At Bisley, in Gloucestershire.”—“No,” said the Provost, “I was not born there.” Then, observing my look of surprise, he went on:—“I *ought* perhaps to have been born there, but I was not. My father was in the habit of spending some time in Bath during the winter months, and at Bath I was born.” I remember his adding the number of the house and the street in which he first saw the light, but the details have escaped me.’⁵

Of his earliest years nothing is remembered except that he was of a very delicate constitution. His parents showed him to a doctor, who declared that nothing was discoverable to forbid the hope that the child might reach the appointed limit of human life. It certainly required a prophet to foretell that the weakly little boy would live to fulfil almost a century of years. At the age of seven (1796), he was sent to school at Elmore, in Gloucestershire, under the Rev. Edward Patteson.⁶ Elmore-court, then occupied as a school-house, is the picturesque ancestral seat of the Guise family. Here, the sons of many of the gentry of Gloucestershire and the neighbouring counties (as the father of the late Baronet, who himself was at school there, informed his son), received their education. From Elmore, when he was twelve years old (February 5th, 1801), Edward was transferred to Merchant-Taylors’ School; and thence was elected to an ‘Andrew exhibition’ at S. John’s College, Oxford, on S. Barnabas’ day 1807,—being at that time third monitor in the School. The date of his admission at S. John’s will have been June 29th.

Little of interest has been recovered concerning these, his youthful years. But the following incident belongs to the same early period, and may be thought to deserve insertion. The date was probably 1803, when Edward Hawkins was 14. It *cannot* be later than 1805.

‘I had heard him (in my undergraduate days at Oriel) say, that he once saw Lord Nelson. I reminded him of this long after (Dec. 1880), when he stated as follows. He was walking up Holborn, and suddenly became aware of a considerable outburst of excitement in the street. People were huzzaing and clapping their hands. Looking about to discover the cause, he saw on the opposite side of the street an officer in naval uniform. He at once recognized him by his features and by the fact that he had lost an arm. It was *Nelson* who was the object of the applause of the crowd. “And,” added the Provost, (with a peculiar quick movement of his head, which all Oriel men will remember),—“I saw that he liked it.” These words are, I think, characteristic of the speaker, showing how keen an observer he was, even as a boy.

‘He told me that he had seen William Pitt, the statesman,—not alive however, but lying in state. Pitt died 23rd January 1806.’⁷

⁵ From the Rev. Robert George Livingstone, Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College, Oxford.

⁶ In the ‘*Quarterly R.*’ I had written under ‘*Dr. Bishop.*’ I owe the correction to Miss Patteson, who was herself born at Elmore-court in 1794. This lady adds that her father,

(in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Rev. Joseph Parsons), succeeded to the School in 1788, and carried it on till 1795; when it was left by them in a flourishing state, with 52 boys.

⁷ From the Rev. R. G. Livingstone.

To return to Oxford, however, and to Hawkins at S. John's, in 1807. He had already (Jan. 10th, 1806) been deprived of a Father's care. 'I lost my Father' (wrote the Provost of Oriel to me, fifty years later,) 'when he was only 52. I was yet at school; and his youngest son was but half-a-year old.' By this event, Edward (the eldest of ten^a surviving children) found himself, at the age 17, in a position of greatly increased responsibility. He had been appointed joint executor with his Mother (Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Howes, of Morningthorpe, Norfolk,) and her brother. Thoughtful and judicious beyond his years, he came to be regarded in consequence by his younger brothers and sisters almost in the light of a Father; and indeed he did a Father's part by them all, most faithfully and fondly. His Mother, now left a widow, repaired with her little brood to Chew Magna, a village about 7 miles from Bristol (10 or 12 from Bath), where her husband and she had rented the Manor-house, as a place of temporary sojourn in 1800, while Kelston Rectory was undergoing repair and enlargement. It must have been a profound sense of her own desolation and the greatness of her need,—thus left with ten children (seven of them sons) to sustain, educate, and direct in life,—which determined her choice of a text for her husband's memorial tablet in Kelston Church.⁹ She claimed the fulfilment of the Divine promise, and wrote (from Jeremiah xlix. 11)—'Leave thy fatherless children. I will preserve them alive. And let thy widows trust in Me.' . . . At Chew Magna she continued to reside till 1820-1, when she removed to Newton St. Loe near Bath.

To the same village,—soon after the period when the widow had returned there with her children,—also came to reside Mr. and Mrs. Richard Buckle. He had once commanded a vessel in the trade with the African gold-coast, which at that time was carried on in Bristol; but he now held an office in the Bristol Custom House.¹ A friendship sprang up between the two families; the younger members being almost always together, and sharing the same amusements. Their gardens joined, 'and an easy path was soon made over the low wall between.' Strong political sympathies helped to cement this friendship. A radical member (Mr. Hunt) having, to their general disgust, been returned for Bristol, the children thought it their duty to burn him in effigy: their parents looking on with undisguised satisfaction. The Waverley novels as they successively appeared furnished delightful occupation for social gatherings in the evenings.

^a Three sisters,—Sarah, who died at Torquay in 1876:—Frances (the second daughter so named):—Mary Ann (also the second daughter so named) who yet lives:—and six brothers; viz. Francis, M.D., Physician to the Queen's Household and Registrar of the Royal College of Physicians, who died in 1877, aged 83, and is remembered as the 'kind-hearted friend of the afflicted in sickness':—Cæsar Henry, Serjeant-Surgeon to the Queen, who died 20th July, 1884, and was able to relate that he had been consulted by *four generations* of the Royal Family:—George (the second son so named), in Holy Orders, who died in 1826:—John and Charles, who died in India in 1818 and 1830:—and Robert, the present Vicar of

Lamberhurst, Kent.

⁹ For much help hereabouts, I am indebted to the Rev. Francis J. Poynton's '*Memoranda, Historical and Genealogical, relating to the parish of Kelston in the county of Somerset*,'—1878, a privately printed 4to. of much local interest and antiquarian ability. The author gives a pedigree of the Hawkins family at pp. 22-3.

¹ His father, with a large family of sons and daughters, lived at Chaseley and 'the Mythe' near Tewkesbury, and was connected with the Dowdeswells and Turbervilles of Worcestershire. Richard's wife (Mary Pryor Osborne) was of a Puritan family connected with Speaker Lenthall.

Edward Hawkins and his sister Sarah,—(they were devoted to one another, inseparable, and entirely like-minded),—on the one side, and Mary Ann Buckle (the only daughter) on the other, grew fast friends. The future Provost of Oriel already displayed those characteristics for which he became distinguished in after life. A strong sense of duty was ever paramount with him. He expected to find it in others, and habitually set his brothers an example of steady application; exercised severe self-control; denied himself amusements, and whatever belonged to mere personal gratification. His sympathy for sorrow is still affectionately remembered, as well as his skill in ministering to a broken spirit. Mrs. Buckle, having suddenly lost her husband (in 1826) remarked that Edward's words were the first which procured her any measure of real comfort. He had an accomplished and very delightful brother (George) who was carried off by consumption at the age of 26,—to whom his ministerial offices were most tender as well as unremitting. In the end, the two families left Chew together, and Newton near Bath became the home of both. Their former intimacy had already ripened into warm friendship. Edward's days were spent in severe study: but he found that he could occasionally spare an evening for a walk with Mary Buckle. After an interval of so many years, a vivid recollection is preserved of the intelligence and kindness with which in one of those early walks he explained the nature of Perspective,—the principle on which those many converging lines were drawn, and which the young lady had but very imperfectly apprehended by the light of Nature. Not altogether unacceptable, it may reasonably be conjectured, to a girl of a singularly modest and retiring disposition, must have been the society of a youth so thoughtful and high-minded as Edward Hawkins.—But it is time to resume the story of his Oxford life.

Supplemented by many a studious vacation, his thirteen laborious terms at S. John's resulted in a double-first class in the Easter term of 1811. Hawkins was the fifth person, (Sir Robert Peel being the first, and John Keble the third,) who, since the establishing of the Class-list in 1807, had achieved that honourable distinction. In the next year he became Tutor of his College; and reckoned among his pupils the late President Wynter and H. A. Woodgate, who both cherished a very high opinion of his powers. At Easter 1813 he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel,—‘*in stauro*,’ as the ancient chamber over the gateway is styled in the Dean's register.³

Dr. John Eveleigh, who had been Provost since 1781, was already entering on the 33rd (which was to be the last) year of his headship;—Edward Copleston, John Davison, Richard Whately, and John Keble, being among the most conspicuous of the fellows. *Facile princeps* however at the time of which we speak was Eveleigh himself,—a name still remembered with veneration in Oxford. To him, in conjunction with Dr. Parsons, Master of Balliol, belongs the honour of having originated the reform of the University examinations and established the ‘Class-list.’ What wonder if Oriel rose into eminence under the guidance of such a

³ Admission to a fellowship at Oriel, down to 1819 inclusive, took place on S. Margaret's

day, (soth July),—though the Election has ever been in Easter week.

spirit? 'He was Provost when I was elected Fellow,' wrote Mr. Keble to me in 1855. 'I had known him as long as I could remember any one. He was, I verily believe, a man to bring down a blessing upon any society of which he was a member.' Over the fire-place in Oriel Common-room hangs his portrait,—a very grand work by Hoppner: the face full of dignity and intelligence.³

Such was the College into which Hawkins was introduced on his election to a Fellowship at Oriel. To the outside world names like the foregoing are probably suggestive of none but the gravest images,—severe treatises and recondite conversation. But Oxford men will not require telling that there was a playful side to all this. To say the truth, we have never busied ourselves with such enquiries as the present, without being almost diverted from our purpose by the multitude of grotesque memories which we have unintentionally evoked. Thus, one fails to recognize 'Davison on Prophecy,'—(though Hawkins is there plainly enough),—in the following story of those early days which the Provost related long after.⁴—Davison (rushing in),—'Hawkins, I'm horribly afraid they're going to make me junior Treasurer. I know nothing of accounts. I shall be sure to make mistakes.' Some hours later,—'Hawkins, I'm a ruined man. They *would* make me serve.'—'Never fear. Put down everything, and you are quite safe.'—A year elapses: re-enter Davison. 'I told you so, Hawkins. I'm a ruined man. My accounts are wrong by hundreds.'—'Don't be alarmed. Let me see them.' The quarter-book is brought and patiently examined. 'Added up quite right': (Davison turns deadly pale :) 'but *you had no occasion to add in the date of the year.*'—An aged member of Christ Church (long since departed) declared to the present writer that the only thing he could recall of the Oriel Common-room of that period was a frolicsome tournament on the hearth-rug between two mounted combatants (known to the public for encounters of a very different kind), armed with the hand-screens which for many a long year used to adorn (?) the mantel-piece.—A rustic parson, whom Whately *more suo* had been for a long time enlightening after dinner, before going away came up to the oracle with much formality,—gathered himself to his full height,—and gravely thanked him 'for the pains he had taken to instruct him throughout the evening.' 'O, not at all' (exclaimed Whately). 'It's a very pleasant thing to have *an anvil to beat out one's thoughts upon.*'—The Provost himself told a friend⁵ in 1880, that 'when he was examined for his Fellowship, at Oriel, the examination took place in the Ante-chapel; and the weather being bitterly cold, two of the candidates had a boxing-match in order to keep themselves warm.'

"It was Milman, since Dean of S. Paul's,"—(the Provost related long after,⁶)—"who brought me tidings of my election. When he entered my

³ See above, concerning Provost Eveleigh, in the memoir of President Routh, p. 26.

⁴ To Canon Eden,—of whom a memoir is given further on.

⁵ The Rev. Robert G. Livingstone, who also supplies the following anecdote:—'Another poetical contemporary was Reginald Heber. In his first term of residence the Provost found

Heber's card on his table. He had not expected a visit, and assumed that the card must be a hoax. In the ensuing vacation he discovered his mistake, and of course took the earliest opportunity of going to Heber's rooms and frankly explaining why he had not sooner acknowledged his courtesy.'

⁶ To Dr. Bright, Canon of Ch. Ch.

rooms, he found me reading a book. After telling his news, he glanced on the book in my hand, and burst out,—‘But I’ll tell you what it is, sir! If the Provost and Fellows had known what the book is which I have found you reading, they would never have elected you to a fellowship at Oriel.’ The book I was reading,”—(proceeded Hawkins, his features assuming a look of the quaintest humour)—“was Hume’s *Essay on Miracles*.”

It requires an effort to realize the change which has passed over English life,—manners, dress, habits,—since the date referred to, viz. A.D. 1813. ‘The first time I saw Whately, he wore a pea-green coat, white waistcoat, stone-coloured shorts, flesh-coloured silk stockings. His hair was powdered.’ Heber, when the Provost first saw him, ‘was dressed in a parsley-and-butter coat.’ Arnold, in a ‘light blue coat with metal buttons, and a buff waistcoat’—(I am quoting words of the Provost spoken in 1857)—must have been a less picturesque object. As late as 1847 the senior fellow of Oriel (the Rev. Edward Miles Rudd), used to appear at the College ‘gaudy’ in black shorts. He had travelled up from Northamptonshire in a fly—devoting to the journey two days.⁷ Rudd however was an exceptional case, for he was senior Fellow as early as 1819. At an earlier period, (if Archd. Berens’ contemporary sketch may be trusted), he was decorated with a pig-tail.—Better deserving of record is the fact, that the fellows of Oriel were the first in Oxford to break through the tyranny of fashion by abandoning the immoderate use of wine which prevailed in the upper ranks of English society until a period within the memory of aged persons of the last generation. This was the first Common-room where *tea* was drunk. Dr. Macbride, the venerable Principal of Magdalen Hall, once described to me with great *naïveté* the contempt with which, some sixty-five years ago, it used to be said,—‘Why, those fellows drink *tea*!’ ‘The Oriel tea-pot’ became a standing joke in the University.

Much to be regretted is it that the practice has not been adopted in Colleges of perpetuating, in connection with each set of rooms, the names of its successive occupants. Failing this, it seems strange that no pains have been taken to preserve a record of the rooms which were tenanted by men who afterwards became famous. ‘The only room in which I ever regularly resided,’ (wrote the author of ‘*The Christian Year*’ in 1855, in

⁷ ‘O yes,’ writes the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, of Clyst St. George, Devon, (a contemporary of the Provost), on being appealed to for any reminiscences of the Oriel of early days,—‘I can jot down *de vestitu* in 1808-9. When I was matriculated and went into residence, all the Tutors and Dons wore black breeches and silk stockings from morning to night: the undergraduates, breeches and white stockings. I have heard my father (who was at Wadham) say, that when Provost Eveleigh came to matriculate he had on *blue worsted stockings*.’ [The reader is invited to refer back to the Memoir of President Routh, p. 6.] ‘Dinner was at 4, where none could appear without silks, breeches with knee-buckles, silver or gilt. The gentlemen commoners wore the *dress gown* at dinner and in chapel. Gaiters were not allowed with gowns. Cloth boots came

in. We called them *bushies*. One day, after lecture, Copleston asked me if the Proctors allowed me to wear gaiters? When Rigaud was Proctor (1810), the men tried to wear trousers, and he allowed them, and gave great offence to the Dons for the lax discipline. I once travelled outside from Bath with Tom Kennaway, in shorts and whites without any leggings or boots. He caught cold, sickened and died at Balliol. I attended his funeral in the Churchyard hard by. I often boated in cap. Beaver was seldom worn within a mile or so of Oxford. Men were sconded if accidentally they appeared in Hall undressed. The scond-table was hung up in the buttery.’ ... Strange, that trivial matters like these should take such a fast hold of the memory, while so much of living interest has been entirely forgotten!

reply to my inquiry,)—‘was up one pair of stairs, *I think* on the *left*, opposite C. C. C. gateway. Davison had it before me,—Dornford afterwards. Is it not Marriott’s now? my head is confused on that point.’—Sure of approval I have transcribed the entire paragraph before stating that, as a matter of fact, the door of what was Mr. Keble’s sitting-room (effectually identified by the gateway opposite) is on *the right* of one who has ascended one pair of stairs.⁸ Charles Marriott, from 1844 to 1855, occupied the corresponding rooms on *the next* staircase (No. 3) towards the Chapel,—first floor to the right: his immediate predecessor having been John Henry Newman.⁹ But any one who can recall the studious aspect of the apartments in question while occupied by those two famous Divines,—ill-carpeted and indifferently furnished, as well as encumbered with book-shelves in every part,—would entirely fail to recognize them in their present guise. They were mercilessly smartened up after Marriott’s sad death.

‘You succeeded Newman in these rooms, I know,’ (remarked the present writer to Charles Marriott, while watching beside his sick-bed). ‘Didn’t I once hear you say that Newman succeeded Whately?’—‘Yes, and he told me that when he took these rooms, he found the last of Whately’s herrings still hanging on the string before the Chapel window.’ To render this story intelligible, it requires to be explained that, (before the Chapel underwent renovation some five-and-twenty years ago), a partition of lath-and-plaster separated the bay of the west window from the Ante-chapel,—making it a nondescript appendage to the set of rooms of which we are speaking; available as a larder, an oratory, or a lumber-closet, according to the taste of the occupant. It was a ‘fad’ of the future Archbishop to pull a herring daily from the string, and to frizzle it—*sine ulla solennitate*—for breakfast, on the coals of his fire. His ways in truth were very peculiar: some of them, rather nasty.

Dr. Whately, as fellow, had also lived in the rooms opposite: and, as an undergraduate, in Robinson’s buildings, ground floor to the right. Under Newman’s rooms lectured (not lived) Bp. Hampden, 1831–3. The same rooms in 1846 were occupied by Dean Church. Over Newman lived Hurrell Froude. Oriel men will remember that they are the only rooms on that side of the college with a window looking East. Dr. Pusey’s rooms were on No. 1 staircase, first floor to the right,—subsequently Fraser’s, the late excellent Bp. of Manchester. Samuel Wilberforce lived in the rooms immediately beneath,—the corner rooms on the ground floor. Robert Isaac Wilberforce occupied and lectured in the Dean’s rooms in the corner of the further quadrangle, looking into Magpie Lane,—now ‘Grove Street.’ Copleston, at the time of his election to the headship, lived on No. 5 staircase, first floor to the right. Arnold, during the six years when he was a Fellow, never occupied rooms in the college: and Hampden left Oriel almost immediately after his election to a fellowship. In his undergraduate days he had occupied the rooms over John Keble’s.

⁸ It is on the left-hand of the staircase,—to one who stands in Oriel quadrangle and approaches the foot of the stairs. Such an one, if the college were suddenly removed, would find himself facing the gateway of C. C. C.

⁹ “I am just going to change my rooms in College and take Newman’s, of which I hope the atmosphere may do me some good.”—(Charles Marriott to Bp. Selwyn,—‘Bradfield, Sept. 5th, 1844.’) . . . See above, p. 180.

It shall only be added that Hawkins is believed to have occupied the rooms above those which Pusey subsequently occupied,—viz. in the south-west angle of the college looking towards Canterbury gate.¹ Pusey's rooms were mine from 1847 to 1876. I followed James Fraser.

Of the fifteen years during which Hawkins was fellow of Oriel (1813-28), the first six were unencumbered with the responsibilities of college tuition; and he availed himself of the opportunity which was presented to him of accompanying to the continent as tutor, James William, Lord Caulfeild, only son of the Earl of Charlemont; making one of the family party.² All that is remembered of this incident has been set down by the same interesting pen³ which has already supplied us with more than one notice of the Provost of Oriel's early life,—obtained in 1880 from the Provost's lips:—

'During the interval between the restoration of the Bourbons and the return of Napoleon from Elba, Mr. Hawkins was in Paris: where he saw Raffaele's "Transfiguration" and the other masterpieces which Napoleon had plundered from the picture galleries of the continent, hanging on the walls of the Louvre.

'The news of Napoleon's escape from Elba was, (he said), most unwelcome in Paris. The Parisians believed, not unreasonably, that it had been effected with the connivance of England. They argued thus:—Napoleon was shut up in an Island. The English were masters of the Mediterranean, their ships cruising everywhere. If Napoleon escaped, it must have been because they allowed him to do so. There was a great outburst of popular indignation against England in consequence, and the Provost was warned not to venture into out-of-the-way parts of Paris by himself, lest he should be exposed to insult,—perhaps to violence. He stayed in Paris as long as he possibly could, only quitting the city on the morning of the day [20th March, 1815] on the evening of which Napoleon entered it. As he hurried to the sea coast, he had some misgivings that he might be arrested, and treated as English travellers in France had been treated at the time of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. But the general opinion was that Bonaparte would not repeat in 1815 the policy which, without really serving his interests, had made him intensely hated in 1803. Mr. Hawkins reached England without molestation. He at once went down to Oxford.

'It was on this occasion (I think) that he told me there was with him in the stage-coach between London and Oxford only one other passenger,—a gentleman endowed with a singular charm of manner and great powers of conversation. At Nuneham, (which was his destination,) the stranger on leaving the coach said to his companion,—"I hope the next time you are in London, you will call on me."—"Nothing," said Mr. Hawkins, "would give me greater pleasure; but—I do not know your name." "Oh!" said his fellow-traveller, "my name is Wilberforce."—"What! are you *the* Mr. Wilberforce?"—"Well," (replied the other,) "I suppose I must say I am." This was the Provost's first introduction. He called on his new acquaintance in London, and from that time till his death enjoyed a considerable degree of intimacy with him.

'He told me that the object of Mr. Wilberforce's journey to Nuneham was to make arrangements for placing his sons under the tuition of a clergyman there. I suspect that it was the conversation between London and Nuneham, and the friendly intercourse which ensued, which eventually determined his choice of a college at Oxford for three of his sons.'

In the year 1824, Mr. Wilberforce strongly urged Hawkins to undertake one of the two newly-founded Bishoprics,—Jamaica and Barbadoes. 'I

¹ The Rev. G. W. Newnham supplies the correction that 'his rooms were in the N.W. corner next to the Lodgings.' W. F. R.

² The Earl's residence was '6 Rue Royale, près la place Louis XV.'—as appears from a letter addressed to 'Edward Hawkins, esq.'

—containing the well-known verses on Dean Gaisford's marriage: ('Hail to the maid who so grace/sul advances, 'Tis sweet Helen Douglas / 'right I divine,' &c.)

³ Rev. R. G. Livingstone.

had however laid out for myself a different course of life,'—added the Provost in recounting this incident, long after, to his friend, Archdeacon Grant. The sees were eventually accepted by Lipscombe and Coleridge.

Returned to Oriel (in March 1815), Hawkins addressed himself seriously to the study of Divinity. This was not his earliest passion. His strong desire had been to become a lawyer. In truth, his mind was essentially *legal* in its texture; and had he made Law the business of his life, no one who knew him will doubt that he would have attained the highest rewards which that profession has to offer. What determined him to take Holy Orders and to devote himself to the sacred calling, was his supreme anxiety to assist his Mother,—a widow left with ten children and a slender income. In other words, he regarded it as a paramount duty to do a Father's part by his six younger brothers: and he knew that the career which awaited him in Oxford would second his inclinations far more effectually than the problematical rewards of the Bar. He gave himself up to sacred studies therefore. And thus we reach a period of his life, concerning which some interesting notices have been preserved in the Autobiography of the most famous of his contemporaries,—Dr. Newman. It should be explained that this remarkable man was elected from Trinity, of which college he had been a scholar, to a fellowship at Oriel in 1822: that in 1823, Hawkins became Vicar of S. Mary's; and that in the next ensuing year, Newman was ordained to the curacy of S. Clement's. This fixes 1824-5, (when their ages were respectively 35-6 and 23-4,) as the period referred to in the ensuing recollections:—

'From 1822 to 1825 I saw most of the Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, at that time vicar of St. Mary's; and when I took Orders in 1824, and had a curacy in Oxford, then, during the Long Vacations, I was especially thrown into his company. I can say with a full heart that I love him, and have never ceased to love him; and I thus preface what otherwise might sound rude, that in the course of the many years in which we were together afterwards, he provoked me very much from time to time, though I am perfectly certain that I have provoked him a great deal more. Moreover, in me such provocation was unbecoming, both because he was the Head of my College, and because, in the first years that I knew him, he had been in many ways of great service to my mind.'

The passage which follows will be more conveniently introduced further on [p. 224]. After which, Dr. Newman proceeds,—

'He was the means of great additions to my belief. He gave me the "*Treatise on Apostolical Preaching*," by Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, from which I was led to give up my remaining Calvinism, and to receive the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration. In many other ways too he was of use to me, on subjects semi-religious and semi-scholastic. It was he too who taught me to anticipate that, before many years were over, there would be an attack made upon the Books and the Canon of Scripture. I was brought to the same belief by the conversation of Mr. Blanco White, who also led me to have freer views on the subject of Inspiration than were usual in the Church of England at the time.

'There is one other principle which I gained from Dr. Hawkins, more directly bearing upon Catholicism than any that I have mentioned; and that is the doctrine of "Tradition." When I was an undergraduate, I heard him preach in the University pulpit [May 31st, 1815] his celebrated Sermon on the subject, and recollect how long it appeared to me, though he was at that time a very striking preacher; but, when I read it and studied it as his gift, it made a most serious impression upon me. He does not go one step, I think, beyond the high Anglican doctrine, nay he does not reach it; but he does his work thoroughly, and his view was in him original, and his subject was a novel one at the time. He lays down a

proposition, self-evident as soon as stated, to those who have at all examined the structure of Scripture, viz. that the sacred Text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it: and that, if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church; for instance, to the Catechism, and to the Creeds. He considers that, after learning from them the doctrines of Christianity, the inquirer must verify them by Scripture. This view, most true in its outline, most fruitful in its consequences, opened upon me a large field of thought.^a

There is no need to enlarge on the remarkable Dissertation thus introduced to the reader's notice. Yet, inasmuch as it seems to be little read, we may be allowed to declare that those 88 pages deserve the attention of every student of sacred Science. Such an one is invited to suspend his judgment till he reaches the end. He may then perhaps be of opinion that the Author would have done well to define and limit the province of Tradition: but the reader will assuredly be most of all struck by the explicit statement of what he knew before indeed, but had never before seen distinctly formulated: viz. that it seems to have been, from the first,

'the general design of Heaven that by oral or traditional instruction, the way should be prepared for the reception of the mysteries of Faith; that the Church should carry down the system, but the Scriptures should furnish all the proofs of the Christian doctrines.'—(Page 18.)

The New Testament does indeed presuppose throughout—(witness the preface to S. Luke's Gospel)—considerable knowledge of Christian doctrine. But in fact this entire province of enquiry will be found explained and expanded in the same writer's 'Bampton Lectures' for 1840,—which have for their object, 'An inquiry into the connected uses of the principal means for attaining Christian Truth;'⁴ 'the connected uses, that is to say, in order to this end, of the Scriptures and of the Church; of human Reason and of illuminating Grace.'⁵ In the meantime, the '*Dissertation upon the use and importance of unauthoritative Tradition, as an introduction to the Christian doctrines*,'⁶ published in 1819, at once established the reputation of the writer as a thoughtful Divine. He was then thirty years of age.

The most popular of his writings,—an elementary '*Manual for Christians*,' which was probably suggested by the requirements of his parishioners, now appeared, and went through at least seven editions. A characteristic '*Letter upon compulsory attendance at the Communion*,' published anonymously in 1822,—together with a thoughtful Sermon entitled '*Systematic Preaching recommended*,' delivered at S. Mary's, June 4th, 1825,—are his only other original productions of the same period. But in 1824, he edited Milton's poetical works in four volumes,—an admirable performance, which bears in every page tokens of that unflinching conscientiousness which characterized whatever he took in hand. His editorial notes are subscribed 'E.' One, of peculiar interest, occurs at pp. xcix-ci, in which he gives his own estimate of the poet's opinions and character. He considered Milton's views Arian:—

^a '*History of my Religious Opinions*,' by John Henry Newman, 8vo. 1865, pp. 379: being a new edition of his '*Apologia*,' p. 8 to p. 9. The reader will be reminded of p. 303 when he reaches p. 240.

⁴ See the Preface, pp. vii.-viii.—Quite similar is the purport of '*Christianity, not the Religion either of the Bible only, or of the Church*,'—a

sermon preached at Maldon, July 28, 1830, at the Bp. of London's primary Visitation.

⁵ See the '*Advertisement*' prefixed to the 3rd Edition of his Sermon.

⁶ '*Including the substance of a Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, May 31, 1828, upon 2 Thess. ii. 13.*'

'Dr. Routh remarked to me one day'—[these words, dated 1848, are written in the editor's own interleaved copy, facing page c],—'that the Arian hypothesis was better suited to a poem. Milton, however, would not have admitted anything of Arianism even into a poem, had it not been his own belief. See the posthumous work "*De Doctrinâ Christianâ*," published in 1825 [Cantab. 4to] by the present Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Charles Sumner.' [A translation was issued by him in the same year and place.]

Next in importance to Hawkins's '*Dissertation on Tradition*,' is his sermon preached before the University some ten years later (viz. Nov. 11, 1838), on '*The Duty of Private Judgment*': of which the object, (as might be divined from its title), is not to vindicate *the right*—but to explain and enforce '*the duty of Private Judgment*.' It reached a third edition in 1854. The author had intended that it should form part of a larger work,—which however eventually shared the fate of so many other similar projects, in never attaining fulfilment. The '*Bampton Lectures*' (already referred to) were the nearest approach to the large systematic Treatise which prior to 1854 he had cherished the hope and intention of some day giving to the world. . . Henceforth I shall content myself with merely enumerating Dr. Hawkins's published writings.⁷

The period of his incumbency at S. Mary-the-Virgin's (1823-8) was rendered memorable to the University by the energy and skill with which he commenced and brought to a successful termination the present internal arrangement of the University church: happily reconciling the conflicting claims of the University and of the parish, and securing an apportionment of the seats which has proved satisfactory to both parties, down to the present time. In this great work he was supremely fortunate in procuring the professional services of a gentleman named Plowman,—a native and resident of Oxford,—who (as Sir Gilbert Scott pointed out to the present writer) was far in advance of his time in his knowledge of Gothic architecture, and in his sense of propriety of arrangement. Those were very early days. Church restoration had not as yet been thought of. But under the guidance of the accomplished architect already mentioned, the work proceeded admirably. The chancel was wisely let alone: but the organ-loft was furnished with a stone front towards the nave; while the beautiful pillars were disencumbered of the monuments which until then encrusted and disfigured them. These were transferred to the walls of the church. In March 1828, he had the satisfaction of resigning to his celebrated successor (Mr. Newman) a renovated church, and a parish in which he had laboured conscientiously for six years. Full forty years after the time of which we are speaking, 'Rebecca' (the dear old sextoness of S. Mary's) might be seen invariably, at the close of the University sermon, to station herself near the more easterly of the two doors

⁷ In 1861, appeared his Sermon on '*The Province of Private Judgment, and the right conduct of Religious inquiry*'; and another in 1863, on '*The liberty of Private Judgment within the Church of England*.' These had been preceded (in 1831) by an elementary sermon on '*The Way of Salvation*' (pp. 36).—His '*Discourses upon some of the principal objects and uses of the Historical Scriptures of the O. T.*'—1833 (pp. 193),—is an interesting volume. He also contributed two sermons to a series of '*Original Family Sermons*,' put forth

by the S. P. C. K. in 1833 and following years: viz. '*Building on the sure Foundation*' (i. 155-168), and '*Church Music*' (v. 149-164).—In 1838 appeared his sermon on '*The Duty and Means of promoting Christian Knowledge without impairing Christian Unity*.'—In 1839, he pleaded for '*Church Extension in England and Wales*.' [In the Notes at the foot of pp. 204, 218 and 231, will be found enumerated all his other known publications not mentioned in the Text.]

on the south side,—by which the Provost always left the church; and he was observed *never* to fail in bestowing upon her a bow of friendly recognition.⁸ He abounded in such acts of courtesy and consideration,—which *all* appreciate, but especially the brother or sister of low degree.

Previously to the Provost's incumbency, there seem to have been no fixed seats in the nave of S. Mary's. The Vice-chancellor's chair was at the extremity of the church, in front of the west door, and therefore faced the east. This arrangement had prevailed at least from the days of Charles II, for Aubrey speaks of the 'Doctors' men' coming in at the end of sermon, from the ale-house hard by, wiping the foam from their beards.⁹ As for the parochial services of S. Mary's in 1828, they were the same which his successor maintained, viz. 'Two services and one sermon on Sundays and Good Friday: one service and sermon on every festival: and a service (without a sermon) daily throughout the rest of Holy week, and on Ash Wednesday.' The Sunday sermon at 4 p.m. (which afterwards became so famous) is believed to have been introduced by Hawkins.—He was now also Whitehall preacher (1827-8), and was accounted impressive in the pulpit by men most competent to pronounce an opinion. Let it further be noted as a marvellous token of his ability and shrewdness in estimating character, that he should at this period (1827) have predicted 'that if Mr. Arnold were elected to the head-mastership of Rugby, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England.'¹

With the year 1828 came the great event of his public life, namely, his election to the Provostship of Oriel. Dr. Copleston, who had presided over the college with singular ability and success since the death of Dr. Eveleigh in 1814, was appointed Bishop of Llandaff towards the close of 1827: and Hawkins, in February 1828, was elected to succeed him by the unanimous vote of the society,—which at that time reckoned among its fellows Keble (elected in 1811): Henry Jenkyns (elected in 1818): Dornford, Awdry, and Rickards (all three elected in 1819): Jelf (elected in 1821): Newman (elected in 1822): Pusey (elected in 1823): R. I. Wilberforce and Hurrell Froude (both elected in 1826).—Davison (who had been elected in 1800), and Whately (in 1811), as well as Hampden and Arnold² (both elected in 1815), were no longer fellows.—Under ordinary circumstances such an incident might well have been passed over with the mere recital of the fact. But a mistaken opinion prevails so inveterately concerning the Provost's election, that it may be as well here to

* 'Rebecca' was quite an institution. Her memory went back to the præ-historic period. She had evidently learned to regard the Vicars of S. Mary's in the light of an interminable procession of rather troublesome individuals. One of them, (in 1863,) was so rash as to address her as follows:—'I wish, my dear, you wouldn't rattle your keys quite so loud when you unlock the pew-doors.' Rebecca began to cry. 'O don't cry, Rebecca.' 'I *must* cry': then, sobbing and soliloquizing,—'First there was Muster Hawkins with *his* ways:—then there was Muster Newman with *his* ways:—then there was Muster Eden with *his* ways:—then there was Muster Marriott with *his* ways:—then there was Muster Chase with *his* ways:—and now, there's you with *yours*.'—When questioned concerning Dr. Newman,

she invariably wound up her reply with,—'Yes, it was *his* mother as gave *my* mother her six silver spoons.' For example,—'Tell me, Rebecca, where he used to stand when he consecrated the elements.' 'He used to stand and do exactly as you do... Yes, it was *his* mother, &c. &c.

⁹ Aubrey's *Lives*,—Vol. ii. P. ii. p. 421. The public-house referred to ('*the City Arms*') is an ancient tenement which faces the west entrance to S. Mary's.

¹ Stanley's '*Life of Arnold*',—i. 51.

² The successive holders of *that* fellowship stand thus in the Dean's register:—'1814 (*sic*), but it is a mistake: it should be 1815), T. Arnold,—1822, J. H. Newman,—1846, J. W. Burgon.' (Communicated by C. L. Shadwell, esq., fellow of Oriel.)

produce a few interesting letters which establish the facts of the case beyond the risk of misconception. The first two are from Mr. Keble,—both written at the close of 1827 :—

‘Coln St. Aldwin’s, near Fairford, December 9th, 1827.

‘My dear good Hawkins,—I have brought over this sheet of paper to my Father’s little parsonage that I might write on it to you between the Services, and thank you for the pleasure and comfort of your kind little letter this morning. It would be too bad for you and me, who have been working together so long in the same cause, to begin snarling and growling at this time of day and in the middle of Advent for an affair of this sort : and I never was much afraid of it, I may say not at all : but now we have it under one another’s hand and seal, we are bound in honour to behave well. And I am in great hopes that by not caring too much for things, we shall be enabled to turn what might have been unpleasant into a time of comfortable recollection as long as we live. You and I agreed to remember one another at a trying time for us both, a little more than a twelvemonth ago : if you please, we will do the same now.

‘I hope I am not putting anyone to inconvenience or annoyance by not writing as yet more decidedly on the subject. If it is wished, I will do so immediately ; but if not, I believe I ought to wait about two or three posts more.

‘Give my very kind regards to the Provost and all the fellows, and believe me ever, my dear Hawkins, your most affectionate *enemy*,

‘J. K., Jun.’

‘Fairford, December 28th, 1827.

‘My dear Hawkins,—Having brought all into a sum, (as George Herbert says,) I have pretty well satisfied myself that greatly as the college would be benefited were the choice of the majority, in this important matter, to fall on me, it may yet do very well,—provided you are a good boy and do your *very very* best,—under your auspices : and such being the case, and I having private and family reasons of my own, which lead me, as a matter of taste, not to wish for the office, I really see no reason why the college should be troubled with any difference of opinion about the matter. I wrote to this effect, last night, to Froude, and shall probably write to Plumer and Newman to-day : and I feel very well satisfied with myself for what I have done : so please not to make any objection, for I shan’t change. At the same time, to prevent misconception, I must tell you that I don’t at all do this, as shrinking from the Office itself. I have not at all a *Nolo episcopari* feeling towards it ; and perhaps I do not think it so very much more difficult a trust than any other pastoral employment,—nor have I any other reason to think, from what experience I have had, that I am particularly deficient in the art of managing youths of that age. I say this, because I don’t want to have it imagined that I am eaten up with a kind of morbid mistrust of myself : and also in order to prepare you for a little amicable discussion as to the principles of University discipline, with which you may expect to be regaled when I next have the pleasure of seeing you. Not that I think there is any great difference between us : I am sure we used always, I thought, to agree very well on those as well as on most other matters, and so I dare say we always shall.

‘Good-bye, my dear Hawkins. Remember me to all the Christmas dirge-men if there be any, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,

‘J. KEBLE, Jun.’

Next in date is a letter from Robert Isaac Wilberforce, written from his Father’s house :—

‘Highwood Hill, January 3rd, 1828.

‘My dear Hawkins,—Your letter to me was so kind, that it encourages me to write to you in return with openness. It would be very presumptuous in me, were I not forced to it, to undertake to pass any judgment between such persons as yourself and Keble. But having been pressed by Newman to make up my mind, it seems but right to you, after the very kind way in which you have treated me, that I should tell you myself that it appears to me upon the whole that I ought to vote for Keble. I cannot however say this without expressing the very great pleasure it will give me (should the decision be, as it seems it will, in your favour,) to see you in a situation for which you are so well suited.

'I have received a letter, as you are aware, from Keble, which had it come sooner would perhaps have prevented my coming to any conclusion on a point which I have found so difficult; but as I had made up my mind just before this letter arrived, I think it would hardly have been honest to you not to have mentioned that I had done so. As I understand that half the number of Fellows have declared their intention of voting for yourself, I suppose there is little doubt what will be the result of the election, but at the same time it seems to me but right to wait and know what is the opinion of those who agree with myself, before I declare for any other person than Keble.

'I have written this in a very confused and awkward way, both because I feel rather at a loss how to express myself properly in regard to persons whom I have been so long used to look up to; and because I have been hurrying that I may not be too late for the post which is just departing.

'Allow me to conclude by again expressing the great pleasure it will give me to see you in the high Office which is about to be vacant; and by thanking you for the kind way in which you have written to me. Believe me, ever your obliged and affectionate friend,

'ROBERT I. WILBERFORCE.'

Though the actual election to the Provostship did not take place till February, it is evident from a letter from Pusey to Hawkins, (written from Berlin, 12th January, 1828,) that the society had come to a practical decision on the subject several days before the date of Pusey's letter. A single extract will suffice:—

'I had received the intelligence which your letter of this morning confirms, some little time ago through one from Keble to Newman, and only delayed the expression of my satisfaction at the comfortable mode of the termination of the election, till I should receive an official account. . . . The whole affair (from the candour and kindly feeling which has been shown) has been particularly satisfactory; and we have each our particular sources of pleasures. I, in seeing an anxious wish thus fulfilled; and you, in possessing so fully the confidence and approbation of all the members of your body; and without making invidious parallels with the late Provost, (whom, as a man, every one must respect,) I anticipate infinitely more both for our College and the University from his successor.'

On the 22nd January, Robert Isaac Wilberforce again wrote from High-wood:—

'The whole matter may now be considered as settled, and I can truly say that I feel the greatest pleasure in being able to congratulate you on your appointment to an Office, in which I can only wish that you may be as useful as your own desires would lead you to be: and this is after all wishing you happiness in the truest sense.

'I did not understand, I see, what you said about Awdry, or my last letter would have been rather different. . . . I wish I had used more diligence in ascertaining his sentiments and Churton's, but the latter I tried in vain to find; and the former I have hardly ever seen, so that I felt shy of going to call upon him. Had I communicated with either of them, I should of course have stated my intention of voting for you *unconditionally* in my last letter.'

The next, from Richard Hurrell Froude, written on the following day, deserves to be given entire.

'January 23rd, 1828.

'My dear Hawkins,—Though I don't set so high a value on the emanations of my pen as to volunteer a superfluous communication, yet, from what Churton said to me in his note, I fancy I ought to supply an *ελλειμμα* in my last letter, by making a more formal declaration of my unconditional and uncompromising determination to rank myself among your retainers. I am really very sorry that my stupid delay in answering your letter should have caused you any *bother* (to use a studiously elegant expression, than which I cannot hit on a better): and this is the more provoking, as I actually had written you an answer the first day; but as I

said something at the end of it about my Brother, which afterwards I thought too gloomy, and which, I believe, was suggested by seeing him look particularly unwell from some accident, I thought it rather too hard to call on you for sympathy in my capricious fancies.

'I suppose I may take the liberty to enclose this in a cover to the Bishop, otherwise I should hesitate to draw on your purse as well as your time for such a scribble as this. However, I have left you enough clear paper at the end to work out a question in Algebra, or make the skeleton of a sermon. And as this is probably worth more than any words I have to put into it, I shall conclude by begging you to consider me yours ever affectionately,

'RICHARD H. FROUDE.'

Lastly, John Henry Newman, who was then examining in the Schools,—(he had been ill and was much depressed by the recent death of a loved younger sister³),—in an undated note which clearly belongs to the same period,—thus refers to the Provost's altered position in the college, where however he was still lecturing and discharging the duties of the 'Dean':—

'My dear Dean,—Round, and my other kind colleagues, will not let me go into the Schools to-morrow or next day. Dr. Kidd has advised me to go out of Oxford, and Wilberforce has persuaded me to go home with him till Friday or Saturday. We shall start at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. Let me know if you see any objection to this. I would call, but your lectures are in the way. I hope this will be the last week for ever that lectures will hinder me calling on you. I wanted to talk with you in our walk to-day on this interesting subject. You must excuse me. I have implied above the substance of what I had to say. Yours ever affectionately,

'J. H. NEWMAN.'

In a subsequent letter, Newman expressed his satisfaction at the result of the election as *best* for the College; though he could not have voted against Keble. Indeed, so late as in 1877, when paying his brother-in-law a visit at Plymtree,

'Among many other interesting things, he mentioned his extreme surprise at Pusey having stated, in a sermon (I think he said) on the opening of Keble college, that he (Newman) came to regret the vote and influence he had used in the election of the Provost.'⁴

The actual election took place on the 2nd February, and was attended by the usual traditional forms of admission to the Headship. One thing that happened was informal:—

'You must have heard from Mr. Golightly,' (writes the friend to whom we are already indebted for not a few interesting notices⁵), 'the ludicrous incident connected with the event. Part of the ceremonial of installation consisted in solemnly closing the college gates. The newly elected Provost was then required to knock, in order to be formally admitted by the Dean, and received by the Fellows assembled under the archway. Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman was at that time Dean of the college. The gates were duly closed, and the Fellows stood waiting for the expected signal. At last a knock was heard, and the Dean advancing asked "*Quis adest?*" "Please sir," (replied a tremulous voice), "It's me, the college washerwoman." The gate was opened, and between the Fellows, drawn up in two ranks, passed a venerable matron laden with baskets of clean linen.

'Again the gate was shut, and again there was a false alarm. At last three sharp incisive taps were heard. "I knew," said Mr. Golightly, "before a word was spoken, that now there was no mistake." Again the question "*Quis adest?*" was asked, but this time with the response—"Edwardus Hawkins hujusce collegii

³ 'The delay of the election will afford a most welcome respite to poor Newman, who, (you perhaps have heard,) lost, last Saturday after only 24 hours' cessation of apparently strong health, his youngest sister. Every consolation, which a brother can have, he has

most richly—her whole life having been a preparation for that hour.'—Pusey to Hawkins, dated *Berlin, Jan. 1828.*

⁴ Rev. T. Mozley to the Provost, 3rd July, 1878.

⁵ Rev. R. G. Livingstone.

Præpositus.”—I have heard that Cardinal Newman, being asked within the last twelve months about this little episode, declared that he had no recollection of it. My informant was an undergraduate eye-witness of the scene, and I can hardly believe that he was mistaken in his recollections.*

As the news of Hawkins's election to the headship of Oriel spread through the provinces, in the tardy fashion of those days, it was the signal for a shower of interesting letters of hearty congratulation from distinguished men. The best known name is that of William Wilberforce, three of whose sons had been educated at Oriel. By one correspondent, the event was hailed as a blessing to the Church and to the world. All alike regarded it as fraught with advantage to the college and to the University. Arnold's letter of congratulation (written from Laleham, Feb. 8th) seems to reflect the history of this election, with entire truthfulness and accuracy. All eyes had been directed to *two* Fellows of the college,—Hawkins and Keble,—as the fittest to succeed Copleston in the headship. Both were general favourites: and with the election of either the entire society would evidently have been fully content. The majority, under any circumstances, would have been with Hawkins: but, as a matter of fact, *Keble declined to come forward*. ‘Let good old Hawkins walk over the course,’—was the deliberate decision of his rival. And now for Dr. Arnold's letter:—

‘I am by no means certain that this will find you in Oxford; but I do not know where else to send it, and I do not wish to delay any longer my most hearty congratulations on your election to the Provostship.—I will not pretend to say that my rejoicings would have been equally unmixed, had Keble been a candidate against you; but as he is better pleased to continue as he is, I do rejoice most sincerely and entirely, both for your sake and that of the college;—and though I should have been *no less* glad to see him Provost, yet I can safely say that not even his election, nor that of any other man, would have given me *more* pleasure than yours has done.—But my pleasure is now unmixed, because there is not the disappointment of one friend to set against the success of another.’

After all that goes before, it is pleasant to get back to the charities of domestic life, and to encounter such a touch of nature as is found in the congratulatory letter of W. D. Conybeare:—

‘That your establishment in life under circumstances so honourable has taken place while you had yet a Parent alive to share, and more than share in the gratification it affords,—is one of the most material additions of pure happiness which such success can admit. I think of your mutual congratulations not with envy, but with some distant hope that some of my own boys may hereafter have a similar treat in store for their own Mother.’

In the Dean's register Book, and in Provost Hawkins' handwriting, (for he was Dean at that time,) is to be seen his Address to the Fellows (Jan. 30th, 1828) after reading to them their late Provost's instrument of resignation,—as eloquent a tribute of affection and dutiful regard as ever was penned. Copleston—(‘Spell it,’ he used to say, ‘with the fewest letters you can’)—was certainly a very remarkable personage. But his celebrity was *local*. He made his reputation at Oxford, where he was confessedly supreme, and exercised extraordinary influence. When he went forth from the University, it was ‘*cum bonis ominibus votisque*,’ but it was found that he had left his great reputation behind him. He made no figure either in his diocese or in the senate,—nor yet in the republic of letters.

* Dated Cardiff, Feb. 7th. He was Bampton Lecturer in 1839, and subsequently became Dean of Llandaff.

His successor, as already stated, entered on the duties of office on the 2nd of February. It remains to add that before the year was ended (20th December) he was united to the object of his early attachment,—Miss Mary Ann Buckle. They were married at Cheltenham, by the Rev. F. (afterwards Dean) Close. And thus began that long course of domestic felicity which was only interrupted by his own death: for he had certainly found the gentlest, most devoted, and most helpful of wives.—No producible recollections remain of that early period, except a general impression of the exceeding brilliancy of the conversation, and the high intellectual character of the Fellows of the College,—of whom, at first, Mrs. Hawkins was slightly afraid. There was indeed an unattractive stiffness and formality in the highest Academic circles, at the time we speak of, which since then has all but disappeared. To return, however, to what is our proper subject.—A passage claims insertion here, which was written with reference to the Provost's marriage. Mr. Wilberforce, after apologizing for being somewhat tardy with his congratulations, wrote concerning himself as follows:—

"It is really true that not long before I entered into the state of wedlock, I had almost been led into forming a resolution to continue through life a single man. And even when I was enjoying the first pleasures of the union, I could not so well appreciate the blessings of the state, as now when entered into my 70th year, I find my infirmities soothed and my spirit cheered by the affectionate endearments of a Wife and Children."

Since George Anthony Denison, who succeeded to the Provost's vacant fellowship, made acquaintance with Oriel at this very juncture, it was obvious to challenge my friend for some reminiscences of the place and the period. There is a freshness, a truthfulness in his narrative which quite lays hold of the imagination:—

"I came from Ch. Ch.; from a life as distinct in sundry ways from the life of Oriel Common-room as could well be. The grave interests which were stirring to their depths, or at least beginning to stir, the Oriel life and conversation, were not present to me. . . . Charles Neate and I soon became fast friends. We agreed that Common-room, with all its great elements of life, was an inordinately dull place. We found the reason to lie in this,—that the men were afraid of one another: were living together under the restraint which attaches naturally to a sense of incipient—to become pronounced—divergence. And we set ourselves to bring into it some life and pleasantness; not without considerable success.

"I recall the sentence pronounced upon it some few years after by my dear old friend Charles Drury, himself an Oriel man of some 18 years before me. 'Come and dine in Hall' (I said) 'and we will go to Common-room.'—'Well, I think it will be dull from all I hear, but let us go.'—He was a man of wonderful humour and great conversational power. After a while, I saw him making faces at me: which I understood, and moved to go. When we got outside, the wrath of the man exploded. Soon afterwards I sent him a yearly present of brawn. He wrote, —'My dear George,—When I had unpacked the brawn and set it on end, it looked much pleasanter, and tasted a great deal better, and was every way more agreeable than the Fellows of Oriel.' But" (proceeds my friend) "look at the men. Now and then Hawkins, Whately, Keble, Senior, Arnold: commonly, Newman, R. Wilberforce, H. Froude, Blanco White. I have not, I see, added Dornford,—who had his own special vitality, but a little overdone with Aristotle, and military recollections. The sum of all is, that it was very dull. What was really filling minds was either suppressed, or touched sometimes not very pleasantly.

"But with all this, I can recall no instance of unkindness: many of truest kindness. And here I like to repeat to you what passed between Newman and

myself 20 years after . . . He wrote back most kindly, saying that he would rather have the kindness of my letter than what I might have been able to do for what he wished. He then went on to say, that it had long been in his mind to tell me that he was afraid that not unfrequently, when we were together in Common-room, he had been harsh and unkind in his manner towards me, and that he wished now to take the opportunity of saying it.

"I was greatly moved at this, and wrote to say that I had no recollection of anything like what he referred to; but that if it had been so, it was probably to be accounted for by the fact that, at that time, he was more in earnest than I was.

"As I end writing this, I remind myself that it is to be found at p. 68 of '*Notes of my Life*.'"⁸

Only fair to the men of that day is it, after what immediately precedes, that room should be found for the impressions of another impartial and competent observer, writing confidentially to a friend at the same period. William Jacobson, at the age of six-and-twenty,—(he was not yet Fellow of Exeter.)—relates as follows:—

"I spent three days at Oxford on my way back to this greenest of islands. My friend Neate insisted on my quartering myself upon him at Oriel, and assuredly I had no sort of reason to quarrel with the peremptoriness of his hospitality. The high-table and common-room of that College are, I should imagine, as good specimens of their genera as one could easily find. With regard to the Chapel, I certainly had no idea that any thing like it existed at either University. The decorum, the full attendance, the uniformity of response, were all delightful. It seems to be the rule that whatever Fellows are seen *at dinner* should show themselves also *at Chapel*. This cannot but have the happiest possible effect on the whole system. How differently must the daily Service be regarded in such a case, from the way in which it is viewed in the many colleges where for the seniors to go to Chapel is the exception,—to stay away, the rule! Neate's mind certainly is wonderfully improved since his election."⁹

To the Provostship of Oriel, (which is an ecclesiastical office,) Queen Anne annexed a Canonry at Rochester in 1714. This entailed the necessity of a three months' residence in the Cathedral precincts,—which proved as beneficial to the Cathedral body as refreshing to Hawkins himself. His habits of business and his *appetite* for work, joined to his lofty integrity and soundness of judgment, made him an invaluable member of the Chapter. When he had seen about 80 years of life, he remarked (to the Principal of S. Mary Hall) that '*in consequence of the age and infirmity of some of his colleagues,*' he was obliged to bestow increased attention on Cathedral business.

The Provostship of Oriel was further endowed with the Rectory of Purleigh in Essex,—where of course personal residence was impracticable: and, (let it be recorded to the Provost's honour,) no one more than himself desired the separation of that living from the headship. In the meantime his practice was to place at Purleigh a trustworthy *locum tenens* with an ample stipend, and to hold himself individually responsible for all parochial charities and benefactions. Quite in keeping with his large-hearted liberality was it, that when his first Curate became disabled through paralysis, the Rector continued to him his stipend until his death.—On the other hand, to prevent the severance of the Canonry at Rochester from the Headship, was the object of the Provost's supreme anxiety to the latest moment of his life. As the years rolled out, and

⁸ *East Brevet*,—Aug. 4th, 1863.

⁹ *Dublin*,—March 5th, 1829. To George Sydenham Fursdon, esq. (See the Index to

the present volume for the name of that gentleman.)

'liberal' opinions developed themselves in the society, it became, on the contrary, the chief aim of the majority of the fellows to achieve the severance of the Canonry, with a view to secularizing the headship of the College',—to which the Canonry was supposed to be the immediate obstacle. The Provost, on the other hand, maintained that there are duties attaching to the Headship of a College as 'a place of Religion, Learning, and Education' which a layman is incapable of discharging. This, which may be called the *Pastoral* aspect of his Office in regard to the young committed in some measure to his care, he never lost sight of, but was thoroughly conscientious in its discharge.

Thus, it was his practice to send for *every* freshman, and to question him as to his religious knowledge, before admitting him to Holy Communion. A former scholar of Oriel² relates,—

'He asked me whether I had been confirmed? who had prepared me for Confirmation? and if I knew what work was the basis of the lectures on Confirmation which I had attended? I happened to be aware that Secker's Lectures were largely used by the head Master of Rossall, and I had subsequently read them myself. "Didn't you think it a very dry book?"—to which I readily replied in the affirmative. He further questioned me in order to ascertain if I understood the nature of the Ordinance and the obligations therewith connected. This was his invariable practice with freshmen.'

The Provost's care and consideration for the younger members of his college were remarkable. So was his discernment. An incident is remembered in connection with one who has since achieved for himself a great reputation.—One of the Tutors (Clement Greswell) was unduly severe towards a certain undergraduate at 'Collections' (as the examination at the end of Term is called); which the Provost perceiving, came to the youth's rescue. Having conducted him patiently over his books, he ended by complimenting him on his work; adding that he possessed excellent abilities, and might, if he cultivated them, command success and future distinction. The youth so encouraged was the present Viscount Cranbrook,—whom Mr. Disraeli privately spoke of as his 'right-hand man.' It should be recorded, to Clement Greswell's honour, that this incident did not in the least affect his subsequent friendly bearing towards his pupil. I suspect by the way, (and I speak as one who lived on a college staircase for thirty years,) that the elder members of such a society little know the impression made for good (or for evil) on the juniors, by their casual utterances.

In connection with this part of the subject, (the friendly relation, namely, which the Provost maintained with the undergraduate members of his College), his punctual *hospitality* deserves special mention. 'Given to hospitality' as he conspicuously was, *they* came in for their full share,—as many of them will remember and gratefully attest. . . Often have I in Vacation time,—(when the cook, suppose, had begged for a holiday, and there was not so much as a 'remainder bisket' left in the cupboard,)—availed myself of the known proclivity of my Chief.—Once, at mid-day,

¹ By ineffectual application to the House of Lords in 1869:—to the Prime Minister and to the Lord Chancellor, in 1871—and 1875.—But in 1879, the College made 'the singular suggestion, that funds appropriated by the repre-

sentative of the Founder and by Parliament to the Head of the Society should be taken as a contribution (to University purposes) of the College itself from its own revenues.

² Rev. R. G. Livingstone.

Nature asserted herself so imperiously, that,—(exclaiming ‘I really *must* run over to the Provost’s for something to eat,')—I presented myself at the Provost’s luncheon-table. I was received with undisguised pleasure,—not unmingled with merriment when it had been explained that (to speak plainly) nothing else but a pang of hunger had brought me. While crossing ‘quad,’ I had secretly resolved to repay the anticipated hospitality by making myself as pleasant as I could: so I began to tell the Provost the drollest stories I could think of. The Provost laughed till he fairly cried, and finally (to his guest’s infinite satisfaction) took off his spectacles in order to wipe them. Vain satisfaction! short-lived boast! The Provost availed himself of the interval (*so* like the dear man!) to give me a lecture. ‘I declare, Burgon, you’re most agreeable and entertaining. Now, *who* would believe that you could be so severe with your pen? Why, when you are writing controversially,’—Heaven knows *what* wholesome but unpalatable truths were going to follow. Providentially the recollection of the last story at this instant recurred, and again the Provost began to laugh. What need to say that his guest availed himself of the golden opportunity to make his bow to Mrs. Hawkins and to effect a speedy retreat?

It was characteristic of the Provost that,—strict, even severe as he was in respect of minor irregularities on the part of the undergraduates,—whenever a case of real misconduct came before a College meeting, it was generally *he* who interposed between the offender and the extreme sentence of collegiate law; counselling the less severe course, out of consideration for ‘the young man’s prospects.’ Woe to the ‘young man’ however if he made his appearance at ‘Collections’ smelling of tobacco! The Provost had a great abhorrence of it; and would inveigh against its use, referring to the cigar as a ‘nasty weed,’—much to the amusement of offending undergraduates. . . . One summer’s evening, it became plain to him that the obnoxious smell was gradually infecting every part of his ‘lodgings.’ The *fons et origo mali* he could not divine. Could it be some practical joke of the undergraduates? The odour seemed to come from above. Upstairs accordingly he went: and at last discovered his guest, Abp. Whately, quietly enjoying a cigar on the leads.

Another characteristic story comes to mind and claims insertion.—The Provost from his library window, (it looked out on the back quadrangle,) espied on a certain Monday morning two undergraduates chasing one another (*more juniorum*) over the grass. The sermon in the college chapel overnight had been preached by ‘Charlie Daman,’—its subject, ‘*The childlike spirit*.’ The Provost sent for the offenders, and addressed them somewhat as follows:—‘Mr. Evans and Mr. Cruickshank, I believe you both heard Mr. Daman’s sermon yesterday evening.’ The men bowed. ‘I suspect you misunderstood its drift. It was *the* ‘childlike’—not *the* *childish*—disposition which the preacher recommended. Good morning!’

The same conscientious solicitude for the undergraduates of his college it was, which made him at the very outset of his career as Provost, oppose the desire of the Tutors,—(Newman, Wilberforce, Froude,)—to

remodel the lectures, introduce new books, and establish far closer relations between themselves and their pupils. The result of the Provost's refusal to sanction these innovations, was Newman's retirement from the tutorship in 1831. It is needless to linger over a controversy which has long since lost its interest, and is only traditionally remembered. Something infinitely more important awaits us.

The period at which Edward Hawkins became Provost of Oriel will be for ever memorable in the annals of the Church of England. Men of the present generation are little apt to realize what was then the posture of affairs. The Church's prospects seemed desperate. I have already, in an earlier part of the present volume, endeavoured to set forth the disastrous facts of the case in outline. It must suffice on the present occasion to remind the reader of what was offered concerning the state of public affairs [1827-33] from page 80 to page 84. It will be remembered that under the pretext of 'Reform,' the country seemed to be on the brink of a Revolution,—in which, together with the social and political fabric which had been the growth of ages, the Church itself as a visible Institution was to all appearance destined to be swept away. The Bishops were recommended to 'set their house in order.'—How churchmen woke up to a sense of the impending danger and bestirred themselves at this juncture,—as well as with what success,—has been already set forth somewhat in detail. The climax was reached when a Bill for the extinction of ten Bishoprics and two Archbishoprics in Ireland was introduced in the beginning of 1833. The immediate result was the Oxford Movement. An appeal which was made to members of the Church met with a noble response. A clerical Address to the Archbishop of Canterbury was signed by 8000 of the Clergy. A lay declaration of attachment to the Church was signed by upwards of 230,000 heads of families. "From these two events we may date the commencement of the turn of the tide which had threatened to overthrow our Church and our Religion."³ The Church found herself the object of warm popular affection. Immediately after appeared the '*Tracts for the Times*.'

The one strong hand, which at that juncture was competent to steer the good ship safely through the storm which still lay heavily upon her, was unfortunately away. Calamitous to relate, the current of religious enthusiasm became early diverted into an unhealthy channel, and assumed a party character. All this matter however has been explained so fully in an earlier page, that I will not reproduce the dreary details here.⁴ How the Tracts pursued their brilliant career until the year 1841,—when, at the instance of the Diocesan, they were abruptly discontinued,—is familiarly known to all. But no one personally unacquainted with Oxford at that period, can have any idea of the amount of feverish partizanship which attended the later 'Tractarian' movement, or of the extent to which suspicion and distrust marred endeavours, well meant but certainly injudicious, which ought to have been productive of unmingled good. The Tracts became tinged with a foreign element.

³ Perceval's '*Collection of Papers*,' &c. (1849),—p. 12.

⁴ See above, pp. 107-17; 125; 141, &c. &c.

They lacked the genuine Anglican flavour. Some who had been foremost in promoting the Revival were in consequence held responsible for views which they would have sternly repudiated. Thus, discredit was brought on the good cause. Its best friends were offended. They insisted that the authors of the Tracts were removing the old landmarks, —were building on insecure foundations. At a much earlier period, the keen eye and powerful intellect of Hugh James Rose had foretold that 'the next great conflict of the Church of England would be *with Romanism*.' Personal friendship however, and regard for great principles held in common, kept men silent. In the meantime Mr. Newman met the taunts of those who charged him with 'Romanizing' by employing fiercer language concerning Rome than had ever been heard before. He denounced her as 'a lost Church': 'a Church beside herself': 'heretical,' 'profane,' 'unscriptural,' 'impious,' 'blasphemous,' 'monstrous,' 'cruel': 'resembling a demoniac,' and requiring to be treated 'as if she were *that Evil One which governs her*.'⁵ His words were received by his friends as trustfully as they had been by himself sincerely spoken.

But the appearance (Jan. 25, 1841) of Tract No. 90, ('*Remarks on certain passages in the 39 Articles*,') brought matters to a crisis. It put a non-natural sense on the Articles; rather, it explained them away. The Heads of Houses, (at that time the governing body of the University,) proposed a sentence of condemnation; and entrusted the Provost of Oriel with the responsibility of formulating the document. It was publicly declared (March 15, 1841), that 'modes of Interpretation, such as are suggested in the said Tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the 39 Articles, and reconciling Subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object and are inconsistent with the due observance of the Statutes.' A war of pamphlets followed. But, the Tracts having been stopped by authority, the prosecuting parties might well have rested satisfied with their advantage. Newman was still Vicar of S. Mary's, and his affecting and beautiful sermons (at the 4 p.m. service) exercised a wondrous influence for good over the younger men of the period. All refused to believe that one who had denounced Romanism a few years before in such tremendous language, could ever unsay every word of it: forsake the Anglican communion, and walk over to the opposite camp.

When, however, Mr. Ward of Balliol openly avowed his joy and wonder at finding *all the Roman doctrines* pervading the whole body of English Churchmen; and asserted that, for his own part, in signing the Articles he had renounced *no one Romish doctrine*: especially when it became apparent that such monstrous unfaithfulness was spreading, and infecting the younger members of the University;—the Heads became alarmed. Four years had elapsed when, at the instance of 470 Oxford graduates, they consented to invite Convocation to ratify their own condemnatory '*Declaration*' of 1841. Even *then* however faith in the sincerity of Mr.

⁵ '*Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church, viewed relatively to Romanism and popular Protestantism*,'—1838, pp. 102-3.

Newman's professions remained unshaken. Thus, on reading an announcement in the paper (Feb. 6, 1845) that, on *that* day week, 'members of Convocation will be called upon to condemn the mode of interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles suggested in the 90th "*Tract for the Times*," as evading rather than explaining their sense, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of Roman Catholic errors,'—Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Provost of Oriel pleading for time:—

'I freely avow my hope that, if the University enters upon the consideration of a particular and limited portion of his works, they will not exclude from view the great mass of his teaching. I cannot forget what the standard of life was in Oxford at the time when I was myself a resident, nor conceal from myself that he, by his Parochial Sermons and otherwise, has had no small share in its elevation to what it is now believed to be. I ask to be allowed to think, by myself and with others, what acknowledgment may be due to him *for his great work on Romanism*, when I am called to guard against the consequences of other works supposed to be in its favour.'

The Provost (Feb. 8th) replied:—

'You consider that we ought to weigh Mr. Newman's other publications, and even to compare the good and ill effects of his teaching. Were this so, certainly I could never vote upon such a question at all. I could not even enumerate his works, and I have not actual knowledge of the fact as to several of them which are anonymous. But no human being can possibly estimate the comparative good and evil consequences of his writing and teaching, &c.; although we ought to be desirous and ready to acknowledge the good we believe him to have effected. Yet I greatly fear that your impressions at a distance, and mine on the spot, are very different.'

The end of the matter was that on the eve of the proposed 'Declaration and Degradation' (Feb. 12th, 1845), the Proctors, (H. P. Guillemard of Trinity, and R. W. Church, now Dean of S. Paul's,) notified to the Vice-Chancellor their intention, in virtue of the prerogative of their office, to negative the Decree against Tract 90.—It was perhaps the best solution of the business which could have been devised, and proved a great relief to a vast majority of the residents.

I well remember the events concerning which I write: remember too how warmly I took Mr. Newman's side throughout, (for I sincerely loved him :) and how heartily I rejoiced in the action of the Proctors who bravely cut the knot which there was no untying. Yet am I bound to admit,—looking back calmly at that period through the long vista of intervening years,—that I see not how it was possible for the 'Hebdomadal Board' of those days, as conscientious and honourable men, to pursue a different course from that which they actually adopted. In Joshua Watson's words:—

"The cards were dealt to them; and if they had refused to play, they had surely failed in their duty to the University as *custodes juventutis academicæ*. Nothing could release the body from their obligation to protect those entrusted to their charge from looking upon the bonds of Subscription as a mere rope of sand. Let who will bring the bill, they were bound when it was brought, by their oaths of office, to find it a true bill, and send it to the regular tribunal for judgment."

I have been constrained thus again to refer to the early history of that great religious movement with which the name of Oxford will be ever

associated, not only because it supplies the frame-work of twelve of the most eventful years of the Provost of Oriel's life [1833-45],—but because it so largely influenced his public acts and determined the character of his writings,⁷ as well as affected his individual happiness. He was throughout in the very thick of the fight. His position was in truth a most difficult one. Utterly alien to his habits of thought,—his tastes and sympathies,—as was the method of the Tractarian writers, the chief of them had been, nay, still were, his personal friends. In sending to a fellow of the College (in 1851) his '*Sermons on Scriptural Types and Sacraments*,' he wrote,—

"My principal object in publishing this volume was not to treat of Types, so much as to meet R. Wilberforce's views of the Incarnation, &c.; but I was unwilling to publish a book solely against an old friend and member of Oriel, and therefore I introduced several other matters into the last two Sermons, and added the first two."

His '*Sermons on the Church*' in like manner were occasioned (as he explains in the Preface) by that series of events which, commencing in 1833, came to a head in 1841, and finally resulted in the open defection of many members of the Church of England in 1845.—Those who had no personal acquaintance with the period of which we speak (1841-5) must be referred to what has been already offered on the subject.⁸ Like inexperienced swimmers when the stream is running strong, men were borne onward,—drifted they knew not whither. The disciples of the Tractarian movement were in many instances tempted to say much more than they either believed or felt. Some, with fatal instinct, carried out principles to their logical issues, and far outwent their guides. 'To the Heads of Houses realizing the responsibility of their office, and doubtful 'whereunto this would grow,'—it became a matter of supreme distress to witness among the undergraduates unequivocal tokens that the movement contained a *Romeward* element, which recommended itself to warm and impulsive natures. The Provost of Oriel's life was thoroughly embittered by the perpetual antagonisms into which the inflexible integrity and conscientiousness of his disposition,—together with his thorough loyalty to the Church of England,—brought, or rather forced him.

The catastrophe arrived but too soon. After the Long Vacation of 1845, it became known that Mr. Newman had already deserted to the enemy's camp. *Hoc Ithacus velit*. A terrible triumph was thus given to the ultra-Protestant party. But the event was also a miserable fulfilment of the worst fears and predictions of not a few good and faithful men; while it was a source of deepest grief and absolute dismay to as

⁷ It must suffice in this place merely to enumerate the productions of his pen at this time. They were,—'*Oxford Matriculation Statutes. Answers to the "Questions addressed to Members of Convocation by a Bachelor of Divinity [Dr. Pusey]": with brief Notes upon Church Authority, &c.* By a resident Member of Convocation [Dr. Hawkins].—Oxford, 1835 (pp. 29).—'*A Letter to the Earl of Radnor upon the Oaths, Dispen-sations, and Subscription to the XXXIX. Articles at the University of Oxford*.' By a resident Member of Convocation [Dr. Hawkins].—Oxford, 1835 (pp. 26).—'*The Ministry of*

Men in the Economy of Grace, and the danger of over-rating it.' 1840—(pp. 42).—'*The Apostolical Succession*' (2 Tim. i. 6, 7). Feb. 27, 1842 (pp. 46).—'*The Nature and Obligation of Apostolic Order*.' May 29, 1842 (pp. 30).—'*The presence of GOD in the Church by the HOLY SPIRIT*.' June 4, 1843 (pp. 30).—'*Sermons on the Church, preached before the University of Oxford [in 1843-4-5]*.' 1847 (pp. 225). See above (p. 218) concerning this last-named volume.

⁸ E.g. in the Memoir of Charles Marriott, —pp. 161-66.

many as had resolutely hoped against hope,—entirely trusted as well as loved their teacher. We felt that we had been betrayed, and we resented the wrong which had been done us. *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas.*

Then came the recoil. The shock, which had been thus given to the moral sense of the University, was tremendous. Its remote effects are experienced to this hour. At Oxford, men fairly reeled beneath the intelligence; and though but few, comparatively, followed Mr. Newman to Rome, hundreds who remained behind in very perplexity drifted from their moorings,—lapsed into indifferentism,—were prepared to believe, or to disbelieve, almost anything. One of the most able and accomplished of Newman's clerical adherents, Mark Pattison, became (in 1861) a contributor to the shameful '*Essays and Reviews.*' It is anguish at the end of three-and-forty years to recall the sharpness of the trial which assailed us when, amid the falling leaves and shortening days of October 1845, we went back to Oxford; and were made sensible of the partial paralysis of the great Anglican revival which had been entered on with so much promise some thirteen years before. How far the flood of Infidelity, which has since invaded the University, is to be ascribed to the great break-up of 1841-5, is a secret known only to GOD.

It was confidently expected by the Provost's friends,—indeed it was often announced in the public journals,—that he was about to be appointed to a Bishopric. For a series of years, whatever politics were in the ascendant, at every fresh vacancy, the eyes of all in Oxford were directed to *him*;—a great and just tribute to his honesty and courage. 'Now that the English Church Bill has passed,' (wrote Hampden from Ewelme, Aug. 15, 1836,) 'I have been looking out for your name among the nominations to the bench,—which would give me pleasure on every account, except for Oriel and Oxford, where it is too evident you could not be spared.' A fortnight before this reached him, it was so confidently rumoured that Hawkins had been designated for the vacant see of Chichester, that Dean Chandler wrote to recommend to his notice as the fittest person to be his 'provincial secretary,' the gentleman who had discharged the duties of the same office to the late Bishop. It was currently reported that one reason why he was not raised to the Episcopal bench, was the condition of Oriel previous to 1841, which rendered it certain that Newman would have been elected Provost if Hawkins were removed:—an event which would have been greatly deprecated by the dispensers of patronage long before the appearance of Tract No. 90.

It may also be here mentioned that, first in 1840 (by the Duke of Wellington), and again in 1870 (by the Marquis of Salisbury), the office of Vice-Chancellor was pressed upon his acceptance; but was by him firmly declined for grave and good reasons.—The Bampton Lectureship, (of which we have spoken already), was simply forced upon him, in 1840.—A yet more remarkable proof of the Provost's 'capacity for taking trouble' was afforded by his undertaking a few years after, when requested to do so, the office of Dean Ireland's 'Professor of the Exegesis of Holy Scripture.' His '*Inaugural Lecture*' read before the University, Nov. 2nd, 1847, with

brief Notices of the Founder,'⁹—is valuable and interesting. Ireland himself [1761–1842], who became Dean of Westminster, was of humble origin, and had been a 'Bible-clerk' at Oriel. This Professorship Dr. Hawkins held for fourteen years,—resigning it, Oct. 19th, 1861. It is needless to declare that he threw himself into the office with conscientious earnestness, and discharged its duties with exemplary fidelity; largely increasing his own private library, for purposes of study, with books in this particular department of Divinity: which books, by the way, he bequeathed to his successors in the chair of the 'Exegesis of Holy Scripture.' He lectured three days weekly,—devoting one of the days to a general lecture which he read: the other two, to the exegesis of some Epistle. Canon Farrar of Durham attended the Provost's lectures for one or two years, and thought very highly of them. He reminds me that the Professor used to place in the hands of each pupil a printed list of Commentators, classified, with particulars of the works and dates of each. He was *the first* 'Ireland Professor.'—And now to proceed.

One war was no sooner completely over, than the Provost of Oriel found another, of quite a different kind, but even more formidable, thrust upon him. It is not needful here to discuss at any length the next great event in the history of Oxford,—the Revolution effected by the 'Universities Commission' of 1854. But it marks an epoch: and Hawkins is too inextricably mixed up with the fortunes of Oxford that I should pass it by with only a few words.

At the period referred to, the government of the University was practically vested in the Heads of Houses. These constituted the 'Hebdomadal board,' which exercised the initiative in all measures. It had long been felt in Oxford that some opening of initiative power to members of Congregation was necessary, and that a Representative board ought to exercise the function hitherto monopolized by the Heads. Other changes there were, which the University was both able and willing to adopt for its own improvement. The 'Tutors' Association' formulated not a few suggestions for internal reform, which were favourably received in Oxford, but were disregarded by the Commissioners. The Government scheme,—which originated with men either unacquainted with Oxford or else inimical to its best interests, and which was finally thrust upon the University by an unfriendly House of Commons,—was nothing else but a moral and constitutional wrong; a needless invasion of the liberties of the University and of the Colleges, as well as a shameful perversion of the known intention of Founders and Benefactors. Fellowships which had been expressly endowed for the maintenance of students of Divinity, and for half a thousand years had been the means of maintaining in the Church of England a body of learned Clergy, were now for the first time alienated.¹ It was not pleaded that there no longer existed the need which had occasioned their original foundation. Notorious it was, on the contrary, that the need was greater than ever. Neither was it pretended that they were either unworthily filled, or were not discharging their educational function in strict conformity with the known intentions of their

⁹ Published in 1848,—pp. 59.

¹ See the *Appendix* (F).

Founders,—with signal advantage to the State, and with high honour to the University. In open defiance of Right, the Clerical tenure of fellowships was reduced within certain arbitrary limits: by which act of injustice to Founders and to the Church, a fatal precedent was established for a yet more sweeping act of confiscation at the end of less than 20 years.²—The claims of Poverty had been the object of paramount solicitude with Founders.³ This qualification and condition of election to Fellowships and Scholarships,⁴—never omitted among the requirements recited by them, and generally recited *first*,—was now formally abolished.—One-fifth of College Revenues was further claimed for the endowment of University Professorships.—The right of internal management on the part of the Colleges, was unreasonably interfered with. It seemed as if the House of Commons had entirely lost sight of such elementary facts as the following:—That collegiate revenues are in no sense of the word 'National property': that *trusteeship* is not *ownership*: that the State at best is but supreme Trustee: and that, so long as the actual trustees of property are discharging faithfully the provisions of a beneficial trust, the State has no right whatever—legal or moral—to interfere. Least of all was it warranted in interfering destructively with 'the oldest, the freest, and '(let the enemies of Oxford say what they will) 'by far the purest of the ancient Corporations' of this Church and Realm.⁵

How distressing to such an one as the Provost of Oriel were the grave organic changes thus thrust upon the University, and upon the College over which he had honourably presided for six-and-twenty years,—no need to explain. As a good man, he resented the secularization of revenues set apart for a clearly defined sacred purpose. As an honest man, he deplored the injustice done to the poor by defrauding them of their birthright. Since Founders and Benefactors bestowed their bounty on the express condition that none should partake of it but those who really needed it, he denounced the legislation by which this pious intention of theirs was wholly set aside. The transparent fallacy of claiming that henceforth the 'Merit' of candidates shall alone be considered,—while all that is meant by 'Merit' is *the number of marks obtained at a competitive examination*,—he remarked upon with just ridicule and displeasure.

Especially offensive—(where all was unacceptable)—to one in his peculiar position was that enactment of the new 'Ordinance' which henceforth made it competent for the youngest member of the foundation, at College meetings, to initiate proposals for further changes in the government of the College, or in the management of its affairs. The experience of all history, the vocabulary of every nation in the civilized world, condemns the principle of such license. Idle moreover it were

² 'Clerical Tenure of Fellowships, a Letter to Sir W. Heathcote,' by the Rev. F. Meyrick, —1854, pp. 15. All that has happened since the 'first Universities' Commission is there clearly foretold. See the *Appendix* (E).

³ See the *Appendix* (G).

⁴ The following clause occurs, *verbatim*, in the Statutes of Merton and Oriel Colleges:—*'Circa eos qui ad hujusmodi elemosynas participationem admittendi fuerint, DILIGENTI*

SOLICITUDE CAVEATUR NE QUI PRÆTER honestos, castos, pacificos, humiles, indigentes, ad studium habiles et proficere volentes, ADMITTANTUR.'—It cannot be too plainly stated that College endowments are of an *elemosynary* character throughout.

⁵ 'Objections to the Government Scheme for the present subjection and future management of the University of Oxford,' by Charles Neate,—1854, pp. 40.

to deny that the consequence of the new Constitution to the peaceful well-being of Oriel was simply disastrous. We gladly hasten over this period; recording only concerning the Provost, that with characteristic uprightness he loyally accepted his entirely changed position: held his own, as well as he might, by the dignity of his manners and by the singular admixture of gentleness with firmness which had become natural to him: made the best of the new order of things, and maintained a cheerful front notwithstanding. Not in the least degree did the adverse course of events sour him: rather did it seem as if the bitter experiences of life were producing in him the opposite result. Meantime, he clung to whatever remained of the good ancient order: still as of old, observing the Founder's requirement that thrice a-year his venerable Statutes [dated Jan. 21st, 1326],—(so far at least as they still remained in force,)—should be read in the hearing of the assembled society,—though no longer as heretofore at the close of Divine service, and in the College chapel.

In Oriel Common-room are to be seen three as fine portraits of three successive heads of a House as are to be found anywhere in Oxford:—viz. Dr. Eveleigh [1781–1814] by Hoppner: Bp. Copleston [1814–27] by Phillips: Dr. Hawkins [1828–82] by Sir Francis Grant. So truthful and life-like is the last-named work, that we deem it superfluous to say anything concerning *the person* of the subject of the present Memoir,—except to remark that he was rather short in stature, which would hardly be inferred from the picture. The desire of the society to possess a portrait of their chief on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his Provostship, was a gratifying incident at this anxious and sorrowful period of his life. The history and date of the picture are interestingly commemorated by the following letter to myself:—

“Vines,⁶ Rochester, Aug. 29, 1854.—I called on Mr. Grant on my way from Hampshire to Rochester, and, (without an actual *sitting*, for which the day was unsuitable,) he got his *idea* of the picture. I have since gone up from Rochester to give him three very long sittings, and he wished for no more. If all goes well with me, I am to go to him again in October. But the picture is far advanced, and he is himself much pleased with it. Neate gave him the choice of the size of Bp. Copleston (which is a ‘Bishop’s half length’), and of Eveleigh (‘half length’): and he chose the latter. I left him entirely to himself. He is a clever man, and a skilful painter. And if my journeys are a little fatiguing, my sittings with him are really agreeable.”

Resuming the style of remark which will be found above at pp. 212–15, let me be allowed in this place to collect and exhibit together certain of those personal characteristics which made up the man, and gave him his marked individuality; causing him to be feared by many, and loved by more;—disliked by very few, and certainly respected by all. Everyone who was brought into intimate relations with him, was observed in the end to conceive a sincere affection for him. Let it only be considered how entirely diverse the men were, with whom he was thus brought into close relation, and occasionally into sharp antagonism,—(for he touched Keble, Newman, Pusey, on one side: Whately, Arnold, Hampden, on the other;)—and when it is further remembered that he was to the last on

⁶ ‘Vines’ (an appellation recently dropped at Rochester) used to be the designation of the Houses in the Precincts,—which anciently

constituted the *monks’ vineyard*. The Provost’s residence was there.

friendly relations with them *all*, something else strikes one as deserving of notice, besides *the breadth* of the Provost's sympathies. It was remarked concerning him by those who knew him best, that '*he never lost a friend.*'

"There is one point" (I quote from a letter of James Fraser, Bp. of Manchester),—"which I always thought remarkable,—*the influence he exerted in the most opposite directions*: upon Arnold and Hampden, in one,—and upon Newman (at least at one time) and S. Wilberforce, in another. This, I think, you have hardly brought out sufficiently.

"I remember Neate telling me that he was once talking to Sir Francis Baring (at the time he was his private secretary) about the Provost, and said, 'He ought to have been made a bishop.' Sir Francis replied, 'By which party?' And Neate answered, '*By either.*' This illustrates what I mean."

The very key-note of all his actions,—the one sufficient clue to whatever he said or did,—was his high *conscientiousness*. Beyond everything he was solicitous to be truthful,—exact,—impartial,—just. And this fundamental feature of his character manifested itself in many and very different ways. For example, it made him unduly lenient towards those who had conscientiously experienced a divergence from the orthodox standard of belief. Moreover, in the trying period of his Provostship, he seems to have been constantly brought into contact with men who, having thus got severed from their early moorings, found themselves tossed on a sea of interminable doubt. No better illustration than the following can be appealed to, of the indulgence and forbearance he was prepared to display towards those who (in his judgment) were thus suffering for conscience sake:—

'There is still another painful (extremely painful) separation to which I must submit,' (wrote Blanco White to him in 1835): 'I do not conceive that you, as head of Oriel college, could allow a professed anti-Trinitarian to be one of its members. To spare you therefore the painful necessity of excluding me, I beg that you will take my name off the College books. My heart is deeply affected as I resign the external honour which I most valued in my life: but I should prove myself unworthy of ever having belonged to your society, if I could act deceitfully towards it.'

The Provost's reply is characteristic:—

'As to the business part of your letter, I am not the person to exclude you from this college because I hear of a conscientious change in your Theological views. I shall not withdraw your name therefore; at least, at present. But the use I shall make of your letter, if I should be driven to such a step, (which however I do not anticipate,) will be, to cut short any proceedings against you from any other quarter in the University, by declaring your withdrawal.'

So, when Arthur Hugh Clough once and again communicated certain difficulties of his own in respect of Subscription, the Provost discouraged his scruples,—invited him to reconsider the matter,—was indulgent, to a fault. Such conduct was liable to misconstruction. He appeared to be only half-hearted himself. But it was not so. At the root of the matter lay his desire to be inflexibly just. His essential kindness of nature determined the course which he pursued in each particular case.

Even a more conspicuous manifestation of the same habit of mind was his scrupulous exactness of statement and inveterate solicitude for entire accuracy:—

⁷ *Manchester*,—Oct. 30, 1883.

'He was the first who taught me to weigh my words,' (wrote Dr. Newman in 1864), 'and to be cautious in my statements. He led me to that mode of limiting and clearing my sense in discussion and in controversy, and of distinguishing between cognate ideas, and of obviating mistakes by anticipation,—which to my surprise has been since considered, even in quarters friendly to me, to savour of the polemics of Rome. He is a man of most exact mind himself, and he used to snub me severely, on reading, as he was kind enough to do, the first Sermons that I wrote, and other compositions which I was engaged upon.'^a

What has already been said will account for the complexion of the Provost's Divinity. He never kindles enthusiasm. It is never his object. His solicitude is rather to warn his reader against some error of excess or defect. To guard a subject against exaggerated, inaccurate, or one-sided statement;—to resist any attempt, at the end of an argument, to import into the conclusion one atom more than was contained in the premisses;—to secure for every adverse view a fair hearing, and to require that the amount of Truth which it contains, (be it ever so little, and *that* little ever so overlaid with error,) shall be candidly recognized:—*this* is invariably the good man's way,—the sum of all his striving. Of course it is neither winning nor attractive; no, nor is it agreeable. And yet, those who *talked* Divinity with the Provost, learned to do something more than respect him. They fairly *loved* the man. And why? Because,—(*besides* being compelled to admit that there really was a great deal of truth and wisdom in what he said),—they soon found out that his practice was so very much better than his theory. Thus, (as he once told the present writer,) his favourite book of Devotions was Wilson's '*Sacra Privata*': but he characteristically added,—'Not that I agree with all he says. He is an inaccurate writer.' 'Inaccurate' however as Bp. Wilson may have been, his Prayers were continually in the Provost's hands,—from early manhood to the end of his life. Speaking of 'self-denial,' or rather of self-discipline (in his sermon, '*CHRIST our example*'), he has a remarkable reference to it, which he concludes by recommending the '*Sacra Privata*' as 'an admirable work for daily use' [p. 20]. (Strange, that even *here*, he deems it necessary to introduce the caution that Bp. Wilson '*is not indeed an accurate writer.*')^a

The characteristics I have thus indicated,—(biographical honesty requires that it should be confessed),—were sometimes attended, in the practical business of daily life, by inconvenient results. Rigid truthfulness and perfect exactness of statement become grotesque or annoying, as the case may be, when they come to the front unseasonably or are pressed to an unreasonable extent. A multitude of instances here suggest themselves, some of which it is impossible to recall without a smile. Woe betide the man who in telling a story in his presence introduced the wrong person, place, or date,—quoted the wrong book, or gave the wrong reason! . . . Invited once to preach the Easter sermon in the College chapel, I took for my subject, '*The walk to Emmaus.*' For my own part (I ventured to say) I would rather have heard *that* discourse than any other mentioned in the Gospels. The passages possibly referred to by the Divine Speaker,—the probable outline of His discourse,—the preciousness of such a specimen of Interpretation:—all this was dwelt

^a '*History of my Religious Opinions,*' p. 8.—See above, p. 203.

upon. At the end of a few minutes the preacher was to be seen accompanying the Provost (according to custom) across 'quad' in the direction of his 'lodgings,'—not indeed expecting, but certainly desiring from his Chief a few words of sympathy if not of approval. After a considerable pause, the Provost turned short round,—'I observe you pronounce it "*Emmdus*." Why do you pronounce it "*Emmdus*"?'—'Isn't it *F nmäus*?' 'No. *Emmäus*. *Emmäus*.' By this time the Provost's door was reached. It only remained to bow and part,—and to return to one's solitary quarters wondering at the introduction into 'the walk to Emmaus' of so petty (and problematical) a matter as the accentuation of the 'a.'

Another incident comes back.—The same individual ventured once to present himself on a Legging errand. The Provost was in his library, writing at his very small, and (as it seemed) most inconvenient, desk. He rose at once, greeted me kindly, and—'Won't you sit down?' 'Thank you, I only came to ask if you could spare a sovereign out of the college Communion-alms for one of our laundresses, who has lost her husband suddenly, and (I find) is in distress for a little ready money.' After making some enquiries concerning the case,—'The chapel Communion-alms! Are you aware that you speak of a fund which is largely in my debt? It has been drawn upon until it exhibits a considerable deficit.' '*That* settles the question of course,'—and I was already hastening to the door. 'No, no, come back! *That* fund is exhausted: but' (here he transferred his hand to the opposite corner of the same drawer and drew out a well-filled green purse:)—'but I can give the poor woman a couple of sovereigns with pleasure, out of *another* fund,' &c. &c. An effort was made to express satisfaction and to return thanks, but it was rendered unsuccessful, (1st),—By the assurance that the laundress was perfectly welcome, and that if more relief was needed, more could be had: but especially, (2dly),—By the recital (for the second time) of the fact that the 'Communion alms,' as a source of bounty, had long been in a state of *non esse*, and that the present relief came from a different quarter: in short, I must go away convinced that *I had made a mistake*. It was difficult to get off on such occasions without letting him see that one was bursting with laughter. (As if one cared a snap of the finger out of *which* of his purses the two sovereigns came,—so long as the widow had them!)

This painful accuracy in exceedingly minute matters, amounted to a passion. On having to administer to his Mother's estate,—(she attained the age of 94, and died in 1859),—he was obliged, (at least he was determined), to recall every particular of certain transactions which had occurred 40 or 50 years before. He was enabled, (by means of a queer little memorandum-book in his possession), to ascertain the exact days on which he had written every letter, and on which he had received every reply. No detail seemed to escape him. He had a *genius* for such minute accuracy of detail.—'I always felt,'—(remarks one⁹ who, like Neate,¹ was ever loyal to his Chief,)—'that if, in matters of business

⁹ The Rev. Dr. Chase, Principal of S. Mary Hall.

¹ Concerning this dear friend, see the footnote at p. 358.

especially, there was a blot, he would be sure to hit it :—and I think this rather lessened than increased the care with which one prepared for his judgment. One was apt to shift the responsibility on the critic.'—At college meetings, his fastest friends could not help many a time recalling an epigram of Charles Neate's,—(as true-hearted and faithful a Fellow of the college, by the way, as any that have ever adorned its annals) :—

'Hic est Praepositus,
Cunctis oppositus :

Qui magna gerit,
Et tempus terit,
Dum parva quaerit.'

And yet, (let it be in common fairness added), there was not one present who would not have eagerly recognized the truth of the concluding lines of the same witty strain :—

'Vir reverendus
Et metuendus,
Sed—diligendus.'

Every member of the Society must have felt that it was nothing else but rigid *conscientiousness*, after all, which, in nine cases out of ten, was at the bottom of whatever in the Provost sometimes occasioned certain of us considerable annoyance.

'His imperfections' (writes a former Fellow), 'were only the reverse side of his good qualities. He had the strongest sense of duty and responsibility ; and in following this out, during the early days of his Provostship, he was apt to think he must prescribe to others what they must do *and think*. But O, how the *ἀναισθησία τοῦ νοῦ* prevails ! . . . I have always suspected that I did not do justice to his character. His brave integrity I was never blind to : but my own mind (if I have one) and his, were of such different shapes, that neither of us could be trusted to describe the other. I know he would deserve more than it would occur to me to say. On one point, *all* accounts agree ; that what might have been considered the less attractive features of his character got wonderfully softened as he grew older. "*Lenit albescens animos capillus.*"' . . . So far, Canon Eden of Aberford.

Interesting it is to obtain from an entirely different quarter precisely the same generous and discriminating estimate :—

'The two things which specially come into my thoughts when I remember him, are these :—His singularly high conscientiousness, even where it seemed to me it was a mistaken conscientiousness. And,—I think I never knew such an instance of the mellowing effect of increasing years. They do not always have that influence. With him they *had*. There was all the alertness, the keenness, the brightness, of the old days. But the *sharpness* which used to be so characteristic of those days, was gone. And I don't think I know such a change in any one else.' . . . So far, Dean Church.

Reference has already once and again been made to the strength of the Provost's domestic affections. 'Should you not say that his prevailing characteristic was his inflexible *love of Truth*?'—asked I, conversing with his brother Cæsar. There was a pause.—'Tell me what you consider the prevailing feature of your brother Edward's character.' '*Affection for his family*,' was the emphatic reply.—'Losing our Father a few months after my birth,' (so writes his brother Robert,) 'he may be said with truth to have filled the place of a Father to me through all my life. To his inflexible uprightness and integrity, and to his unwearied kindness and liberality, I owe all that I have, and all that I

am.'—The reader will be grateful, and the writer² must and shall forgive me, for the following extract from a private letter of his (addressed to a very young lady,) where this feature of the Provost's character is exquisitely touched:—

'Circumstances happened to make me familiar with this topic, when as yet I knew little or nothing about Theological controversy,—in which I need not tell you, the Provost as time went on took a prominent part. One does not know how long controversies will live; but domestic piety is remembered. Have you patience for an anecdote? In Plutarch's Life of Antony, mention is made of a certain "Procleius." Who knows anything about him now? The most accomplished poet of his century says his name shall *not* perish; being embalmed by one circumstance,—his tender care and protection of his brothers. I will not spoil Horace by translation: you have plenty of College friends who will translate for you:—

"Vivet extento Procleius aevo
Notus in fratres animi paterni;
Illum aget penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes."

Golightly,³—(another Oriel man, one of the truest and most warm-hearted of friends,)—once remarked to the present writer,—'I think,'—(and here he assumed an air of comic gravity),—'if I were called upon to characterize our dear Provost by an epithet which should be least of all expressive of his actual temperament,—I should describe him as—as—*gushing*.' . . . Yes. That is precisely what the dear man *never* was. A constitutional dread of overstepping by a hair's breadth the strict limit of truth, (so at least it seemed), not only guarded him effectually from anything approaching to sentimental outburst, but even kept in check ordinary expressions of warmth: restrained him—even *unpleasantly*, if the truth must be told—while in converse with those whom he really did love and trust, as if through fear of possibly overstating his feelings. Illustrations of this will occur to many who read these lines, and constrain some to lay down the page in order to recount with a hearty laugh some experiences of their own. Dr. Chase relates as follows:—

'In the October Term 1874, after the appointment of a Vice-Provost, but before the Provost left Oxford, we met Pusey. Pusey, *digressu veteris confusus amici*, was beginning an affectionate but rather mournful farewell, and used some expression implying that it was final. "O, not at all! I hope we may meet here again." . . . And yet, this was the man who kept death so habitually in view, that whenever, before the Long Vacation, he made any arrangement for the ensuing October term, he always prefaced it with—not "*When*," but—"If we meet in October."

I often had occasion to call upon him on an affectionate, at all events on a *dutiful* errand; and always found him writing at the same uncomfortable little desk, occupying the same little arm-chair, (a keepsake evidently,)—in which it was impossible to lounge. He would rise and offer me *two of his fingers*. "Give me your whole hand, Provost. I won't take your two fingers." He gravely surrendered all the five. "Well, Mr. Burgon? . . ." ("*Mister*" at the end of 20 years! It almost made one cross to be so accosted. But he did not *mean* it,—as the tone of the subsequent conversation, when he had thawed a little, plainly showed.)

² Rev. Canon Eden, of Aberford (Aug. 1883),—who was *inter vivos* when the first draft of the present Memoir appeared, viz. in October 1883.

³ See his name in the General Index.

"I wish you wouldn't call me *Mister*." He turned up the whites of his eyes,—half amused, half astonished at such frivolity.

Those who appreciated and sincerely loved him, were chiefly annoyed,—(and this is a part of the truth which *also* requires to be stated,)—because by this habit the Provost did himself such gross injustice: *seemed* so unlike what he really *was*. Those who called him 'the East wind' were wholly unaware that though the arrow had a bad habit of *pointing* that way, the wind was in reality blowing due South. He had the warmest as well as the most feeling heart. An illustration presents itself. Upwards of five-and-thirty years ago, a youth of fortune came up to Oriel, who ought to have been absolutely prohibited wine. He was at once invited to an undergraduate party. Maddened by two or three glasses, he effected his escape from his bed-room on the 'bell staircase,' and got out on the roof of the college. The result might have been foreseen. The night was dark. He fell. "George,"—(my faithful "scout," who had a passion for telling me something dreadful the first thing in the morning),—woke me with the intelligence that "Mr. [I forget the poor fellow's name] is lying dead in the quad." Bidding him (half asleep) "Send for a doctor and tell the Provost,"—I rose, and was out in less than five minutes: in what costume, may be imagined. There, sure enough, on his face, close to the Chapel-door, lay the poor youth: his black curly hair blown this way and that by the chill morning wind. Life was extinct. A broken bone, somewhere near the wrist, protruded. I stood transfixed with horror. In about an hour, the Chapel-bell began to ring. When at last the Provost appeared, *his bands were tied perfectly square*. Shocked he evidently was, but he betrayed so little emotion that I was astonished. Of course the event made a deep impression on the entire society: but, by the end of term, it had become a thing of the past with all—*except one*. Mrs. Hawkins, in conversation with me, expressed herself so "glad that the Provost would be soon going to Rochester," that I ventured to inquire *why* she was so glad? I learned that he passed wretched nights,—"*always seeing on his pillow the pale features of that young man who was found dead in the quadrangle.*"

'Shortly after I took my degree' (writes Mr. Livingstone), 'an undergraduate (Denis Bond) died during one of the short vacations; dictating to his Father, on his death-bed, a very touching letter of farewell, which he desired should be sent to certain of his Oriel friends, whom he named. One of these permitted me to make a copy, and I showed it to the Provost. On the following Sunday evening, in his sermon, he referred to poor Denis Bond's death, and read, or rather *tried* to read, some extracts from the letter. But several of the undergraduates present told me that he was so overcome by emotion, his voice so trembled, that it was with difficulty that they could make out what he wished to say. They were much surprised' (adds my informant) 'at seeing the Provost, usually so calm and self-possessed, so completely overmastered by his feelings.'

But by far the most touching incident in his domestic history was his profound grief on the death of his eldest son, Edward, (named after Dr. Pusey, his godfather,) who may be truly said to have died a martyr's death,—October 8th, 1862, aged 29. A copy of the affecting Memoir which the heart-broken Father compiled on that occasion and confided to a few private friends, deserves a place in our chief public libraries; for, apart from its personal interest, it supplies a page in the history of

the African Church which, besides being faithfully remembered in Heaven, ought not to be forgotten upon earth. The young man, full of Missionary ardour, came home but to die:—

‘And so, his spirit fled in the chamber adjoining that in which he was born; and in the Cathedral where I had baptized him, there we joined in the service at his funeral; and in the Cathedral cemetery above St. Margaret’s hill, we laid his remains in the grave. . . . May I not in my son’s case apply the SAVIOUR’S words,—“Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel’s, the same shall save it”!’

Some very sweet, very affecting verses conclude this narrative of (what seemed) an untimely end.—In 1870, (December 6th) the Provost also lost his eldest daughter, ‘Meta’ (Margaret), who lies interred at Oxford in the sweet funereal garden of Holywell,—another great grief. But his first bereavement had come early (July 11th, 1846),—when he lost his saintly little daughter, Lucy Anne, before she was quite 8 years and-a-half old. She sleeps in Oriel ante-chapel. It is to *her* that the Provost makes pathetic reference in the last page of the Memoir of his son, already spoken of:—

‘I have even administered the sacrament of the LORD’S Supper to a dear dying child, not of age to be confirmed, but not too young to live and die in the true faith of CHRIST.’

Grave and sedate as he was for the most part in his speech, he could unbend delightfully on occasions. His table-talk was in fact first-rate, and should have been taken down. He had known a surprising number of famous men; had read many good books; and his observations about either were never either weak or ordinary. His memory also went a long way back, and (like President Routh’s) was both minute and exact. He was not only very hospitable, but he evidently *enjoyed* entertaining his guests. He would tell a good story with capital effect: but his prevailing solicitude throughout was evidently that what he related should be *accurate*. He is believed once,—but *only* once,—to have been guilty of the indecorum of a joke, (it was in fact a *pun*,) in the Convocation House:—

‘Mr. Neate had proposed a change in the Academical dress of the commoners,—on the plea that if their gown were less unbecoming, they would be less disinclined to wear it. The Provost of Oriel rose, and to the astonishment of all announced himself in favour of the change. “But,” added he,—(so the story runs),—“I am of opinion that the change should be made—*by Degrees*.”’

Utterly incorrect however is the notion such an anecdote would convey of the Provost. Far more characteristic is a pathetic incident which also occurred in the Convocation House, between 1870-4:—

‘A proposal had been made to abolish the Saint’s-day Sermons at S. Mary’s, on the ground that so few went to hear them. The Provost protested against the change, saying that an institution good in itself should not be abolished because people were too indolent to profit by it. It was in fact lowering the Church’s standard to the practice of the careless and the indifferent. He concluded by saying that as he saw the great majority of those who heard him were in favour of the change, he would not divide the house, but he could not allow the measure to pass without a protest. A few moments afterwards the question was put in the usual form, “*Placetne vobis, domini Doctores?*” and we heard the Provost’s “*Non placet*.” There was no division, and so the measure passed. Two or three minutes afterwards, he quietly withdrew from the house. Somehow, the whole scene,—the appearance of the man, his snow-white hair and venerable

aspect, his few earnest words, and 'then his quiet departure,—made a great impression.

'And let it not be supposed that this was merely a sentimental appeal on his part. He *invariably* attended the Saint's-day Sermons himself. A dear friend of ours who was much in his confidence (E. C. Woollcombe) once informed me that, observing how badly those Sermons used to be attended, the Provost and a few others had pledged themselves, early in life, to be regular in their attendance at S. Mary's. He, at all events,—busy man as he was,—is found to have adhered faithfully to his purpose to the end.

'One of the Provost's last appearances in the University pulpit I well remember. His sermon⁴ had for its object to point out the different degrees of importance attaching to different religious duties, and he quoted with admirable effect from Bp. Burnet the pathetic story of the meeting in Bocardo prison of Bishops Hooper and Ridley after their quarrel about the colour of the episcopal robes,—when the one was on his way to his painful death at Gloucester; the other, awaiting martyrdom in Oxford: and when both of them doubtless viewed with very different eyes the question which had once divided them.'

There is in most characters a contradictory side,—so to speak: an aspect of the character utterly alien to what seems to be its proper and prevailing aspect. No one who knew the Provost only in his public relations would ever have suspected him of writing jocose verses,—sending his sister Sarah—(her birthday was Feb. 14th)—a yearly 'Valentine'; and insisting on calling his brother Cæsar's house (No. 26, Grosvenor Street) the 'Oriol Hotel.' He invariably addressed his delightful sister-in-law as the 'landlady,' and styled himself her 'faithful and affectionate customer.' Thus, in 1869, he sends some playful verses about 'Inns' in general to 'the landlady of the Oriol Hotel,'—following up his verses with speculations as to their possible meaning:—

'And there are Antiquaries who think they have ascertained the locality of that particular Inn, which they find flourished about 300 years ago in the neighbourhood of a great square, at that time the resort of the nobility, and called "*Grosvenor*" or "*Grosvenor Square*," but now deserted for a swamp called "*Belgravia*." They think also that the "*Oriol Hotel*" derived its name from an old gentleman, whose initials alone have been discovered, but whose title they find on an old tombstone; thus,—

"Here lies E. H., of whom nothing is memorial
But that he lived and died Provost of Oriol."

'The old spelling ("Oriol") favours this conjecture; but the point is still involved in obscurity, and imperatively demands and deserves further investigation.'

In 1874 (Dec. 28th) he thus concludes a letter to his 'landlady':—

'P.S.—Thanks to dear Cæsar's care and skill
His patient here (who felt so ill)
Now feels, and says, he's greatly better.
And thus I close my stupid letter.'

So late as Feb. 6, 1877, he sent the same gentle creature the 'Pillow thoughts of an aggrieved guest, after obeying *the imperious Lady's* command to go to bed early.'

In the autumn of 1874 (October 3rd), Dr. Hawkins resigned into the hands of the Lord Chancellor, (for the Crown is the Visitor of Oriel,) the active duties of the Provostship. Though he had very nearly com-

⁴ 'The duty of weighing the relative importance of Questions, specially of Religious Questions.'—Jan. 20th, 1871,—pp. 20.

From the Rev. R. G. Livingstone.—I once supposed that this had been the very last sermon which the Provost preached at S.

Mary's: but I am reminded by a writer in '*the Guardian*' (Oct. 31st, 1883,—p. 1632) that it was not. He preached before the University for the last time on the 26th Oct. 1873.

pleted his 86th year, he was still unconscious of the decrepitude of age : but (in his own words) he 'had for some time been led to contemplate this step, from a growing consciousness of duties neglected,—and especially of those opportunities of usefulness, not easily described but highly important, which the Head of a College ought to find in his relations,—social, pastoral, parental,—with the younger students with whom he is officially associated.'⁶ His failing sight in particular rendered correspondence onerous and difficult. Other considerations, which it is painful to recall, may have concurred to second his resolution to resign to a Vice-Provost the active management of the College. One less keenly conscientious than himself, especially had his lot been cast in happier times, would unquestionably have retained his office to the last. Lord Chancellor Cairns, in acknowledging the Provost's letter, with the Petition which accompanied it, remarks,—

'I have read the letter with mixed feelings of regret and admiration. Regret, that you should find the weight of advancing years oblige you to withdraw from the College any portion of the personal superintendence which, with such great public advantage, you have so long exercised over it : admiration, at the testimony which your lucid and comprehensive explanation gives that the weight of so many years sits so lightly upon you.'

A graceful intimation follows, that this last consideration alone occasioned the Lord Chancellor any difficulty in complying with the prayer of the Petition. A Vice-Provost was however duly appointed in the first days of December : and thenceforth, to the day of his death, the Provost occupied his Canonical residence at Rochester continuously. He crossed *for the last time* the threshold of the College over which he had so long and so faithfully presided,—on the afternoon of Thursday, the 17th day of December, 1874. An enumeration of his several published writings since the list last given, (viz. in page 218), will be found at the foot of this page.⁷ . . . He left behind him, (it has been admirably declared), 'the recollection of a pure, consistent, laborious life, elevated in its aim and standard, and marked by high public spirit and a rigid and exacting

⁶ To D. B. Monro, esq., at that time Dean of the College,—Nov. 19th, 1874.

⁷ *The duty of Moral Courage.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on the first Sunday in the Term, Oct. 17, 1852. (pp. 21.)—*A Letter to the Principal of Magdalen Hall* [Dr. Macbride] *upon the future Representation of the University of Oxford.* By the Provost of Oriel,—Oxford [Feb.] 1853. (pp. 26.)—*CHRIST our Example.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on the first Sunday in the Term, Oct. 16, 1853. (pp. 22.)—*A Letter to a noble Lord* [Earl of Radnor] *upon a recent statute of the University of Oxford with reference to Dissent and occasional Conformity.* By the Provost of Oriel. Oxford, 1855. (pp. 22.)—*Christian Unity.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, Feb. 18, 1825. (pp. 26.)—*Spiritual Destitution at home.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, Feb. 12, 1860. (pp. 34.) [a very earnest and interesting plea, based on the increase of our population from 10 millions and a-half to very nearly 22 millions,—the doubling of the number of the people within the space of 50 years.]—*Notes upon Subscription, Academical and*

Clerical. 1864. (pp. 69.)—*Additional Notes on Subscription, Academical and Clerical: with reference to the Clerical Subscription Act of 1865,—the Republication of Tract XC.,—The Tests' Abolition (Oxford) Bills.*—1866. (pp. 66.)—*The Pestilence in its relation to Divine Providence and Prayer.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, Dec. 9, 1866.—1867. (pp. 29.)—*Our debts to Cæsar and to GOD.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on Advent Sunday, Nov. 29, 1868. (pp. 28.)—*Judgment according to our privileges: Duties, according to our powers.* A Sermon preached at the re-opening of the Chapel of S. Mary Hall, Oxford, on Whit-Sunday, 1 June 1873.—*Considerations upon the public use of the Athanasian Creed and the proposed Synodical Declaration.*—[dated May, 1873]. (pp. 14.)—*A Supplement and an Appendix to Considerations upon the public use of the Athanasian Creed, and the proposed Synodical Declaration.* [June 1874] pp. 23.—In this same year (viz. 1874) was published by the S. P. C. K. the Provost's '*Notes on Church and State*,' (pp. 23),—an admirable pamphlet.

sense of duty. In times when it was wanted, he set in his high position in the University an example of modest and sober simplicity of living; and no one who ever knew him can doubt the constant presence, in all his thoughts, of the greatness of things unseen, or his equally constant reference of all that he did to the account which he was one day to give at his LORD'S judgment seat.⁸

The changes which subsequently befell his beloved University,—the second *Revolution* rather which it was destined to experience,—he watched at a distance with profound anxiety and concern. Already was it foreseen, in well-informed quarters, as 'not improbable that new strifes are impending. The vultures scent the carcase and are hastening to their prey.' In truth, it required no prophet to make men aware that, disastrous as had been the Legislation of 1854-7, there remained in Oxford far too much of its ancient Religious constitution and character to satisfy the secularist party. A heavy blow was inflicted in 1871 by the 'Universities Tests' Act,—subsequently to the passing of which, no declaration of Religious belief was any longer allowed to be made at the taking of any degree other than degrees in Divinity. In this way, the door was set wide open for *the Secularization of University teaching*. Something was indeed said about 'proper safeguards for the maintenance of Religious instruction and worship:' but at the end of five years even this flimsy provision was swept entirely away. Nothing less had been clearly foreseen by the friends of Religion in Oxford. '*The effect, whatever may be the intention of Mr. [now Lord Chief Justice] Coleridge's Bill, can be nothing less than the de-Christianizing of the Colleges.*' (These are the first words of Dr. Chase's pamphlet on this occasion.) 'I cannot conceal from myself' (wrote Dean Mansel) 'that your Tests' Bill is but one of a series of assaults destined to effect *an entire separation between the University and the Church.*' Accordingly, in 1876 a fresh 'Oxford University Commission' having been appointed, it became the one object of the enemies of the Church to oust the Clergy from their endowments and to de-Christianize the Colleges. The *animus* of the proposed legislation no one could mistake. A fatal error had been committed by the framers of the Commission when they gave to an unknown and irresponsible triumvirate of three from every College,—often its junior fellows, elected by the 'liberal' majority of the governing body,—equal powers with the Commissioners themselves in framing a new Constitution. Thus, the death-blow to Oxford was dealt by those whom Oxford had nourished in her bosom, and was even now sustaining by her bounty. In the meantime, no pains were taken to disguise the intentions of those at whose mercy the entire Collegiate system was thus placed. The Chancellor of the University (the Marquis of Salisbury) having appointed one Commissioner who was known to have the interest of Theological study and Religious Teaching in the University supremely at heart, the secularists—after having been defeated in the Upper House⁹—did not rest until they had procured from the Government the exclusion of that man's name from the Commission.¹—The draft of the Statutes proposed

⁸ *The Guardian*, Nov. 4, 1874.

⁹ See the '*Times*' of April 1, 1876.

¹ This will be found explained in the Dedication

prefixed to the Sermon quoted below in note 6,—p. 233.

for Magdalen College—which secured for the College *at least 5* (out of 40) *Clerical Fellows*,—*was actually in print* when Lord Selborne resigned his chairmanship. Thereupon, the secularists, under a new Chairman, re-opened the entire question; *recalled the draft Statutes already in print*; and *by a majority of one vote* (5 against 4) reduced the number of Clerical Fellows to 2.²—The case of Lincoln College is sufficiently remarkable to merit independent notice. In the Royal Charter of foundation, confirmed by Parliament in 1427, Robert Flemming, Bp. of Lincoln, was empowered to unite three neighbouring Churches into one: “*Et easdem Ecclesias sic unitas, annexas, et incorporatas, ‘Ecclesiam omnium Sanctorum’ nominare: et eandem Ecclesiam in Ecclesiam collegiatam sive Collegium erigere.*” Lincoln College therefore is something more than a College of Priests, its fellows being all of necessity graduates in Divinity. It is a *Collegiate Church*. Each Fellow has his ‘*stallum in choro et vocem in capitulo.*’ Will it be believed that in the proposed new Statutes for Lincoln no provision was made that *one single Fellow should be in Holy Orders?*³

In brief, the number of Fellowships to be held by Clergymen was reduced in every College to two, one, or none. The possibility was contemplated of there *not being a single Fellow of the College in Holy Orders*,—notwithstanding that the Colleges are, without exception, *Ecclesiastical foundations*, openly and avowedly endowed for the sustentation of the Clergy.⁴ The new Statutes abolished in all the Colleges (except two⁵) the requirement that the Head shall be in Holy Orders,—thereby depriving the Church of its only remaining guarantee that the Head of a College shall be a Christian. Henceforth, there is nothing whatever to prevent a College being presided over by a Socinian, or a Papist. The education, in any College, may at any time pass entirely into the hands of avowed Unbelievers. Christian parents henceforth send up their sons to Oxford *without any guarantee whatever* that those sons shall be Christianly brought up. . . . Public attention was faithfully directed to this subject at the proper time,⁶ but without effect. To interfere, seemed to be nobody’s business.

Nor is this all. That the Colleges were specially intended for the encouragement of Learning in the sons of *poor* parents has been often proved,⁷ as well as largely insisted on.⁸ Next to a burning jealousy for GOD’S honour and glory, nothing is more conspicuous in the records of these ancient foundations than a holy solicitude on *this* head. But, by the new legislation, the sacred claim of Poverty,—(meaning of course

² See the *Appendix* (E).

³ This discreditable proposal was only frustrated in the House of Lords by the brave and determined opposition of the Visitor,—Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bp. of Lincoln. (Εὖ δοῦλε ἀγαθὲ καὶ πιστὲ ὅ) Well may secularists be so anxious to substitute Lay for Episcopal visitors.

⁴ See the *Appendix* (F).

⁵ Viz. Christ Church and Pembroke College.

⁶ *The Disestablishment of Religion in Oxford, the betrayal of a sacred Trust:—words of warning to the University*: a sermon preached before the University Nov.

1880,—by the Dean of Chichester; and edition, with Appendices.—pp. 56.

⁷ See *Appendix* (G).

⁸ See the following by the Rev. Dr. Chase, Principal of S. Mary Hall:—(1) ‘*A Plea for John Lord Craven, and the Eleemosynary purpose of Founders generally*’ [n.d.]:—(2) ‘*The rights of “Indigentes” in respect to College Foundations.*’ A Letter to Sir J. Pakington, 1856:—(3) ‘*Education for frugal men at the University of Oxford.*’ (An account of the experiments at S. Mary and S. Alban Halls, 1864.) See at the end of *Appendix* (G).

thereby those '*pauperes Scholares*' who would gladly come up to Oxford, could they in any way afford to do so,)—is set at nought. It is no longer possible, except at what would be to such persons a ruinous cost, for a man to obtain the full benefits of an University education. Thus the poor have been robbed of their birthright,—on the plea that the surplus revenues of the Colleges are required for increasing the incomes of what is demonstrably an *uselessly* enlarged Professoriate.⁹ The consequence is, that we are drifting back into the state of things out of which Walter de Merton rescued the University in 1264. In Oxford, at the present instant, far more than a tithe of the Undergraduate body, 'unattached' to any College, are living sparse about the city; picking up their learning under the gravest disadvantages, and ostracized from the society of their fellows. The 'Unattached' system is a retrograde movement,—an imposture and a sham. The recent Legislation will infallibly result in a deteriorated Clergy, and the decay of sacred Learning,—whereby the Church of England will be despoiled of its distinctive boast and ornament.¹ It only remains to add, that the substitution of the Professorial for the Tutorial system;—the establishment of bodies of married Fellows, who block the way to advancement and fatally retard progress;—the system of combined College lectures, and the consequent severance of the bond which ought to subsist between Undergraduates and their Tutors, as well as the destruction of the entire system of Collegiate life:—all these things, coming at the heels of the organic changes adverted to at the outset, have established a hopeless gulf between the Oxford of the past and the Oxford of the future. Rather has the *de-Christianizing of the Colleges* effectually abolished what has hitherto been the prime ornament of this Church and realm. Men will certainly wake up, when it will be all too late, to the magnitude of the crime which has thus been committed; the irreparable injury which in these last days has been inflicted on our two ancient Universities. Posterity will demand an account of it: will call for the production of the obscure names of the principal offenders: will pass on them a sentence of severe condemnation. But only in 'the great and terrible Day of the LORD' will it become fully known how hateful the secularization of religious endowments, *which were doing their work well*,—and the de-Christianizing of ecclesiastical foundations, which, had they been let alone, might have provided a bulwark against the growing infidelity of the age;—how hateful, I say, are these acts in the eyes of the great Head of the Church, to whom those endowments were deliberately given and still rightfully belong; and for whose honour and glory the foundations were confessedly set apart.

The Provost of Oriel's latest public act (March 5th, 1879) was to memorialize the Commissioners concerning '*the New Code of Statutes*

⁹ The reader is invited to inquire for a 'Return' made on the subject of *Professors and Professorial Lectures*, by order of the House of Commons, and ordered to be printed 11 July, 1876. It is certainly little calculated to stimulate the founding of additional Professorships,—certainly not the increasing of the actual emoluments of Professors. Interesting it would be to ascertain how many of the existing staff sometimes count their

auditory on the fingers of one hand.

¹ 'If there be one gem in the diadem of the Church of England which shines with a brilliancy beyond the rest, and a brilliancy peculiarly her own,—that jewel is the large, and profound, and sanctified learning, which has characterized her Clergy.' ('*Liturgical Duties*,' an Ordination Sermon preached at Ch. Ch., Dec. 30th, 1835,—by Rev. W. Jacobson, since Bp. of Chester.)

framed for Oriel College.' He complains that the proposed Code 'proceeds on a wrong principle':—

'It repeals all the existing Statutes, together with the Ordinance framed by the Commissioners in 1857, including the Founder's original Statutes, and those relating to subsequent Benefactions; leaving out of sight the main design of the Foundation,—which the Commissioners desire to keep in view, and which the Provost and Fellows are above all others concerned to maintain.

'The true course was surely that which was observed by the Commissioners in 1857; who left the existing Statutes in full force, except so far as they were either expressly, or by manifest implication, repealed. It is in fact only from the *Charter of the Foundation, and the original Statutes* (which are its complement), that we learn the main design of the Founder, and the true character of the Institution.

'It was to be Ecclesiastical: a School of Divinity; not for Education generally, but specially for Theology, and the training up of Christian Ministers:—"COLLEGIUM SCHOLARIUM IN SACRÆ THEOLOGIAE STUDENTIUM,"—established "AD DECOREM ET UTILITATEM SACROSANCTÆ ECCLESIAE" . . . "*cujus ministeria personis sunt idoneis committenda, quae velut stellae in custodiis suis lumen praebeant, et populos instruant doctrinā pariter et exemplo.*"' ['Charter,' p. 5: 'Statutes,' p. 7.]

Accordingly, the Provost and all the Fellows (except three) were to be in Hoiy Orders. And this fundamental enactment has been maintained inviolate throughout upwards of half-a-thousand years. It is especially on this, ('the Ecclesiastical character of the Provostship and of the Institution,'²) that the aged Chief of the College founds his protest; as well as on the manifest injustice and inexpediency of the proposed revolutionary changes. Clear it must needs be to every honest mind, that inasmuch as College endowments—fenced about with safeguards which the Founders themselves deemed impregnable—were given, accepted, and have ever since been held, *expressly for the support of Religion* throughout the land;—now at last to divert these to secular uses is nothing else but *the betrayal of a sacred Trust*. In the words of Earl Cairns,—

'Because Ecclesiastical property is held in trust for others, *that trust has to be protected*; and therefore the State has a duty to perform. But the only duty which the State has to perform, and the only power which the State, morally speaking, possesses, is the duty and the power to see that the trusts are executed, and that a proper object of the trust remains. And provided the trust is executed and the object of the trust remains, I maintain that *Parliament is no more competent, morally, to deal with property of that kind than it is to deal with private property.*'

Enough on this sad subject. As might have been anticipated, the Provost's Memorial was of no manner of avail. Will the present governing body, (we ask ourselves),—after abolishing their Founder's Statutes and contravening in every respect his plainly-declared intention, —*still*, on their three Commemoration days, solemnly confess before GOD their bounden duty so to employ their Benefactors' bounty '*as we think they would approve if they were upon earth to witness what we do*'?

It only remains to sketch the closing scene of what may be truly described as an historic life. The Provost's lot had been cast in a most eventful period of the history of the Church of England,—in the most eventful of the fortunes of her two ancient Universities. His days had in

² The reader is again referred to the *Appendix (F)*.

consequence been spent amid fierce Academic conflicts; and in these, he had consistently and prominently borne a part second to none in importance and in dignity. A life it had been, from first to last, of obstinate and prolonged antagonism,—of uncompromising resistance, and of stern unbending protest,—against two great successive movements: the 'Tractarian' movement,—which he condemned, as disloyal and dishonest; the 'Liberal' movement,—which he abhorred, as irreligious and revolutionary. Of the one, so far as it was local, he was mainly instrumental in occasioning its break-up in 1845.³ The other he lived to see triumphant. So varied and so grave an experience has fallen to no other head of a House since Oxford became an University. . . . Whether the liberalism of the old Oriel school,—the school of Whately, and Arnold, and Hampden, to which, some fifty years before, Edward Hawkins had himself belonged,—was not largely responsible for the disorganisation of the University which has subsequently prevailed,—I forbear to inquire. Principles were then surrendered, views were then strenuously advocated, which paved the way for yet larger demands and yet more fatal concessions. We know on the best authority that they that have "sown the wind shall reap the whirlwind." But men cannot see, and will not be shown, the end from the beginning. . . . The same Article proceeds:—

"Impossible it was, in the meantime, for those who had occasionally found themselves most strongly, and perhaps most painfully opposed to the Provost of Oriel, not to admire and revere one, who, through so long a career, had, in what he held to be his duty to the Church and to Religion, fought so hard,—encountered such troubles,—given up so many friendships, and so much ease;—and who, while a combatant to the last, undiscouraged by odds and sometimes ill-success, had brought to the weariness and disappointment of old age an increasing gentleness and kindliness of spirit, which is one of the rarest tokens and rewards of patient and genuine self-discipline. A man who had set himself steadily and undismayed to stem, and bring to reason, the two most powerful currents of conviction and feeling which had agitated his times,—left an impressive example of zeal and fearlessness, even to those against whom he had contended."

Henceforth, happily for his peace of mind, the Provost was entirely removed from that unquiet atmosphere, and from those harassing influences which had long since passed beyond the sphere of his individual control.

The subdued and restful, the happy and very humble spirit, in which the few remaining years of his life (1875 to 1882) were spent,—within the precincts of the Cathedral with which he had been for nearly half a century connected, and in the domestic seclusion of his own peaceful home,—surprised, even affected, those who were nearest and dearest to him. It was a greatly diminished circle: for his only surviving son, (Cæsar,⁴ whom he saw last in 1878,) was in India; and there remained

³ See an interesting and admirably written Article, headed 'Retirement of the Provost of Oriel,' in the '*Guardian*' of Nov. 4, 1874.

⁴ Cæsar Richard,—born at Oxford, Feb. 6,

1841:—Deputy Commissioner at Umritsur in the Punjab. He married at Amballa, Oct. 10, 1867.

to him, besides his devoted wife, only his daughter Mary. Two little grandchildren however, Maude and Kate, who had been recently added to his household, were,—(what need to say it?)—a prime refreshment and solace. (He is remembered to have been once caught rolling the bowls, with one of them, on the beautiful turf of S. John's,—his own ancient college. Never, in truth, did he appear to more advantage than when in the society of children. They seemed fond of him.) His rather confined and by no means ornamental garden now became a continual source of pleasure to him. The works of GOD, as *His* works, were a downright joy,—perpetual reminders of the Divine wisdom, the Divine goodness. It seemed now as if every budding tree and flowering shrub ministered thankful delight,—leading him, as it did, to expatiate to those about him on the wonderful variety and beauty of Nature, and on the mysterious chemistry of Creation. He never failed, (except when actually forbidden,) to attend Divine Service in the Cathedral once a day; and till within the last year or two of his life, he even took part in the Communion Service. His devoutness was remarked by many.

The Psalms were now his constant manual of Devotion. Latterly they were read to him, and he would repeat the alternate verses. His widow informed me,—

‘Your own “*Short Sermons*,” of which I read many to him on Sunday evenings in the garden, pleased him much. “*The teaching of the Harvest*,” he greatly liked. I could name many others, if I searched the volumes. They were not new to him, of course: but you would have liked to see the expression of his face, as he thus renewed his acquaintance with them, in our pleasant shady garden.’

This is touching enough,—especially as the author of the Sermons in question has experienced from those honoured lips many and many a salutary snub. He recalls affectionately one particular walk back from S. Mary's with the Provost, after an unlucky Palm-Sunday sermon in which a mystical reference had been claimed for ‘the multitudes that went before, and that followed.’⁶ ‘You are too fanciful,’ was all that the preacher got for his pains.—‘I am sorry you think so.’—‘Yes, Burgon, you are too fanciful.’ But he said it very kindly. It was like a Father reproving a Son for some slight indiscretion.

The present Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Thorold),—aware of what I am about,—writes to me as follows: ⁶—

‘Though my recollections of the Provost of Oriel travel back 43 years,—to a time when the Head of a House was a kind of demi-god in Oxford, whom an undergraduate could hardly pass without the shiver of an unspeakable awe,—my personal knowledge of him only dates from July 1877, when I went to pay him a visit of ceremony, but sincere, respect on first arriving as Bishop in the Cathedral city;—and, if I mistake not, met him coming to bestow the same mark of consideration on me. Urbane, and with a certain stateliness of manner, which however was wholly devoid of pomposity, (he was too real a gentleman to be pompous),—he had nothing of stiffness or austerity. He had evidently become mellowed into softness by his multiplying years.

‘He was one of the most delightful of *raconteurs*; and I was only too thankful to sit at his feet, listening to a flow of anecdote which went back to the great war,—seasoned with an Attic flavour which, if pungent, was never bitter. More than

⁶ S. Matth. xxi. 9; S. Mark xi. 9.—(Οἱ προάγοντες καὶ οἱ ἀκολουθοῦντες συμβολὰ εἰσι τῶν πρὸ τῆς παρουσίας, καὶ μετὰ τὴν παρουσίαν,

ἀγίων· τοῦτ' ἐστὶ Προφητῶν καὶ Ἀποστόλων.—Corderii *Cat. in S. Matth.* p. 651.)

⁶ Seltsdon Park, Croydon,—7 Nov. 1887.

once he advised me on Diocesan matters with singular sagacity: especially in respect of Lay work, which I was just then busily organizing, and in which he expressed much interest.

Exactness was a passion with him. He would have set a King right, if his Majesty had slipped in a date. And if this defines one side of his nature, the *disciplinary instinct* in him indicates another. His personal Religion, though it may be thought to have been lacking in what is commonly understood by *unction*, always impressed me as unusually sincere, reverent and practical. I am not sure that I should have welcomed many opportunities of preaching before him, had I been a young man expecting criticism.

• So far Bishop Thorold. I have availed myself of his interesting jottings, not because they throw fresh light on the Provost's character, but because they correspond so exactly, and from a wholly independent point of view, with the impressions carried away by others: of which indeed one more specimen has yet to be given.

It was remarked during these last years of his life how greatly he seemed to enjoy the visits of his old Rochester intimates,—especially those of his immediate neighbour, Archdeacon Grant. Canon Colson, rector of Cuxton (a neighbouring parish,) who throughout this period seldom passed a week without seeing him, and often accompanied him back to his house after the Prayers,—relates of himself that, being a Cambridge man, and only knowing the Provost by his great Oxford reputation, he 'expected to find him rather stiff and awful.' 'But, to my great surprise,

'Of all the gentle courteous men it has ever been my good fortune to know, he was I think the most so. There was not a particle of *donnishness* in all the intercourse I had with him; and his great and sweet gentleness increased as he drew nearer to his end. He never, for instance, allowed one to leave his house, without himself coming to the door; and in all outward demeanour, was to my mind the model of unassuming kindness and courtesy. Then, too, there could be no greater treat than to get him to talk about old times, and the great Oxford movement in which he had taken so large a part; and he was always most ready to do so. But never, so far as I can remember, did he speak with bitterness of any one; always preserving what (I suppose) had been his uniform character,—calm, gentle, judicial impartiality, free from all personal prejudice.

'I may mention another point of interest. For many years we have had two meetings of the Clergy of the three Rural Deaneries in this neighbourhood, in the Chapter-room. The Dean and Canons are of course invited to attend. I do not remember any of these meetings taking place without the Provost's being present, unless illness prevented him; nor without his taking a most keen interest in the discussions. He did not often speak; but, no matter what the subject, or however insignificant the speaker, he was all attention; and, on one occasion, wrote and distributed a small pamphlet on the subject which had been before the meeting. I mention this as a mark of his gentle loving sympathy; as of course, with a few exceptions, the speakers at such a gathering were only the Clergy of the town and neighbourhood,—who had no special claim on his attention.'

The same feeling pen which has already contributed so many valuable reminiscences of the Provost of Oriel, corroborates in an interesting passage the foregoing remarks. The Rev. R. G. Livingstone writes:—

'Almost all the information I have sent you was derived from his own lips during a visit which I paid him at Rochester (Dec. 1880), when he was within a few weeks of completing his 92nd year. Never can I forget the kindness and courtesy of my venerable host during that visit:—how he apologized for not being able to accompany me to the Dockyard at Chatham;—how he urged me to prolong my stay over the coming Sunday in order that I might hear his favourite

preacher, Archdeacon Grant ;*—and much beside. The last time I saw him was Monday, 20th December 1880. It was a wild stormy day,—the rain pouring in torrents, the wind blowing boisterously. The moment came for my departure. I had taken leave of the entire party in the drawing-room, and was hurrying across the hall. On looking round, I saw the Provost following me. In vain I implored him not to expose himself. It was to no purpose. He would accompany me to the door and see the last of me. . . . I recall with affectionate interest this last instance of that gracious courtesy of manner which I had so often admired in the venerated Head of my old College. It was the conclusion of a long series of kindnesses received at his hands since I entered Oriel, almost exactly twenty-four years before that day.

With such an *εὐδαιμόνιον* one would have been glad to bring this sketch to a close : but a few sad words remain still to be added. Painful it is to have to record that yet another great domestic affliction befell the subject of this memoir within six weeks of his own departure : the death, namely, of his daughter-in-law Alice, (his son Cæsar's wife), whom he was expecting from India, and of whom he was devotedly fond. Her little son, Edward Cæsar, almost brought the tidings of his mother's death. It was a very great sorrow ; and yet was sweetened to the Provost inexpressibly by the sight of his only grandson. . . . So chequered, from first to last, with shade and sunshine, is this mysterious mortal life of ours !

It shall but be added that there have not been found among his multitudinous papers any such memorials of his own times as some expected and more desired. It is perhaps matter of regret that posterity will not enjoy, from that just and discriminating pen, notices of the events which he assisted in moulding, and of the famous personages with whom he was brought into close contact. He kept a Diary indeed, —kept it regularly : but it was of a strictly private description. It is written in a kind of cipher, and is nothing else but a *conscientious* record of the writer's state of mind and employment of his time. It cannot be made useful to others in any way. It was intended to be as secret a thing as his personal religion,—and was in fact part of it. Far better it is that from such records the veil should never be withdrawn. But the inner life of such an one as EDWARD HAWKINS, Provost of Oriel, would be more instructive than many homilies. It is suspected that it would also furnish a salutary rebuke to an age of unbounded license, shameless expediency, immoderate self-indulgence.

During the last three months of his life, his bodily strength had sensibly decreased. There was however as yet no positive illness. An attack of pain in his chest and side, which took place on the night of Monday, 13th November, was the first premonitory token of what was to follow. It was a serious symptom, but it occasioned no alarm. He

* This excellent Divine, who occupied the House immediately facing the Provost's, died 25 Nov. 1883, aged nearly 78 years. He was the author of an admirable course of Bampton Lectures (1843) on '*The past and prospective Extension of the Gospel by Missions to the Heathen*.' The Rev. Charles Marriott, —[see above, pp. 160-2,] writing to Bp. Selwyn from Bitton, May 15th, 1843, says :—"Dr. Grant, of New College, is giving Bampton Lectures on

Missionary work, which will be one of the most interesting volumes of the year. I think they will be read with pleasure and profit by our Antipodes. There is a good deal of historical matter in them, which I believe will be illustrated in an Appendix. The principles seem thoroughly good, and he preaches them like a man who would go at a wink to Japan or Tartary. If they don't do some good, I shall think we are a set of stock fish."

was better on the Wednesday; and met and conversed with Archd. Grant, as well as took leave of his little grandson, who was returning to school. Late on Friday night, the pain returned in a severer form, and he never rallied: but—conscious of his state—passed away at about 9 in the morning of Saturday, November 18th, 1882; when he was within three months of completing his 94th year.

On the ensuing Friday he was interred close to his loved son Edward, in the Cathedral precincts' cemetery, on the breezy hill-side which looks down upon the Medway. He had himself been the means of recovering that parcel of ground from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, being part of the original endowment of the Cathedral by Ethelbert, King of Kent, in the lifetime of Justus, first Bishop of Rochester. (The charter is dated 28th April, A.D. 604). Singular to relate the fall, that very morning, of a railway-bridge near Bromley, so effectually blocked the line, that a large party from Oxford,—consisting chiefly of Fellows, Scholars, and other undergraduate members of Oriel, together with many of the College servants,—were unable to reach Rochester in time to be present at the funeral. Many there were besides who desired to follow their Chief to the grave; but who, having got as far as Bromley, found themselves absolutely prevented from proceeding any further. One former fellow of the College—(I had come on to Rochester at an earlier hour)—represented the Society. I cannot say how strange it seemed to me to find myself standing by that open grave without any of the rest: without at least Chase by my side! . . . Dean Scott pronounced the words of peace over his ancient friend, and has since penned the inscription which marks the spot where the Provost of Oriel '*a laboribus tandem requievit.*'

It seems worth recording that there appeared in the public journals on this occasion several admirable biographical notices of the Provost;—some of them displaying a very just appreciation of his excellence; all of them containing interesting and discriminating remarks on his career and character. It seems to have been universally felt that a great historical personage had disappeared from the scene. Men of all parties showed themselves aware of his moral and intellectual greatness, and generously vied in paying a warm tribute to his memory. Those notices are public property. But the few words which follow, expressive of personal regard and private regret,—(they were addressed to his Widow in her 'supreme desolation,')—are not to be found elsewhere, and will be read with profounder interest:—

'I have followed his life year after year' (wrote Cardinal Newman) 'as I have not been able to follow that of others, because I knew just how many years he was older than I am, and how many days his birthday was from mine.'

'These standing reminders of him sprang out of the kindnesses and benefits done to me by him close upon sixty years ago, when he was Vicar of St. Mary's and I held my first curacy at St. Clement's. Then, during two long Vacations [1824-5] we were day after day in the Common Room all by ourselves, and in Christ Church meadow.¹

'He used then to say that he should not live past forty,—and he has reached in the event his great age.'

My task is now ended.—From the Provost's published writings, supplemented by his large private correspondence, future historians of the Church of England will be just as competent as any of ourselves to estimate his character as a Divine and a Controversialist ; and to assign him his rightful place in the history of his times. *More* competent, it may be : for passion will then have subsided ; prejudice and partiality will by that time have ceased. My one endeavour has been with an affectionate and dutiful hand to trace, as faithfully as I know how, those personal outlines—to fix those vanishing lineaments—which will enable posterity to identify and individualize *the man*. At this instant they dwell vividly with not a few of us. Pass a few short years, and they will begin to die out of men's remembrance ; and once departed, such things can never be recalled.

(v). SAMUEL WILBERFORCE:

THE REMODELLER OF THE EPISCOPATE.

[A. D. 1805—1873.]

OF certain ecclesiastics in every age it may be declared with truth that, to write their lives fully and in detail, would be to write the ecclesiastical history of the age in which they lived. Thus, it has been remarked already, that an elaborate biography of Hugh James Rose [1795–1838] would have been nothing else but the history of the beginning of that great revival in the English Church, which the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville [1755–1846] characterized as by far the most remarkable phenomenon which he had witnessed throughout his long career. With equal truth may it be declared, that the subsequent history of the same great movement would be most intelligibly written by one who should construct a complete biography of Samuel Wilberforce. But in the case of this last—with far less of learning and intellectual power—there conspired certain personal gifts of an altogether unique order. No ecclesiastic within living memory—scarcely any Englishman—has enjoyed a larger share of personal celebrity than he. It would be easy to recall the names of men who eclipsed him by their achievements, or by the brilliancy of their writings: but it remains a fact notwithstanding, that as a public man, Samuel Wilberforce, by the general suffrage of English society, was without a peer. During the last twenty years of his episcopate it was observed that no name more readily rose to the surface of conversation than *his*. Every one at a party had some characteristic story to tell concerning *him*:—had been brought, in one way or other, into personal contact with him. It was impossible to resist the conviction that he was a man universally admired, as well as universally known. Every one present had at least heard ‘the Bishop of Oxford’ preach, and had formed his opinion concerning the preacher. *Who* that had ever really come within the fascination of his personal influence failed to speak of him with a kind of admiration which bordered on enthusiasm?

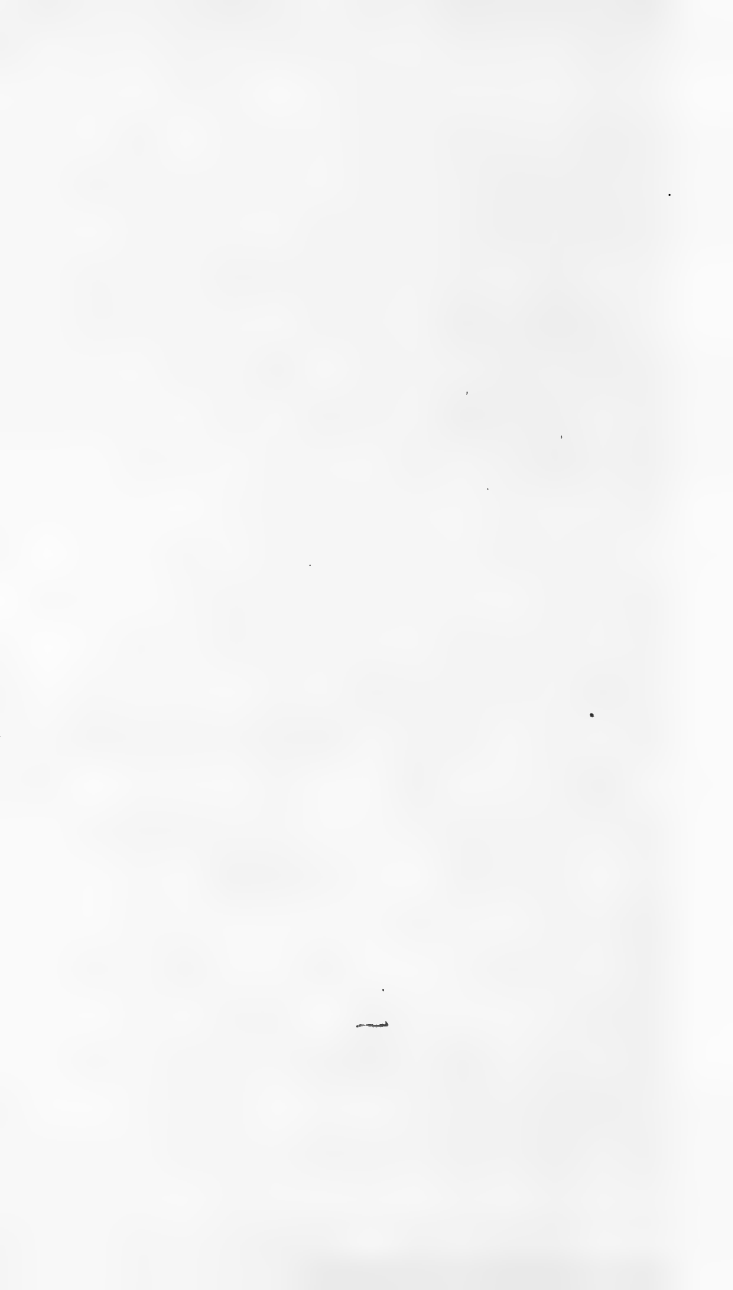
Such ample biographies have already appeared both of Samuel Wilberforce¹ and of his illustrious Father, that I am spared the necessity of recording in this place most of those details which are really indispensable to a Memoir, however brief. But indeed the present is intended to be nothing else but a pen-and-ink sketch of the man chiefly as he came

¹ *Life of the Rt. Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D.* &c. The first volume (1880) was compiled by the late Canon Ashwell; the second

(1881) and third (1882) volumes by the Bishop's son,—Mr. Reginald Garion Wilberforce.—See *Appendix (H)*.



Samuel Wilberforce.



before myself,—*my own personal recollections* of him. Concerning his interesting antecedents therefore, I shall say scarcely anything at all. His birth (September 7th, 1805) and his parentage have been fully set before the public; and the peculiar atmosphere of religious thought in which his youthful character was formed, has long since become a matter of history. But his biographer seems not to have been aware that, in conformity with those same family traditions, one of the preceptors to whose care the elder Wilberforce entrusted his son while quite a boy, was the well-known 'Fry of Emberton;' a man who, (marvellous to relate), was looked upon as a kind of Apostle by the Clapham sect, and received into his rectory a limited number of sons of parents of 'evangelical' views. Among these, it should be premised, was a lad of Hebrew extraction. A characteristic incident is still remembered of the Samuel Wilberforce of those early days. The scene of the boys' studies was a spacious apartment at the top of the house, where they were careful to relieve the tedium of acquiring the Latin language by giving free vent to their animal spirits, and occasionally making a tremendous noise. On one occasion, the disturbance overhead having become insufferable, old Fry (after repeated ineffectual warnings from below) rushed upstairs, came in hand, kicked open the study door, and proceeded to wreak his wrath indiscriminately on the first offender he should meet. 'Sam,' quick as lightning, caught the youthful Israelite by the collar, threw him round to receive *a tergo*, the blow which must else have fallen to his own share, and pleaded, '*First the Jew, sir,—then the Gentile.*'

His brief but honourable career at Oriel (1823-1827),—(and I have already in another place suggested why the elder Wilberforce sent his sons to this College,²)—brought him into contact, as a junior, with a set of remarkable men, some of whom, for good or for evil, were destined to leave an indelible impress on the Church of England at a turning-point of her history. His rooms were those on the ground-floor in the south-western corner of the first quadrangle: rooms which were identified by himself in conversation more than 40 years afterwards by the fact that the coal-hole was (and is) under the floor of the sitting-room. He had asked a friend, whose house he made his headquarters when Bishop of Winchester (Canon Bridges of Beddington, also an Oriel man), to indicate to him, if he could, *which* rooms were occupied by his son. When Bridges, after conducting him in thought to the locality above indicated, at last reached the trap-door over the coal-hole,—'Those were *my* rooms!' cried the Bishop, grasping his friend's arm, and swaying it backward and forward, as his manner was:—'*Those were my rooms!*'

In 1828 he became united to Emily Sargent. It was through this lady that the Lavington property eventually came into the Bishop's family, by reason of failure of issue in her two brothers. Shortly before his death in 1873, happening to be on a visit in the neighbourhood of Marden, where Mrs. Sargent had once resided, the Bishop announced that he had arranged to take a ride through the Park with the daughter of his host (Mr. Master of Barrow Green) next morning before breakfast. (He loved

² See above, p. 204.

beyond all things an outing before breakfast, if it were but a scamper round the garden.) 'We were sitting in a corner of the saloon' (writes the friend who furnishes the incident³), 'when Wilberforce, turning to me, said in a quiet undertone,—"I saw her *there* for the first time. She was thirteen, and I was fifteen, and we never changed our minds."'. . . He was grave and silent for a few moments: then, began on quite a different topic. But there was a pathos in the incidental remark which my friend can never forget.

He made the first proof of his ministry at Checkendon, a quiet little country village near Henley-on-Thames, to the sole charge of which he was ordained in December 1828. Thence, at the end of sixteen months, he was transferred by Bishop Sumner of Winchester, his faithful friend and patron, to Brighthelm, in the Isle of Wight. It was at Brighthelm that he matured those powers, and acquired those administrative habits, for which he became afterwards so conspicuous; easily achieving for himself the foremost place among the clergy of the little island. But he was constantly in society, and much absent from his parish; being found now at Farnham, now at Winchester, now in London, now at Oxford. It appears from his 'Diary' that he was away for a full third of the year 1838. He had in fact already acquired an extraordinary reputation as a preacher and public speaker, and his powers were largely in request. At Winchester, in 1837,—

"A great county meeting was held for the purpose of setting on foot a Diocesan Church-Building Society, with the Duke of Wellington in the chair. Lord Palmerston was among the speakers; and in the course of his speech took a line which Mr. S. Wilberforce considered inconsistent with true Churchmanship. The consequence was that he attacked Lord Palmerston's remarks with an ability and eloquence which quite carried away the meeting, but, at the same time, with a vehemence which caused some of those present to remonstrate with the Duke of Wellington, as chairman, for having allowed so young a clergyman to proceed unchecked. The Duke replied that it had occurred to him to interpose, but that on looking again at the speaker he felt sure that, had he done so, he would only have diverted upon himself the stream of his indignant eloquence, and, 'I assure you,' he added, 'that I would have faced a battery sooner.'"⁴

Of the opportunities of access to London society which his frequent visits to Winchester House now presented, Wilberforce availed himself freely. He even cultivated the friendship of men of a religious school alien alike to that to which he was drawn by force of early habit and the strength of family traditions, and to *that* within the sphere of whose influence his education at Oriel had inevitably brought him. The names of Maurice, Carlyle, Bunsen, recur constantly in his diary at this time. But he never identified himself with any school of religious thought, though he *touched* them all, and evinced sympathies with each in turn. Towards Maurice and his party he never, in fact, had more than an intellectual leaning. From the phraseology and many of the conventionalities of 'Evangelicalism,' on the contrary, he never, to the last hour of his life, was able to shake himself entirely free. But his relation to the Oxford school was altogether peculiar. With undiminished reverence for the personal holiness of certain of its leaders, but with his eyes wide open

³ The Rev. Carey H. Borrer, Treasurer of Chichester Cathedral, and Rector of Hurstpierpoint.

⁴ *L/C.*, -i. pp. 107-8.

to their faults, he instinctively assimilated whatever in it he recognised as Catholic and true: while,—unlike his brothers, Henry and Robert,—whatever in it had a Romeward tendency, he rejected from the first with unqualified abhorrence. He was greatly (and reasonably) scandalized by the refusal of the leaders of the party to contribute to the Martyrs' Memorial,—which in consequence became a standing protest against the un-Anglican character impressed upon the Oxford movement from an early period. There is, indeed, no feature of the published 'Life of Wilberforce' more truly instructive, than so much of his private correspondence and public utterances as relate to the celebrated movement which culminated in Mr. Newman's desertion, and the discreditable 'Ideal' of the Rev. W. G. Ward. Should it not however in fairness be added that, in common with all other faithful men of his generation, Samuel Wilberforce was probably indebted, to a greater extent than he was himself aware, to the religious atmosphere of Oxford during the memorable years of his undergraduateship, for whatever of warmth and earnestness he carried with him from College?

To the same period of his life belongs his joint authorship, with his brother Robert, of the biography of the elder Wilberforce. This was succeeded by his '*History of the Church in America*,' and many lesser efforts,—Reviews, Charges, Sermons. He had already been appointed Archdeacon of Surrey and Canon of Winchester, and was now (1840) nominated one of Prince Albert's chaplains. In 1841 he was promoted to the important rectory of Alverstoke. He preached frequently before the Queen, and was acceptable at Court. All this brought him within a charmed circle: and the traits of character which he sometimes jots down in passing are of exceeding interest. After two short notices of Lord Melbourne, and a life-like sketch of Sir Robert Peel, we shall hasten forward:—

"Jan. 8th, 1842.—All went on most pleasantly at the Castle: my reception and treatment throughout exceedingly kind. The Queen and the Prince were both at church, as also was Lord Melbourne, who paid his first visit at the same time. The Queen's meeting with him was very interesting. The exceeding pleasure which lighted up her countenance was quite touching. His behaviour to her was perfect. The fullest attentive deference of the subject, with a subdued air of 'your father's friend,' that was quite fascinating."⁶

"Dec. 25 [1845].—In bed again all day. All doing well. Many letters, &c. Copeland again full of anecdote. 'I had been attending Lord Melbourne for 6 weeks, 3 times a day when Minister. No one ever more mistaken. The most anxious painstaking man in the world. Worked all day in his bedroom with secretaries, &c., that he might be able to send bores away with,—My Lord has not yet got out of his bedroom.'"⁶ . . . The next quotation is dated July 5th, 1847:—

"I got back to London on Wednesday evening, coming up in a state carriage with Bunsen, Sir R. and Lady Peel, and Count Waldemar. Had a very curious observation of Sir R. Peel. He was reading the '*Quarterly*,' and soon settled into Croker's bitter attack upon him, peeping into its uncut leaves with intense interest, and yet not liking to show that interest by cutting; and so, when Madame Bunsen, who saw nothing of what was going on, offered a paper-cutter, courteously declining it and lapsing into an article on Pantagruelism, to fall again into the old article and peep again into the uncut leaves as soon as all was quiet."⁷

⁶ *Life*, i. p. 211.

⁶ *Ibid.*,—p. 396.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 398.

The sun of his wedded happiness set in this same year (March 10th, 1841), and the event closed what he always spoke of as the most blissful period of his life. '*Agathos*,' '*The Rocky Island*,' and other '*Sunday Stories*,' which have since made his name popular in every nursery, belong to that period; having been in the first instance told to his children as they sat on his knee by the Sunday-evening fireside. We look in vain throughout the present biography for anything which more conciliates our personal regard for Wilberforce than the many faithful references to this (evidently) admirable as well as very delightful woman, which are scattered up and down his letters and diaries. On his introduction to the atmosphere of the Court, his prevailing sentiment was that he had not *her* to whom, on his return home, he might describe the fascination of the scene. "Yes," (he wrote to his sister in 1844),—

"I quite know all those Spring feelings. It is the hardest time of all the year. SHE loved it so! She opened in it like some sweet flower. Always was I looking forward to it. Now, I never look on to it. It seems so indifferent *what* it is; all the short halting places in life are swept away. . . . It is most sad going home. If I went home to her, it was beyond all words. If I went home *with* her, I got apart to see her meet her children. And now,—but I ought not to sadden you."¹

He got back to Lavington after several long and exciting weeks in London, on June 11th, which happened to be the anniversary of his wedding-day. On the 12th he wrote to his sister:—

"Oh, what a picture it was of life, coming *here* as I came yesterday, instead of *that* day here which seemed to give me life in possession. I spent much time alone yesterday night, after all were gone in, in that churchyard, and came home quite quiet. Life here is so unlike my life anywhere else. I was up alone on the hill-side between six and seven this morning, and anything more lovely you cannot conceive. The slanting sun was throwing its brightness from behind me on the glorious prospect, far up into Surrey, Albury, the Hog's-back, Leith Hill, &c. &c., and all very distant country looks so beautiful: a sort of delectable mountain-feeling hangs about it. I suppose it is the secret instinct after the land which is very far away which then stirs within one."²

At the end of fourteen months:—

"I am again in the blessed quietness of this holy place. It always seems to be another life which I have here. Being so separated from all my usual full occupation, it has, even without its associations, a sort of Paradise feeling; and when I was yesterday standing over that grave, with my dear Herbert clinging fondly to me, it seemed as if I was in another world."³

And all this did not wear out with him:—

"Always, on returning to Lavington, the first thing was to visit the churchyard and to lay flowers on her grave; and after his last visit thither, on May 31, 1873, so near to his own departure, he wrote to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. G. Wilberforce, describing the occasion as 'one never to be forgotten. God's world in its beauty animate and inanimate around me; the nightingales singing His praises; and all seeming to rejoice before Him. My dead seemed so near to me in my solitude: each one following another and speaking calm and hope to me, and reunion when He will.'"⁴

He made the best use of his bereavement, as many a letter, many an affecting entry in his diary⁵ shows: and it is certain that the blow left

¹ *Life*,—i. p. 236.

² *Ibid.*,—p. 239.

³ *Ibid.*,—p. 267.

⁴ *Ibid.*,—p. 180.

⁵ *Ibid.*,—pp. 180-91.

a life-long impress on his character. Scarcely right does it seem that the man in his agony should be so completely discovered as he is here to the vulgar gaze. And yet, what would the '*Life*' be worth which should suppress such details? His prevailing conviction was that he had received a call to come out of the world—'a call to a different mode of life,' 'a more severe, separate, self-mortifying course.' 'The great object' (he wrote) 'which I desire to gain from this affliction is a maintained communion with GOD.' And, 'Oh, if all this should pass away, and leave me no nearer to GOD, i.e. *more* worldly!' . . . If, at the end of the first year of his episcopate (November 30th, 1846), he wrote as follows,—*who* with a human heart can withhold a pang of sympathy at the concluding words?

"I have taken some time for prayer and meditation to-day, looking through my former life, reading my former entries. How wonderfully fresh it all is still! How perpetually is SHE before me! In business, in society, when I seem full of other things, how there is a constant under-base ringing secretly in my ears. Yet, how little have I learned of all this sorrow should have taught me."⁴

His five years' incumbency of Alverstoke was eminently fruitful in results, both to the parish and to himself. He built three new Churches and two new parochial Schools, and succeeded in thoroughly stirring up the inner life of a populous and most important district. His Sermons there are said to have been the best he ever produced; and it may well be true, for there is a reality in Sermons prepared for a congregation which a man knows and addresses habitually, which must needs be wanting in discourses prepared (by a Bishop, for example,) for promiscuous gatherings of people between whom and himself there exists no personal tie. He had, moreover, gone through the furnace of severe affliction; which more than anything else imparts something of pathetic earnestness and fervour to what is delivered from the pulpit. But the offer of the Deanery of Westminster in the beginning of 1845, and his elevation to the episcopate at the close of the same year, brought what may be called the first period of his life to a close. At the age of forty,—having successively filled the offices of Assistant Curate, of Incumbent, of Rural Dean, of Canon, of Archdeacon, of Royal Chaplain, and finally of Dean,—he succeeded Dr. Bagot in the Bishopric of Oxford at one of the most trying moments in the History of the English Church. The year 1845 was, in fact, the crisis of the Tractarian movement. Thus was he suddenly translated to a new sphere, to new duties and greatly enlarged responsibilities; and to these he forthwith addressed himself with the energy which was habitual to him.

He found the Diocese in a very backward state. It had consisted of the single county of Oxford till 1836, when Berks was withdrawn from the diocese of Salisbury and added to that of Oxford. In his time it was enlarged to its present dimensions, consisting of the three counties of Oxford, Berks, and Bucks. During the five-and-twenty years immediately preceding his consecration (1820 to 1845), only 22 new Churches had been built in those three counties, 4 rebuilt, 8 restored or enlarged. In the four-and-twenty years of his episcopate, the corresponding totals are:—106 new Churches; Churches rebuilt, 15; Churches restored, 250. He

⁴ *Life*,—i. p. 183.

found the livings in the gift of the Bishop small in number and in value, being but 17 in all. He left them in number 103, comprising most of the important *town* livings, and with increased endowments. But there was a vast deal of work to be done of a less showy kind. Cuddesdon Palace (so called) was very ill adapted for an episcopal residence. It had wondrous little sleeping accommodation,—was without a private Chapel,—had an alehouse in the garden. Wilberforce applied himself at once to the remedy of all such drawbacks. But he did more. He made his existence *felt* throughout the diocese:—corresponded freely with his Clergy:—gathered his Rural-deans and diocesan school-inspectors round him:—conferred with the territorial Laity of his diocese:—broke through the old method of conducting Ordinations:—put the rite of Confirmation on an entirely new footing:—caused it to be everywhere seen and felt that the old order of things had passed away, and that the Bishop of Oxford was inaugurating *a new era in the history of the English episcopate*.—For two years he was in a high degree prosperous and popular. He had earned a brilliant reputation in the House of Lords, and had greatly distinguished himself on many public occasions. But with the months of November and December 1847 this halcyon calm came to an end. His sky became suddenly overcast; and before the year was out, the storm had burst upon him in all its fury.

On Monday, November 15th, 1847, the country was electrified by an announcement in the '*Times*' newspaper that the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, had recommended Dr. Hampden to Her Majesty for the Bishopric of Hereford, vacated by the translation of Dr. Musgrave to the Archbishopric of York. The excitement was instantaneous and universal. By his '*Bampton Lectures*' (1832), Hampden had given grievous offence to the University of Oxford, which his '*Observations on Religious Dissent*' (1834) had but served to aggravate. Notwithstanding this, in 1836, Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, had appointed him Regius Professor of Divinity. This called attention to his previous utterances, and men of all shades of opinion in the University at once combined against him in defence of the most sacred of causes. He was publicly censured in a crowded Convocation by a majority of 474 to 94. A large proportion of the Bishops also signified their disapprobation of Lord Melbourne's appointment, and the censure of the University received new emphasis in 1842, through the failure of a determined effort then made to set it aside. Lord John's selection of such an individual for the office of Chief Pastor in 1847 was therefore nothing else but a deliberate insult offered to the Church and to the University,—not to say to the conscientious convictions of the whole body of the Clergy and of the religious laity. The consequence was that the country was thrown into a ferment. Meetings were held: petitions poured in: the very newspapers denounced the appointment as improper. The '*Times*,' then a steady supporter of the Government, in a leading article, declared,—'We cannot imagine on what principle or motive it has been adventured.' In the end, thirteen of the Bishops (including Samuel Wilberforce) signed a Remonstrance to Lord John Russell, who had also been separately addressed even more strongly in the same sense by Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Longley, Bishop of Ripon. All

was well done so far. No charges had been brought against Hampden by the remonstrating Bishops, no opinion expressed as to the justice of the imputations under which he laboured, for *that* would have been to prejudice what might afterwards be the subject of judicial inquiry. They had but represented that the fact of the existence of such charges, and the very general and deep feeling which prevailed on the subject, constituted reason enough why a Minister responsible for the exercise of the most delicate of the functions of the Royal Prerogative, should pause in giving effect to the appointment of such an one as Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford.

Undeterred by Lord John's unfavourable reply, the Bishop of Oxford at once urged the Minister, in a long private letter, to give Hampden (as he had before given Prince Lee, Bishop of Manchester,) the opportunity of clearing himself before a competent tribunal from the charges against him; representing, that in this way the Church would be fully satisfied. But his well-meant endeavour failed utterly. It became daily more apparent that Wilberforce must of necessity be forced into the front rank of the coming conflict, the rectory of Ewelme (which Hampden held as Regius Professor of Divinity) being in the Oxford Diocese; and calamitous for the Church and for him in the highest degree it was, that, from the accident of his position, so perilous a responsibility was thrust upon him. His temperament made him a peculiarly unfit person to stand in the breach at such a time. Truly, it was as if diabolical ingenuity had contrived the snare into which the versatility of his nature, not to say his very talents and virtues, were pretty sure to draw him headlong.

In the meantime, Theological Articles had been drawn up in Oxford, and application was made to Wilberforce for 'Letters of Request,' referring the case to the Court of Arches. 'It would not, in my judgment,' (he replied) 'be right for *me* to *promote* any suit against Dr. Hampden; but if such a suit were begun in the Consistory Court of this diocese I should at once transmit it.' Ten days after (Dec. 15th) appeared Dr. Hampden's 'Letter to Lord John Russell,' containing (to Wilberforce's great disappointment) *no* request for a judicial investigation, but merely complaining of Tractarian persecution, and reiterating professions of his own orthodoxy. Next day Wilberforce signed the 'Letters of Request,' by which he gave his sanction to the commencement of a suit in the Arches Court, in which definite charges would be alleged against Dr. Hampden, and full opportunity given him to purge himself of all suspicion of false doctrine. And had the Bishop stirred no further, all might even yet have been well. But at this juncture he took a false, or rather he took a fatal step. He had signed the 'Letters of Request' under pressure on the part of the promoters of the suit. No sooner had he done so, than he got them to consent to the withdrawal of the 'Letters,' if he could induce Hampden to give satisfactory assurances as to some of the points on which the language of the '*Bampton Lectures*' and the '*Observations on Religious Dissent*' were most disquieting. Accordingly, in an evil hour he addressed a letter to Dr. Hampden, formulating eleven heads of inquiry, and inviting the other 'to avow his unhesitating acceptance of them,' as well as to

consent to withdraw the two publications which had given so much and such general offence.

It is hard to understand how so able a man could fail to perceive that by writing this letter he had completely shifted his ground, and thereby had lost his footing. He had constituted himself at once Dr. Hampden's accuser and judge. That his intentions were the purest and the kindest, and that he was seeking the peace of the Church:—that his Articles of Inquiry were ably drawn, and that, if answered satisfactorily, they would probably have done much to disarm further opposition:—all this, however true, is beside the question. He entirely miscalculated his own powers of persuasion, as well as misunderstood the *animus* of his opponent. He forwarded a copy of his letter to Lord John, who sent him in reply a saucy comment on it. From Dr. Hampden himself, *of course*, he obtained no satisfaction. It would appear, therefore, that the suit must proceed. In the meantime the Bishop heard, through the Provost of Oriel, that the '*Observations on Religious Dissent*' were not being sold or circulated with Dr. Hampden's sanction, but against his wish. He also learned, but from a different source, that by suffering the 'Letters of Request' to go forward, his own act would be far more judicial, and less simply ministerial, than he had supposed. He therefore withdrew them, but made an elaborate endeavour, through the Provost of Oriel, to re-open negotiations with Dr. Hampden. The latter had long since astutely put himself into the hands of the lawyers, and would no longer give even the slender amount of satisfaction for which alone the Bishop now pleaded. In fact he would make no answer at all. Finally (Dec. 28th), the Bishop of Oxford, at the close of a long letter to Dr. Hampden, wherein he recapitulated what had been his motives from the beginning, and the ground of each successive step which he had taken in the business, wrote concerning the '*Bampton Lectures*' as follows:—

"I have now carefully studied them throughout, with the aid of those explanations of their meaning which you have furnished to the public since their first publication, and now in your private communications. The result of this examination, I am bound plainly to declare, is my own conviction that they do not justly warrant those suspicions of unsoundness to which they have given rise, and which, so long as I trusted to selected extracts, I myself shared. For these suspicions of your meaning, and for the consequent distrust of the University, I must with equal frankness say that I discern the cause, (whilst your works remained unexplained and the minds of men unassured by your full profession of the faith), &c. . . . But, allowing for the blemishes of what was, I believe, a necessarily hasty composition, and taking into account, as I now can, your various explanations and assurances, I find in the '*Lectures*' little which will not admit of a favourable construction."³

'The Hampden business' in this way certainly reached a singularly 'lame and impotent conclusion.' In Canon Ashwell's published '*Life*,' uncommon pains have been taken to set the entire transaction fairly and clearly before the reader; and assuredly the materials for forming an accurate judgment on every chief actor in it are not wanting. One cannot affect surprise, when it is remembered that the principal letters appeared in the newspapers of the day, that calumny and misrepresentation were successful in blackening the character of the Bishop of Oxford; yet, no

one acquainted with the whole business will pretend to fasten a stain on his integrity, in consequence of any act or saying of his from first to last. He was rash, impetuous, unguarded; over-trustful, over-sanguine, over-generous:—showed himself vacillating and ‘infirm of purpose’; unduly self-reliant, and displaying a marvellous absence of judicial discretion. All this, and more, may be said of Wilberforce in respect of ‘the Hampden business.’ Thus, it may with truth be declared that he showed himself incompetent to discern and to deal with the heretical teaching of such an one as Hampden.⁶ But at least his *honesty of purpose and simplicity of intention* cannot be overlooked: his integrity and perfect good faith *cannot* be impeached. The one person who comes out of that strife with an ugly stain upon his shield, a blot which will never be obliterated, was the Prime Minister of the day,—Lord John Russell. In singling out industriously from the entire body of the Clergy a man under suspicion of heresy and labouring under the gravest censure, in order to make *that* man a Bishop,—he was guilty of a flagitious abuse of the prerogative of his office; and, as chief adviser of the Queen, showed an unpatriotic disregard for the welfare of her Crown in a very delicate and important particular touching the Royal Supremacy. He afforded a short-lived triumph to the enemies of Religion and of the Church, no doubt; but his appointment of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford was acceptable to none besides. For twenty-one years an important diocese was paralysed by the heavy incubus of his choice; and it will be remembered against him in history, that in two of his appointments to important sees he selected men who were plainly bound in the first instance to clear themselves from the gravest disqualifying charges before a judicial tribunal.⁷—With the year 1847, the first volume of the ‘Life of Wilberforce’ comes to a close. The biographer who undertakes to weave the story of the ensuing years, is perplexed by no more such episodes in a career otherwise brilliant and successful beyond precedent. And now I resume what I was interrupted in saying at page 248.

Should it ever come to be inquired hereafter,—Wherein does Wilberforce’s claim to the Church’s gratitude chiefly consist?—the answer ought not to be far to seek. He imparted a new character to the work of an English Bishop: left on the entire Episcopate the abiding impress of his own earnest spirit and extraordinary genius. The popular notion of a Bishop’s office before his time was connected above all things with images of dignified leisure and serene isolation. On the contrary, ever since Samuel Wilberforce was appointed to the see of Oxford, it has been identified with nothing so much as incessant labour, ubiquitous exertion, the utmost publicity. Wilberforce set before himself the necessity of restoring to full efficiency the ancient mechanism of the diocese. Thus, his Rural Deans were not only taught to hold Chapters, and to submit for discussion questions of the day to the Clergy of their respective rural deaneries,—reporting the result to the Bishop; but they were periodically invited to Cuddesdon for deliberation with their Chief. In this way were

⁶ The reader is invited to refer back to p. 119, note (5).

⁷ Which furnished occasion for the epigram:—

‘Lord John had bishops to provide,
And chose—two precious Turks.
One bishop for his *Faith* was tried;
The other, for his *Works*.’

first set on foot those many Diocesan Associations which, under his personal guidance, were in the end brought to a state of the highest efficiency. Countless were the schemes he originated for stimulating the religious life of his diocese;—as, by local Conferences,—by gatherings of the Clergy and laity,—by public meetings held for Church purposes,—and later on by 'MISSIONS'; which, as *he* conducted them, were without those un-English characteristics which it has since been the endeavour of a party within the Church to fasten upon them. He devoted nine or ten days every Lent to some country town in his diocese. And throughout that period, with the zealous co-operation of the local Clergy, (for all surrounding villages were comprehended in the scheme), he arranged a series of Services and Sermons for the entire district: while, at head-quarters, by daily Addresses, frequent Communion, and a stirring evening Sermon assigned to some conspicuous preacher, he endeavoured effectually to break the crust of formalism, and to rouse the slumbering spiritual life of the many thousands whom he despaired of ever reaching in any other way. He certainly gathered round himself on such occasions a rare amount of eloquence, earnestness, and ability; and although it might be difficult afterwards to gauge the exact amount of good achieved, or to define precisely its character, there can be no doubt at all that the effect produced *was* considerable, and the result an almost unmingled gain. For the inhabitants of the chosen district to overlook the fact that a great effort was being made and with the purest of intentions,—was at least impossible. The sight of a considerable body of Clergy, with their Bishop at their head, engaged in a spiritual crusade, could not but favourably impress alike the friends and the foes of Religion; while it is hard to believe that the opening and the concluding Services and Sermons, to say nothing of the daily Addresses, failed to produce an abiding impression in many quarters. . . . The Clergy who took part in those efforts will not easily forget the gatherings which concluded each day, at which the Bishop was generally present, (*he ought never to have been absent*); and at which the conversation was often truly helpful, and always interesting in a high degree. It turned of course invariably on the business in hand, and the remarks of the Chief Pastor were conceived in his happiest and worthiest manner,—serious, original, practical, and steeped in that fervent piety which was habitual with him when he spoke most naturally.

Wilberforce, too, it was who set the example (at S. Mary-the-Virgin's, in Oxford,) of organizing those LENTEN COURSES OF SERMONS by the most eminent preachers of the day, which have since grown everywhere into an institution. The system, I mean, was an invention of his own: and it was from the first attended with extraordinary success. It was speedily extended from S. Mary's to S. Giles' church. A mere enumeration of the preachers for 1865-66 will show the character of the teaching. Those preachers were the men we now speak of as Abp. Thomson;—Bishops Wilberforce, Woodford, T. L. Claughton, Moberly, Wordsworth, Magee, Mackarness, Milman, Moorhouse:—Deans Alford, Mansel, Goulburn, Bickersteth, Butler:—Canons Pusey, Liddon, Shirley, F. K. Leighton, Burrows, Eden:—Archd. Grant:—Rev. R. M. Benson, R.

Randall, T. T. Carter, A. B. Evans, J. Lawrell, D. Moore, James Skinner. The example thus set at Oxford was followed by our Cathedrals, and then was taken up by the great towns. The result of course has been that the same concentration of power which was exhibited in the first instance at S. Mary's, is no longer *possible*; for the simple reason that men of the calibre Wilberforce succeeded in bringing together, have long since become themselves the fixed centres of other circles, and are therefore no longer available. These courses of Sermons the chief Pastor *always* introduced in person. And the pattern of ungrudging self-sacrifice which he thus set to his Clergy enabled him to require of them in turn greater ministerial activity within their respective cures; so that what had been a singularly neglected diocese became in the end a pattern of earnest and efficient administration.

"‘I recollect,’ said one who is now almost, if not quite, the senior member of the University—‘I recollect when a Bishop of Oxford never drove into Oxford without four horses and two powdered footmen; and what does Sam do? He gets upon a horse and rides in by himself, without so much as a groom behind him! I met him myself, to-day.’”

Such was indeed his habit: and many an interesting story could once have been repeated of the advantage which his love of riding gave him; as, in galloping across the Berkshire Downs in order to clear up some local broil, or showing himself unexpectedly in some remote part of his diocese; the clue to his sudden apparition being that he was on a visit ten miles off, and had resolved to utilize the afternoon in this particular way. While I write, a laughable incident presents itself:—Wilberforce on a certain occasion met me on my way to college, and put a sovereign into my hands, requesting me to pay it for him into the Old Bank, to the S. P. G. account. I promised to do so as soon as I had finished a letter. But at a few minutes to four, in comes a gossiping friend. ‘I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me. I want to go to the Bank.’ ‘What for?’ ‘To pay in this sovereign’ (showing it) ‘which the Bishop of Oxford made me promise just now to pay in for him.’ ‘*That’s my sovereign!*’ shouted the other, making an ineffectual attempt to recover it; and he related how the Bishop had met him riding over Shotover Hill and *taken it from him by force* an hour or two before. It was obvious to get the Bishop to explain, which he did with infinite zest. ‘O you shall hear! I overtook —,’ (naming the uncle of a neighbouring magnate), ‘out of whom, as you know, I never can get anything, and discovered that he was riding into Oxford with a bag of gold which he wanted to deposit at the Bank. I caught him by the collar, and insisted on his giving me a pound. He begged very hard, but I told him I would not let him off. So, after a deal of grumbling and protesting, he produced a sovereign, in order to get released.’ Wilberforce’s amusement on being told the sequel of the story—the recognition of ‘*my sovereign*’ just as it disappeared from sight for ever—may be imagined.

Pre-eminently successful was the method which he observed in respect of his ORDINATIONS. The days at Cuddesdon were days which Candidates for the Ministry found it impossible ever to forget, or rather

which they learned to look back upon ever after with gratitude and secret joy. The examination was felt to be in every sense a reality. The Candidates,—(domiciled under the Bishop's roof, or in the college opposite, or at the vicarage),—singly as well as collectively were brought daily within the sphere of the Bishop's influence; and in the private chapel of the palace, besides listening every day to a short address, they received on the eve of their Ordination a Charge which for persuasiveness and power certainly seemed far superior to anything of the kind they were ever invited to listen to in after years. The questions were never printed, but delivered orally by the Bishop to the assembled candidates; the answer to the last being treated as private, namely,—‘What have you discovered to be the chief drawback and hindrance to your Ministry?’ (or words to that effect). This was addressed to the candidates for Priesthood. The consequence might be divined. At the private interview the Bishop showed himself really acquainted with the man before him; and blending the language of affection with the dignity of his office, contrived to establish a permanent relation between himself and the candidate which might easily ripen afterwards into friendship, but could not possibly be forgotten or ignored. He wisely held his Ordinations sometimes in the larger towns of his diocese, whereby the *reality* of the ordinance was set before the eyes of the common people, who were made to feel that the gift conveyed must needs be some real thing. To every candidate, before the imposition of his hands, he presented a copy of the Holy Scriptures, with a short inscription on the fly-leaf. How highly that trifling gift was prized by the recipient there is no need surely to declare. Many of his practices which have become general since, were unique *then*; and this is one of them. Perhaps the following outline from the Bishop's pen of what had been the practice in the Oxford diocese before his own time, will best show the extent of the Church's obligations in *one* respect to Samuel Wilberforce:—

‘The Ordination has hitherto been conducted thus:—The Archdeacon of Oxford (Archd. Clerke) managed all about it, and examined the candidates in his rooms, as a student of Christ Church, and settled who was and who was not to be ordained. The Bishop came on the Saturday to Oxford, gave a Charge to the candidates; and, next day, proceeded to ordain in the Cathedral.’⁹

But above all, in his manner of performing the rite of CONFIRMATION, was Bishop Wilberforce felicitous. The remark must be repeated that men are now grown so used to his method, (for it has been freely reproduced in other dioceses), that they lose sight of the purely perfunctory method of administering the sacred rite which would appear to have prevailed universally in the first quarter of the present century; when, hurriedly to lay hands on row after row of children kneeling before the communion-rails, and, at each relay of candidates, to pronounce the words of blessing once for all,—was regarded as the sum of the Bishop's function. Wilberforce used to commence the rite with a short, earnest, affectionate Address, during which the candidates were requested to stand,—while the rest of the congregation sat. And how skilfully would he then adapt what he had to say to the circumstances of the locality and of the people! At Eton, before the assembled school:—at S. James's,

⁹ *Life*,—i. pp. 300-3.

Piccadilly, where most of the candidates were young ladies:—in a densely populated town parish:—or again in a sparse agricultural district;—it was marvellous how diverse was the manner as well as the matter of his Address. It was impossible even for a casual looker-on not to be impressed with the belief that a turning-point in the life of each one before him had been reached; and that the Chief Pastor's one object was to bring home this conviction to the hearts of all his hearers. Accordingly, well-chosen words of sympathy and of counsel,—of encouragement and of exhortation,—were set off with images derived from familiar sights. Amid the Berkshire Downs,—in order to explain that *forgotten* is not *forgiven* sin,—he reminded the lads how their footprints in yesterday's snow were all still *there*, although the slight snowfall of last night had effectually hidden them from view.—Noticing on another occasion, near the entrance of a village, a tree in full leaf lying across the road,—(it had been slowly undermined by a streamlet, which, having by degrees washed away the earth, had at last disengaged one by one the stones which had for years kept it upright, and a sudden storm of wind last night had done the rest),—he availed himself of the image (with which all present were familiar) to illustrate the history of many a calamitous fall.—There is no telling how persuasively such parables were put, and how convincing they seemed to all, as arguments.—A brief period of silence was maintained in the Church for the purpose of invoking a blessing on those who were about to be confirmed; and when all was ended, a second Address—a kind of parting Charge—was delivered to the candidates. . . . It would be hard to say whether it was the solemn pathos of the rite, or the exquisite tenderness of the chief functionary, which was chiefly conspicuous on such occasions. But lookers-on were melted to tears; and those who were proof against such outward signs of emotion freely owned that they had never before seen anything of the sort so admirably done. A passage from the 'Life of Wilberforce' claims insertion here:—

"No description can convey any adequate conception of the impressiveness of the whole rite as he administered it. Sympathy with the young was a marked feature in his character, and he felt intensely the possibilities for good which were before the young people presented to him. Then, it was one of Bishop Wilberforce's peculiar gifts that when he did thus realise anything very deeply, his whole bearing, voice and gesture, eye and countenance, were, if such an expression may be permitted, transfigured by the thought or feeling which possessed him; so that the living man as he stood before you was, almost without words, the expression of that feeling. When, in addition to all this, his power of language is remembered, the energy and deep feeling which was apparent in every sentence and every tone, together with his charm of voice and special fertility and variety of phrase, no one will be surprised at the prodigious impression which his Confirmations always made alike upon the young and upon the old. The Addresses were not prepared; or perhaps it would be more correct to say they were not written, at least not after the first few years of his Episcopate. The preparation was rather of *himself* than of that which he was about to utter, and was usually that which preceded many of his most effective Sermons,—namely, a few minutes of very deep attention, concentrated upon one or two master thoughts. Then, with these thoughts in full possession of his mind, the fitting word-vesture seemed to follow as matter of course: words and sentences flowing on and on, and adapting themselves to the specialities of the audience and the locality.—as the curves of a river follow the contour of the country through which it flows."¹

¹ *Life*,—i. pp. 392-3.

Especially interesting is it after the eloquent passage which precedes, to hear Wilberforce's own account of the matter :—

"There is so much of deep interest in a Confirmation, that it takes a great deal out of one. The *present* interest is intense. The single opportunity of making, if God will, a dint in a character: the gathering in, if they have been watched over and prayed for, the fruit of past weeks: the raising them to something quite new, if they have been neglected: then, all the old interest of Brighstone and Alverstoke wakes up. I remember the deep anxiety with which I presented one and another, the fear, the doubt, the trembling hope, the joy with which I saw one and another come forward, and the after fulfilment or disappointment. And then our Bishop's visits were so hailed by *her*, and she was so beautiful as the reserve which had always gathered melted under his coming and his kindness."

Before passing on, one cannot help recalling certain characteristic features of the Bishop's method on such occasions, which used forcibly to impress the incumbent of the place where he was going to confirm. "Tell me"—(he would whisper, drawing you aside into a corner)—"what you wish me to say to them." You told him who and what they all were; explained the trouble you had had to persuade some of them to come at all; begged him to speak words of encouragement, or of warning, to certain of the younger ones whom you promised to indicate to him,—words of praise to a few of the aged sort. And O how entirely as well as how eagerly he caught the spirit of your few hasty words, and electrified each set in turn as he singled them out for notice! . . . The Oxford Workhouse on one occasion supplied its contingent of pauper candidates,—old men and women. The Bishop, on spying them out, (for I had requested him to say a few words specially to *them*), enlarged on the vices of the denizens of a workhouse, with such mastery of the subject,—showed himself so thoroughly at home with their low habits and degraded life,—that one of the party was heard to exclaim to his comrade;—"I say! . . . I'll tell you *what*; that man knows a *little too much* about it!" (I believe the speaker suspected the Bishop of being a reformed 'casual'.)—In a neglected agricultural district, if he noticed in any one of the candidates unbecoming levity of manner, he would single out such an one, and make an example of him or her before the rest. His way of doing this was inimitable: the effect was astonishing. It *made* the rite a great success, even if the issue of the day had before seemed trembling in the balance.

I have been enumerating several points which constitute Samuel Wilberforce's special claim to the Church's gratitude. It remains to point out that, with regard to CONVOCATION, the Church is indebted to him more than to any other man for having restored it to life and usefulness after its lethargic slumber of more than a century. It was *his* resolute hand that opened those long-closed doors. And since then, it was *his* tact, *his* sagacity, *his* energy, that recovered for Convocation, one by one, its ancient privileges. Let it suffice to have touched thus briefly on a very large subject.

Those only who were admitted to the Bishop's confidence,—or, at least, had often seen him in private,—are qualified to speak of his actual

character. He had a facility alike in assuming and in throwing off the burdens of his office and station, which might easily mislead. To see him at his own table, for instance, surrounded by twenty or thirty guests, and still more to *hear* him,—a stranger might have gone away and remembered him only as a brilliant talker, a delightful companion; and straightway jumped to the conclusion that it was for his ‘convivial qualities’ that the Bishop of Oxford was chiefly conspicuous. No one who really knew him, even a little, could make so complete a mistake. But it may be readily granted that the Bishop was at no pains to put the ‘rank and file’ of his acquaintance on the right scent. He would partake freely of the good things before him. And then, he was the very best of table-talkers. His vivacity increased as the entertainment proceeded. He had an endless flow of anecdote. His power of repartee was marvellous. When he was *sure* of his company, he would not only be confidential but unguarded to a degree. It may be questioned if any who knew and loved him did not take the more care of him *because* he was so careless of himself. But to return to the dinner. His habit at his own table,—(by the way, he always sat *in the middle* of it),—was to gather in front of him, and at his right and left, the choicest spirits present; and further to station one of his best lieutenants at either extremity of the hospitable board, with an injunction to them to “keep the company at that end entertained.” (And O the droll way in which he would contrive to listen to a favourite lieutenant’s story, though he seemed fully occupied with his neighbours; and would presently procure general silence, and insist that—‘*Now* we are going to have *that* story over again!’) . . . The hilarity of those gatherings was sometimes extraordinary, and the almost *boyish* spirits with which the Bishop would throw himself into the topic of the moment, . . . already hinted, was pretty sure to mislead a superficial observer.

But how had he been occupied for the eight or ten hours before dinner? Let us try to recall. . . . Prayers in the private Chapel of the palace ended, there had been breakfast,—a social and cheerful meal: although the formidable pile of letters of all shapes and sizes at the Bishop’s side (sure harbingers of a busy and anxious day) kept him tolerably occupied—sometimes thoughtful—all breakfast time. At 10 he retired to his library, requesting his Archdeacons, Chaplains, and Clergy, to follow him speedily: so that long before 11 they had plunged *in medias res*,—the business (whatever it was) which had brought them all up to Cuddesdon. At the end of two or three hours of application, most of those present had slipped away for luncheon, and again returned to sit in conclave. Wilberforce alone could never be persuaded to stir. I once *brought* him a biscuit and a glass of sherry. He thanked me for my zeal, laughing, but was inexorable. He ‘never did,’ and was ‘better without it.’ The long summer afternoon wore away, and the room at last grew oppressively close. At o’clock, nods and winks indicative of exhaustion were freely interchanged: but no one moved,—the chief personage having as yet shown no signs of fatigue. At length the clock struck six: and “I say!” (exclaimed some bold spirit) “I have got the cramp, and must go for a walk.” The standard of rebellion once set up, the room began to clear.

"Well then," (the Bishop would say), "we had better break off, for I see some of you are getting tired." So satisfactory a recognition of a fact which was altogether undeniable produced a general rising of the faithful band which remained, and a pleasant vision floated before each one's eyes of a rush through the sweet evening air before having to dress for dinner. Vain dream! "My dear Randall, *you* are not leaving us,—are you?" The good old man murmured something about "not minding stopping." This act of self-sacrifice was so gratefully acknowledged that it was quite impossible for "my dear Clerke," or "my dear Bickersteth," or "my dear Pott," or "my dear anything else" to decline,—as the Bishop challenged us severally to do him the great favour to stay and help him with his post. In this way he secured the services of about a dozen white negroes, whom he overwhelmed with thanks and blotting-paper,—placing them round the long table which was covered with writing implements, and at which he had already taken his seat. "Now then, are you ready?" (throwing a letter across to "my dear Woodford,")—"Begin, 'My dear sir,' and finish, 'yours truly.' Say, 'I shall be glad to come at your Church on the day and at the hour you propose. I trust your wife is by this time restored to health.' Thank you!"—"Will *you*" (turning to the man on his left and handing him a letter) "explain to him that I cannot possibly sanction what would be a grave irregularity, but that, &c. &c. Begin, 'Dear Mr. So-and-so,' and end 'very faithfully yours.' Thank you, my dear Pearson!"—Then, turning with another letter to the man on his right,—“Tell him, please, that I have an engagement for the 17th which will hinder me doing what he wishes. But, would another afternoon after the 17th and before the 20th suit him? Thank you, dear Leighton! Begin, 'My dear' (calling him by his surname), and end it 'yours affectionately.'”—To the next scribe,—“Begin, 'My dear Mrs.' (naming her), 'Yes, we all grow older. Thank you much for your photograph. I enclose you in return what you are so good as to ask for.' I will finish it myself.”—To the next,—“Begin, 'Reverend sir, I have read with surprise yours of the 13th, and can only refer you to the letter I sent you on the same subject a week ago.'”—To the next,—“Dear Sir,—the last sherry was excellent. I shall be glad if you will send me a further supply of precisely the same quality at the same price.’ . . . This went on till every pen at table was heard scratching; the Bishop dashing off the more important notes with his own hand; only pausing at short intervals to glance over the work of his scribes, to sign his name, and to furnish the letter-writer with another job: every envelope as soon as finished being thrown into a basket. In this way perhaps forty, fifty, sixty letters were achieved, and the clock had already struck seven. All yawned,—but one. *He* turned an imploring look to "my dear Randall." The letters had not yet been registered in the log-book. "O yes, I'll do it." And now, the contents of the basket being transferred to the post-bag, we were all again thanked and invited to dress for dinner, with the information that A B C D (gentry of the neighbourhood), with wives and daughters, were coming, and that they had been invited for eight o'clock.³ Wilberforce had been

³ I shall not, I trust, incur severe censure if I venture to subjoin the beginning of a letter

from Canon Hugh Pearson, (dated "Sonning, Feb. 5 [1860,]") in which,—besides commenting

hard at work for nine hours, and had still 'a little thing which he *must* do before he could go to dress.' He looked thoroughly fagged. On reappearing in the drawing-room, however, a more entire contrast can hardly be imagined. He looked at least ten years younger. Every mark of thought and care had vanished from his brow. It was as if he had *combed out his cares*.⁴ *Then came the dinner*,—already referred to in page 257.

Dinner ended, after a few civilities to his guests, when he had sufficiently set things going in the drawing-room, he was to be seen in a corner, on a sofa which exactly held two persons. He beckoned to you,—his forefinger being first extended horizontally, then pointed vertically to the vacant part of the sofa. Seated by his side, you were drawn closer, and heard,—“All sorts of strange reports have reached me of the scrape which E. has got into. Pray do *insense* me. You must know all about it.” When you had done *insensing*, he would consult you as to what course it would be best for himself to pursue; ending with a request that you would send F. to him. F. accordingly occupied the seat you had just vacated; and you knew very well that the Bishop was arranging with him about a meeting of Clergy to be held next month at G. F. in turn was requested to pick out H., and send him to him. . . . In this way not a little of the business of the diocese was helped forward a stage, while half the party were chatting about nothing in one drawing-room,—the rest, listening to music in the other.

His powers of work were truly surprising, and he would get through what he had to do under conditions which with most men would have been fatal to serious effort. An amusing instance of this belongs to the last year of his archidiaconate (1844), when, having been commanded to preach next day before the Queen,—(the order did not reach him till after dinner),—he was under the necessity of travelling, in November, through the Saturday night at the tail of a goods' train, crossing the Solent on the Sunday morning, in order to be in time to preach at Osborne, and of writing his sermon at intervals on the way:—

“In after years Bishop Wilberforce was fond of telling the story of this Saturday night's journey, and of the inconvenience he experienced in writing his sermon for the morrow in a carriage attached to a train of trucks, which was continually stopping, and which had no buffers to break the shock of each stoppage. Far ahead at the other end of the train he could hear the *bump* of the first truck, and then of the next, and of the next, until, as it neared his own turn, the ink had to be secured from upsetting, and himself and his paraphernalia prepared for the constantly recurring jolt.”⁵

Yet he not only achieved his Sermon, but wrote a long letter to his

on the text,—he informs me of the loss the reader has sustained by my having omitted to press him, (I *did* ask H. P.), for some reminiscences of his own:—“My dear Dean,—Murray sent me the ‘Quarterly,’ and I read the Article with the greatest delight. It is admirable,—to the *l/fo*:—the scene at the writing-table, quite capital. I only lament that I had not tried to give you some of my reminiscences. I often thought of it, but put off from day to day;

and I rather thought I should have heard from you when the Article was to appear. I could have added very little. Perhaps you might have liked a description of one of his Sunday visits here, when he came down in the Summer, just for the day. He was always at his best then.”

⁴ The reader may care to turn back to p. 191.

⁵ *L/fo*.—l. p. 243.

adopted sister besides, which he finished on board the steamer. The most singular part of the matter, however, was that Wilberforce's *appetite* for work was so extraordinary. Several instances of this present themselves, one of which may stand as a sample for the rest.

A fortnight before the examination, it was his practice to direct candidates for Priests' orders instantly to post and send him to Cuddesdon the *last two* sermons they had preached. The morning and afternoon homilies, delivered in an obscure Berkshire village on a certain Sunday in December 1849, were accordingly forwarded to headquarters by the present writer, not without trepidation. The first (on 'The Day of Judgment') contained a considerable extract from Pearson on the Creed. The second was unusually severe on the sin of stealing,—the squiress, who was also the Lady-Bountiful of the village,⁶ having just been robbed of her ducks,—a loss which sorely exercised her woman's nature. It was not the creatures she cared for; but "to think of anyone having the heart to come and steal from *me*!" Accordingly, without exactly mentioning the ducks, the preacher had made it perfectly plain what he was alluding to. The examination over, he was sent for into the Bishop's library.—"We find your papers the best we have had this time." The man began to breathe freely.—"I have read both your sermons." (O good-gracious!—*the ducks*!) "They are all very well; but I think a *prolonged extract from Pearson* is somewhat out of place,—has a dry, formal sound,—in a village sermon. And those remarks about stealing, in the other sermon,—*I suppose they were occasioned by something which had recently happened, eh?*" It was but too plain that the Bishop had spelled out every word.—He showed the same powers of endurance in wading through the Answers of his candidates, many of which he would discuss with them during the interview which took place on the night previous to Ordination.

Every one who ever travelled with him will remember how he utilized a railway journey to write his letters. So overwhelmed was he with correspondence, that his favourite resource on such occasions was,—(it being well understood that the guard must always give him a carriage to himself),—to get out his writing materials, and to scribble on a kind of swing-desk. These missives he dated from 'The Train,' and they were really almost as legible as his letters written under the most favourable conditions. In this way he would frequently dash off two or three dozen short letters in the course of a railway journey of a couple of hours; for he wrote with great rapidity, and his writing was unusually large. This practice of his is well known. But all are not aware that in crazy vehicles, and even when travelling on bad roads, he would still pursue his correspondence. It is related,—

"*A propos* of his practice of writing letters in railway-carriages, that, having dated a letter so written, 'Rail, near Reading,' the receiver, ignorant alike of his identity, and of his habit, directed the reply as follows:—

'S. Oxon, Esq.,
Rail,
Near Reading.'

⁶ Miss Mary Anne Morland, of West Ilsley, —one of the best of women. Her *trade* was to befriend the poor of that village. She was

simply unwearied in good deeds. Her kindness to the Curate of the village, he can never forget.

Nevertheless the letter was delivered within a post or two at the Bishop's London address,—61 Eaton Place. The envelope was preserved for many years as an example of the perception of the officials of the Post-Office.”⁷

This feature in Wilberforce's character may not be dismissed so briefly. It has been so excellently touched upon by Canon Ashwell, that some further details may reasonably find place here from his admirable ‘*Introduction*’ to the ‘*Life*’ :—

“Perhaps no man ever possessed a more remarkable power of working at all times, and of using up odds and ends of time,—a faculty which of itself indicates a more than common vital force. He was passionately fond of North Wales, and frequently spent some time there in the autumn, taking the opportunity to speak and preach for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The details of his return journey from one of these Welsh visits are too characteristic to be omitted. He had preached on the Sunday; and on the Monday morning, leaving his hosts at Coed Coch near Conway, he travelled viâ Chester and Shrewsbury to Plâs Machynlleth, the residence of Earl Vane, now the Marquis of Londonderry. He arrived at 4 p.m. Saddle-horses were awaiting him, and with the friend who accompanied him, he scoured the country—hill and valley—until 8 p.m., barely allowing himself ten minutes to dress for dinner; and this, after a railway journey of full 180 miles. The next day he was driven to a spot well known to Welsh tourists, Minfford, at the base of Cader Idris, which he ascended and descended on foot, a serious climb for a man already nearly sixty. On Wednesday morning he attended, and spoke at, a meeting for the Propagation Society at Aberystwith; then walked some miles to a neighbouring house to luncheon; then travelled ninety miles by rail, and ten more by road, to Llangedwyn, the residence of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, arriving at 8.45; dinner at 9, and bed at 12.45. On the Thursday morning, after a 6 o'clock breakfast, he was off before 7,—reached Crewe between 8 and 9,—and London, at 1.30. There he had a multitude of appointments occupying the time until 4.30; after which, he left town for Salisbury, where by 8 he was ready to join a large party at the Bishop's; and then, after dinner, he entertained the whole company in the drawing-room, by a reading of ‘*Enoch Arden*,’ then just published. The traffic manager had given him a carriage to himself: so that, during the journey to Salisbury, he had both written his day's letters and dressed for dinner.”⁸

It may be freely conceded that Bishop Wilberforce paid the inevitable penalty of a life of such continuous action,—namely, that there remained to him but few opportunities for either reading or writing. In order to achieve his well-known article on ‘*Essays and Reviews*’ which appeared in the ‘*Quarterly*,’ he was obliged (he told me) to shut himself up entirely at Cuddesdon for a fortnight. There are but twelve hours in the day. Into those twelve hours, he habitually *forced* the work of eighteen, if not of four-and-twenty: but reading, which is to bear fruit, will not submit to be so disposed of; and he was much too clear-sighted a man to make the attempt. His was, to an extraordinary extent, a life of action. Once, on hearing of a friend's promotion to the episcopate,—‘Ah,’ (I heard him exclaim), ‘and now he will degenerate into a mere administrator.’ It must in fact be apparent to all, that the nature and amount of episcopal work renders systematic study next to impossible. And yet, to some extent, Wilberforce *did* read. On coming down one morning to breakfast, at Turvey Abbey, he confessed that he had risen at six, and had carefully mastered twenty pages of Pusey's ‘*Book of Daniel*.’ He was reading the work through; but could only find time for it by early rising. He only read such books as he deemed indispensable; getting the substance of

⁷ *Introduction to ‘Life,’*—l. p. 31.

⁸ *Ibid.*,—p. 24.

many others chiefly by conversation with those who had read them carefully, and on whose judgment he knew that he might rely.

My brother-in-law (C. L. H.)⁹ recalls an occasion when,

"After a very hard day's work,—during which he had confirmed candidates, preached at the re-opening of a Church, spoken two or three times, and done much beside in a manner which perhaps no person but himself could have accomplished,—the Bishop returned in the evening to Turvey, where he was staying. A small party had been invited to meet him at dinner, and there was some bright and pleasant conversation. When the time came for retiring into the drawing-room, the Bishop, who looked a little fatigued, said to me,—'There is nothing which makes me more absolutely disgusted with myself than feeling tired when evening comes. What business have I to be tired? nothing gives me any comfort at all but that verse in the Psalms,—"Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening;" and so, I suppose, that when evening comes, he *may* rest.' After this, he brightened up and talked incessantly for two hours. Prayers had been said, and a move at length having been proposed, (it was long after midnight,) the Bishop requested that he might go into the library to get a volume of a Father whom he mentioned, as he wished to look out a passage in his writings before going to bed. Pulling out a large folio, he marched up-stairs with the volume under his arm."

The wonder with me was, how he ever found it possible to write—what he was so frequently called upon to preach—namely, a Sermon. Never, certainly, could he have written those later sermons at all, had he not acquired extraordinary facility by constant exercise during the earlier years of his ministry,—as many an entry in his diary proves. "For months together," says Canon Ashwell, "the course of preparation of each sermon is specified, together with memoranda as to its efficacy when delivered."¹ . . . I wish that young preachers would lay such a discovery to heart! Even to the last he stuck to the practice of at least endeavouring to commit to paper—at the Athenæum probably, or in the train,—what he proposed to deliver from the pulpit. The document, it must be confessed, bore abundant traces of the disadvantages under which it had been produced, and was never fit for printing until it had been carefully revised,—in fact, it almost required to be re-written.

Such a passing reference to Wilberforce's preaching awakens a multitude of slumbering recollections. There is no describing how exquisite was his oratory. Such a delightful voice and persuasive mode of address;—such a happy admixture of argumentative power with rhetorical skill;—such wealth of striking imagery and unrivalled beauty of diction;—and all this, recommended by the most consummate grace and a truly mellifluous utterance;—made him *facile princeps*, beyond a doubt the greatest living master of his art. His pulpit oratory was only inferior to his efforts on the platform, because the pulpit does not admit of the same display of varied power which is freely elicited by the exigencies of debate. But his Sermons were wonderful performances truly; and all things considered, in the pulpit also he was certainly without a peer. The impression which his preaching made at Court (1842) is eloquently reflected in some letters of Lady Lyttelton to her daughter, from which a few extracts shall be subjoined. It is a satisfaction to find one's own impression of his matchless elocution confirmed by so competent a judge:—

⁹ See the last Memoir in the present volume.

¹ *Life*,—i. 55.

"The real delight of this visit is the presence of Archdeacon Wilberforce. I never saw a more agreeable man; and if such a Hindoo were to be found, I think he would go far to convert me and lead me to Juggernaut: so it is hard if all who know him are not altogether Christians sooner or later. And I need not add, for it is a necessary part of his character, that he never parades or brings forward his religious feelings. They are only the *climate* of all his mind; talents, knowledge, eloquence, liveliness, all evidently Christian."

"Archdeacon Wilberforce is gone, after preaching to us at morning service a most beautiful sermon; I was going to say the most beautiful sermon I ever heard, but that phrase means little. It was in manner and language the highest eloquence; and his voice and earnest simplicity all the time leave on one no wish except that one could remember every word, and, oh! practise every precept. The sermon we heard yesterday he wrote before breakfast, having come here quite unexpectedly."

Later on, the same graceful pen writes:—

"Just before church-time, the Queen told me that Archdeacon Wilberforce was going to preach, so I had my treat most unexpectedly—mercifully I could call it—for the sermon, expressed in his usual golden sweetness of language, was peculiarly practical and useful to myself—I mean, ought to be. 'Hold thee still in the LORD, and abide patiently upon Him,' was the text; and the peace, trust, and rest which breathed in every sentence ought to do something towards assuaging any and every worry, temporal and spiritual. There were some beautiful passages on looking forward into 'the misty future' and its misery, to a worldly view, and the contrary. The whole was rather the more striking from its seeming to come down so gently upon the emblems of earthly sorrow [referring to the mourning for Prince Albert's father, 1844]; we are such 'a boundless contiguity of shade.'"

"There was a beautiful passage—I wish you could have heard it, because you could write it out—about growth in grace being greatest when mind and heart are at rest and in stillness; like the first shoot of spring, which is not forwarded by the storm or the hurricane, but by the silent dews of early dawn. Another upon the *melancholy* of human life, most beautiful because most true."²

I remember once saying to him, 'Do you not think that if a man *must* preach extempore he had better be unprovided with notes of any kind?'—'Tell me why.'—'Because notes are so apt to puzzle one. They are like something pulling at one's sleeve, and only serve to put one out.'—'No,' he replied, slowly and thoughtfully, 'it certainly is not the case with me. I must always take *something* up into the pulpit with me. I feel so nervous else.'—'You nervous?'—'Yes, indeed: I require to have *something* before me, if it be but a bundle of blank paper.' And many will remember that even when he was known to be furnished with a written discourse, (or at least with the nearest approach to such a document which he ever allowed himself), he would sometimes use it wondrous sparingly; enlarging with considerable fervour and great fluency, as well as felicity, on some aspect of the subject which suddenly presented itself, and for which he had evidently made no written preparation. Here again, however, it would be well if those who mistake the *power of talking in* the pulpit, for the *art of preaching from* the pulpit,—would attend to the statement which Samuel Wilberforce once made to a friend, 'that he owed his facility of speech mainly to the pains his Father had taken with him that he might acquire the habit of speaking. The elder Wilberforce used to cause his son to make himself *well acquainted with a given subject*, and then speak on it without notes. Thus his memory and his power of

² *Life*,—i. p. 220.

³ *Ibid.*,—p. 221.

mentally arranging his subject were strengthened.⁴ Mr. Pitt in his boyhood was trained in the same way by *his* Father, the great Earl of Chatham. It constantly happened, in fact, that Wilberforce was constrained to preach, when to write out what he proposed to say was simply impossible. The Bishop of S. Albans (Dr. Claughton) tells me that on a certain occasion he heard Wilberforce describe with such singular eloquence and power the effect on the soul of the clearing away of intellectual doubts, that he begged to be shown the MS. from which his friend had been preaching. Wilberforce put the document into his hands, turned to the page which contained the passage inquired after, and showed him a blank sheet of paper, inscribed with the single word—*fog*.

But, as already hinted, this facility of expression and readiness,—however it may have been aided, in his case, by genius and natural aptitude for speaking,—was the result of something else besides practice. There had gone before the patient labour of many years. There is in truth no ‘royal road’ to excellence in this department. Very instructive is it to find repeated entries in Wilberforce’s Diary of early risings ‘to write greater part of sermon.’ His Diaries teem with such entries as this,—‘Up early, and wrote sermon. When in Church, *saw* it would be unsuitable, so changed subject and preached extempore.’ Nothing, however, but *that* mastery of the art of preaching which results from laborious painstaking could have enabled him to *do* the thing he speaks of, however much he might have desired it.

He was so often called upon to occupy the pulpit, that it was a downright relief and pleasure to him to hear the Sermons of others; and if, on the one hand, he resented stupid, aimless, lifeless addresses, and could say terribly sarcastic things about them, no man was ever more indulgent and appreciative of whatever was at least interesting and well-meant, and had anything of thought and actual purpose. But where there was genius and real excellence, he would descant on such an one’s pulpit performances with downright zest and pleasure.—Once, at S. Mary’s, after listening to a sermon by Dr. Scott, late Dean of Rochester, then Master of Balliol, he exclaimed (turning short round to the present writer),—‘I think *that* is the most beautiful sermon I ever heard in my life.’ (The text was, ‘For to me to live is CHRIST, and to die is gain.’)—On another occasion, sitting among his friends one evening when the late Bishop of Ely (then one of his chaplains) was somewhere preaching one of a course of Lenten sermons, he took out his watch and said,—‘Woodford is now beginning his sermon. He has got to preach on’ (naming the subject). ‘He will select for his text’ (and he guessed what the text would be). ‘He will begin by taking a wide sweep of the ground’—(suited the action to the word by waving his arm);—‘then he will narrow his flight, and at last he will come down and fasten on,’ &c. &c. . . . I found that he had guessed the text rightly. The picture of the preacher’s method was perfect.

If he were passing the Sunday in Oxford, he would often relate how he had stepped into this or that church, and listened to one of his friends for a few minutes, repeating what he had heard, and testifying the same kind

⁴ *Life*,—i. p. 149.

of interest as was testified by others when they came to listen to himself. With the modesty of real genius, he would even, when very tired, on being somewhat suddenly called upon to address a congregation, exclaim to the friend he was with,—“Tell me what to say.” And it was delightful, as well as interesting in a high degree, to watch his countenance while you hastily set a thought before him, and indicated how you supposed it might be made useful and impressive. But his greater efforts were to a singular extent his own, and in the best sense of the word ‘original.’ His strength did not lie so much in the exposition of obscure passages of Scripture, or in the eliciting of important ethical teaching from unpromising texts, as in the living power with which he brought home Divine precepts to the heart and conscience of his auditory. Remarks on the subject of preaching are to be met with in certain of his Charges and Addresses, full of practical value and power. These, coming from so great a master, it would well repay any one the trouble to collect.

He was indefatigable, during the earlier years of his residence in London, in going about to hear the most famous preachers of the day,—morning, afternoon, evening,—and making notes of their sermons. (O the caustic bitterness of his conversational comments on what he had heard in certain half-empty West-end churches!) Being on a visit to the Macbrides at Oxford in 1835,—

‘On Sunday I heard Denison of Merton preach at S. Mary’s—a good plain sermon, much listened to: with no great talent, I thought, of any sort, but good. In the next place I heard Hamilton, late of Ch. Ch., now tutor at Merton. He and Denison have charge of S. Peter’s. Hamilton preached with a good deal of feeling, and is thought a first-rate preacher. Then I heard Newman, who preached a beautiful sermon upon “Whosoever receiveth one of these little ones.”’⁶

“If you were called upon”—(the question was once put to one of the Bishop’s greatest intimates)—“to state wherein lay the secret of Wilberforce’s success, what should you say?”—“In his *power of sympathy*,” was the ready answer; and it was probably the true one. There never was a more enthusiastic sympathizer with his Clergy. He was large-hearted, liberal, generous to a fault; prompt to enter into every one’s needs, difficulties, discouragements; prepared to throw himself heart and soul into any project which seemed to him capable of being successfully worked, and which had *good* for its object. He was courageous also in such matters to the verge of indiscretion; evinced no official stiffness about initiating a novelty, provided it carried on its front the promise of good; but, on the contrary, must walk straight to the front, and take the lead in whatever experiment seemed to him worth the trial. And then, how he graced the leadership which by common suffrage would have been assigned to him, even had it not been his by right! His ready eloquence, his delightful manner, his genial warmth, *ensured* the success of whatever he undertook. To the friendship of men of the school called ‘Evangelical’ he had an inherited claim. But then he also reckoned men of the very opposite way of thinking among his chiefest friends, and had a measure of genuine sympathy for all. In this way he not only drew strangers to

⁶ *L.G.*—i. p. 87.

himself, but bound them fast when they once came within the sphere of his immediate influence. His temperament effected more. It conciliated prejudice, broke down opposition, cemented confidence and affection. Earnest and enthusiastic spirits, attracted to him by the natural affinity of like natures, were made *more* earnest, *more* enthusiastic, by his example. Long before his translation to Winchester he had gathered round himself whatever of real ability and earnestness there was to be found in the Oxford diocese. No man in truth ever got more *out* of his Clergy than he. They did—whatever he bade them do; and he bade them do—as much as he thought they were capable of doing. If any disliked him, it was the timorous, the secular, the obstructive. As for the men who neglected their parishes, their churches, their work,—they hated him with a cordial hatred. Few things,—*nothing* perhaps, was more remarkable than the art he had of screwing up ‘to concert pitch,’—(so to express oneself,)—men whose traditions were lax and unsatisfactory, but who, in his society and under his influence, became really very respectable churchmen.

Let the whole truth, however, be stated: for we may be thought to have been drawing an ideal picture. It is obvious for a reader to inquire,—The man’s gifts and graces being such as you have described, and the ends to which he directed them so admirable, are we to understand that we have before us a character without a flaw? Nothing of the sort! His very excellences were a snare to him; his very gifts and graces proved his most effectual hindrances. He was *too* clever, *too* self-reliant, whereby he often put himself in a false position, and exposed himself to unfriendly criticism. Again, he was *too* persuasive, *too* fascinating in his manner, *too* fertile in expedients; and thus he furnished not a few with pleas for suspecting him of insincerity. Sure of himself and unsuspecting of others, he was habitually *too* confiding, *too* unguarded in his utterances. But above all, his besetting fault was that he was a vast deal *too facile*. The consequence might have been foreseen. He was sometimes obliged to ‘hark back,’—to revoke,—to unsay. This occasioned distrust. Notwithstanding his mastery of the principles of Anglo-Catholic divinity, it may be questioned whether, at the outset of his career, he had that clear perception of *where* to draw the line,—which in one so conspicuous as he was, early entrusted with such a vast amount of responsibility, is even indispensable; especially if his lot be cast in perilous times, and in what may be emphatically termed a *transition* period of the Church’s history. Accordingly, Wilberforce would sometimes adventure the partial allowance of views and practices, against which, on mature reflection, he must have seen that he would have acted more wisely if he had from the beginning set his face like a flint. He was—(one can but repeat it)—too fond of being ‘all things to all men,’—too apt to commit himself through his very versatility and large-heartedness. All this did harm. Moreover, (as I have already freely intimated), he does not aspire to the praise of being a really *learned* Divine. Divinity, I mean, as a *Science*, he had never profoundly studied. Engaged from the first in the practical duties of the sacred office, how was it *possible* that he should have attained that mastery of the problem which is the appropriate reward of learned

leisure and prolonged opportunities of laborious study? Hence, his condoning of Hampden, and his seeming allowance (sometimes in conversation) of German authors whose writings the Church deservedly holds in abhorrence.

Yet once more. His instincts were admirable: and no one who knew him will doubt that he was thoroughly loyal to the Reformed Church of England. His anti-Romish utterances are as strong and as grand as any that are anywhere to be met with; and he meant every word he said,—perhaps a little more. Indeed, he never made any secret of his uncompromising detestation of the whole Popish system, with the depths and the shallows of which he showed himself intimately acquainted: his vigorous understanding often enabling him, in a few manly sentences, utterly to demolish the sophistries of its advocates, whether of the Anglican or of the Romish communion; as well as to expose the essential hollowness of the method, together with its fatal tendencies—moral, intellectual, social. Certain of his Sermons, in truth, would well repay the labour of republication at this time, and would be an acceptable contribution to the requirements of the coming age. But then (as explained above) it was at once his misfortune and his privilege, in following Bishop Bagot in the see of Oxford, to find himself floated by a rapidly rising tide, amid currents and eddies which were enough to perplex the ablest of steersmen. “It does seem strange,”—wrote Dr. Pusey, on the day of the reading of the *congé d’élire*,—“and is, I trust, a token of GOD’S mercy, that whereas some of the offices of a bishop would seem fitted to your natural gifts, you should by GOD’S appointment have been called to a see which most of all requires *supernatural*.”⁶ The desertion of Dr. Newman to the opposite camp (1845) had brought matters to a crisis. That event took place *in the year when Wilberforce was called to the episcopate*; and only those who were resident in the University at the time can have any idea of the atmosphere of unhealthy excitement which prevailed before and after the date referred to,—the result chiefly of the publication of Ward’s ‘*Ideal*’ and of Newman’s ‘*Tract No. 90*.’ A terrible shock had been given to the moral sense of the place by the monstrous claim to read English formularies in Romish senses,—a shock which it has not to this day recovered. There followed a terrible recoil. At the end of a decade of years (1854) came the Universities’ Commission. All this has been explained at great length already, and the reader who cares for more information on the subject is referred to an earlier page.⁷

In the meantime the consequences became apparent of the uncatholic impress which had already been given to the great Church movement already referred to,—a movement which, in fact, began with the second quarter of the present century, but under widely different auspices. Bishop Wilberforce found himself for the last twenty years of his episcopate brought face to face with a problem which,—without disrespect to his loved memory, or disparagement of his amazing powers,—it may be fairly questioned whether even *he* was competent to resolve. Allusion is,

⁶ *Life*,—I. p. 300.

⁷ See above,—pp. 161-5.

of course, made to what had better be called by its right name,—the *Romeward* agitation, which, as most of us are aware, speedily grew out of, or at least resulted from,—the teaching called ‘Tractarian.’ Wilberforce’s sentiments on this subject, stated by himself, will be found below, from p. 270 to p. 272.

Let this part of the question be carefully handled: for it has been the endeavour of a section of the Church at the present day to misrepresent the plain facts of the case. Quite a distinct, quite a different thing from that great Catholic movement, to which, as young men,—under the grand leadership of Hugh James Rose—Newman, Palmer, Keble, Isaac Williams, Harrison, Pusey, Marriott and others contributed their genius, their piety, their learning, their influence,—is the miserable counterfeit which has since come to the front, and at this instant claims to represent ‘the High Church party.’ That the thing called ‘Ritualism’ is the outcome of the later ‘Tractarianism’ is undeniable; but it bears the same kind of relation to it which farce bears to tragedy. Even more alien to its parent is it, in sentiment and expression, if possible, than modern Wesleyanism is to the actual teaching of John Wesley. It is difficult to write down the names of—well, never mind their names—and gravely to ask oneself, What would ‘Mr. Newman’ have thought of such mountebank disciples? “A bishop’s lightest word, *ex cathedra*, is heavy,” Mr. Newman told us. “His judgment on a book cannot be light.” Addressing Bishop Bagot in 1841,—“I trust I may say sincerely that I shall feel a more lively pleasure in knowing that I was submitting myself to your Lordship’s expressed judgment in a matter of this kind” (the withdrawal of any of his own ‘*Tracts for the Times*’) “than I could have even in the widest circulation of the volumes in question.” Learning from his Bishop that, in his judgment, “Tract No. 90 was objectionable, and might tend to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the Church;” and further, that he advised that “the ‘*Tracts for the Times*’ should be discontinued,”—“I do most cheerfully and readily obey you in this instance” (he wrote), “and at the same time express my great sorrow that any writing of mine should be judged objectionable by your Lordship, and of a disturbing tendency, and my hope that in what I write in the future I shall be more successful in approving myself to your Lordship.” . . . It is not thus that certain individuals, who shall be nameless, nor, indeed, members of the ‘English Church Union’ generally, express themselves.—But to return, and to proceed.

The influence of the Oxford movement on the country at large was unquestionably excellent. Men had been taught to “ask for the old paths.” The Clergy everywhere were observed to propose to themselves a loftier standard than had been dreamed of by their immediate predecessors. There was a general revival in things ecclesiastical, and the Oxford diocese in particular bore the impress of a change greatly for the better. It may be suspected, without a shadow of disloyalty to Wilberforce’s memory, that had he brought to the episcopate certain other gifts, besides those splendid administrative qualifications with which we have already credited him so freely, it would have fared better with the Church

of England at this time. Enthusiasm sometimes requires to be guided as well as promoted ; to be checked as well as to be guided ; and only checked in one direction in order that it may break out more usefully in another. Wilberforce's leading idea was to promote *activity* in his diocese. He welcomed earnestness, *as such*, wherever he found it ; and flattered himself that he should always be in time to check or to restrain the men, who, in the meantime, availed themselves of the sanction of his great name and authority to push forward their own well-meant (but by no means always judicious) crotchets. Conscious of his own powers of government, of his personal influence, of the loyalty and devotedness of the great bulk of his Clergy, Wilberforce often suffered things to go too far in a direction which, in his inmost heart, he entirely disallowed. In consequence, he was occasionally destined to make the dreary discovery that some of his lieutenants had played him false ; had been wanting in honesty. An explosion in the diocese was sure to follow, and this did more than alienate confidence from him. It created downright suspicion and distrust, which was not the less reasonable because *personally* he did not deserve it. The mischief, moreover, had been done, and could not be undone. The offshoots of error could never afterwards be eradicated. A more wary, or let it be called a less trustful spirit, would have selected his lieutenants with more caution : would have been more solicitous to cut off occasions of offence : would have considered that a Diocese is for all time, whereas a Bishop's incumbency is but for a brief span of years : and that allowance, if not encouragement, given at one period to unsound principles and unlawful practices, *cannot* be withdrawn at another : lastly, would have bethought himself that when a Bishop's three brothers, two brothers-in-law, only daughter and son-in-law, not to mention many of his personal intimates, have lapsed, to Romanism, the outer world *must needs* look on suspiciously, and be prepared to misinterpret every act of his which may seem to point in the dreaded direction. And will anyone say that those men were to be severely blamed who, educated in a widely different school, and beyond all things solicitous for maintaining purity of doctrine, as well as resolved to be found faithful themselves to the teaching of the Church of England, declaimed passionately against what, in their eyes, was nothing else but the betrayal of a sacred trust ?

And yet, as I began by saying, Wilberforce himself was faithful, faithful to the backbone, in his allegiance to the Reformed Church of England. A thorough grasp too had he of the questions which have of late vexed her peace. Never certainly in his life did he express himself more nobly in this behalf than at the very end of his career, when (15th July, 1873, only four days before his death) he delivered a memorable Address (unwritten) to the Rural Deans of his diocese at Winchester House. Heartily is it to be deplored that he did not live to fulfil the promise which he made on the spot to those who heard it, in reply to their earnest and unanimous request that he would write out and print what he had spoken. But notes of his discourse were freely taken by many present, and from a comparison of these, the substance of what he uttered, (and in some cases clearly the very phraseology he employed),

was recovered and printed in a precious pamphlet of eighteen pages,—which, however, only too clearly reveals in every part the secret of its preparation. A few extracts from this remarkable but little-known production—(which has been well entitled by its editor " *He being dead, yet speaketh* ")—will be fitly introduced in this place. The sentiments acquire additional solemnity from the circumstance that they were the very last which Bishop Wilberforce publicly delivered. He began :—

" I do not doubt, my reverend brethren, that the extreme views, and extreme practices which are springing up around us, are as much a source of regret to you as to myself. In bringing the subject before you to-day, I am acting against the advice of some whom I greatly respect. But I have thought it the most manly and straightforward course, to face the question and take counsel with you as to the mode in which it is most desirable to deal with these things."

He gave the foremost place to a doctrine which, about that time, was being urged by the 'Ritualistic' sect with a vehemence and a pertinacity, which was only intelligible when the discovery was made (but not till after his death) of the principles of the '*Society of the Holy Cross*':—

" Great prominence is given to the subject of CONFESSION. The tendency of the doctrine now put forward on this subject is to exalt its use into a necessity of the Christian life. Now, I have no doubt in my own mind what is the true teaching of the Church of England on this point. It is, that CHRIST has lodged with His Church the power of Absolution by the Word, the Sacraments, and the Ministry: these are the ordinary means of relieving the sins and sorrows of His people, and conveying the assurance of pardon to the penitent. Then, in particular cases, for souls specially burdened with Sin, besides this primary doctrine laid down and insisted upon by our great Reformers, there is a direction to make particular Confession as the mode of obtaining relief.

" But this is an essentially different doctrine from that which it is now sought to establish, viz., that habitual Confession is almost necessary for the leading of the higher Christian life. This leads on rapidly to the old habit of believing that private Confession of sin before the great High Priest is insufficient; and that without Confession to a priest, a man cannot be sure of pardon, and especially cannot draw near to GOD in the Holy Sacrament.

" Now, this system of Confession is one of the worst developments of Popery. In the first place, as regards *the Penitent*, it is a system of unnatural excitement, a sort of spiritual dram-drinking, fraught with evil to the whole spiritual constitution. It is nothing short of the renunciation of the great charge of a conscience which GOD has committed to every man,—the substitution of Confession to Man for the opening of the heart to GOD,—the adopting in every case of a remedy only adapted to extreme cases which can find relief in no other way.

" Then, in *Families* it introduces untold mischief. It supersedes GOD's appointment of intimacy between husband and wife, father and children; substituting another influence for that which ought to be the nearest and closest, and producing reserve and estrangement where there ought to be perfect freedom and openness.

" Lastly, as regards *the Priest* to whom Confession is made, it brings in a wretched system of casuistry. But, far worse than this, it necessitates the terrible evil of familiar dealing with Sin, specially with sins of uncleanness; thereby sometimes even tending to their growth, by making the horrible particulars known to those who have hitherto been innocent of such fatal knowledge, and so poisoning the mind of priest and people alike :—a fact which has of late been very painfully brought home to me."

He addressed himself next to certain 'Ritualistic' novelties in connection with the Holy Eucharist :—

" It is difficult to estimate the mischief which is resulting from the action of the high Ritualistic party in this matter. . . . It is not in a light sense that I say this

* The late lamented Rt. Rev. J. S. Utterson, Bishop of Guildford.

new doctrine of **FASTING COMMUNION** is dangerous. The practice is not advocated because a man comes in a clearer spirit and less disturbed body and mind, able to give himself entirely to Prayer and Communion with his GOD; but on a miserable degraded notion that the consecrated elements will meet with other food in the stomach. It is a detestable materialism. Philosophically it is a contradiction; because, when the celebration is over, you may hurry away to a meal, and the process about which you were so scrupulous immediately follows. The whole notion is simply disgusting. The Patristic quotations by which the custom is supported are misquotations. S. Chrysostom's saying on the subject applies to the full mid-day meal, not to the light repast of our ordinary breakfast. It is put on the moral grounds that after a feast there will be fulness, and during a feast there will be jesting and talking, all which constitute a moral unfitness for so high a ceremonial.

"Then, what a dangerous consequence results in **NON-COMMUNICATING ATTENDANCE**. Pressed not even for physical reasons, it brings us back to the great abuse of coming to the Sacrament to be spectators instead of partakers; and so we have the condition of things arising in our Communion which already prevails in the Church of Rome. I heard of a Roman Catholic priest triumphing greatly in the fact that he had *two male* communicants. I went to the church of the Madeleine, in Paris, at 5.30 a.m., several times, in order to observe what was the practice. It was always the same thing: the priest communicating alone, or one or two women occasionally joining him,—the whole attendant congregation satisfied to remain looking on.

"That this custom is creeping into our Church *is not an accident*; neither is it brought in for the purpose of making children better acquainted with the Service. . . . *It is recommended under quite a different impression*. It is under the idea that prayer is more acceptable at this time of the Sacrifice; that you can get benefit from being within sight of the Sacrament when it is being administered. It is the substitution of a semi-materialistic presence for the actual presence of CHRIST in the soul of the faithful communicant. *It is an abomination*,—this teaching of non-communicating attendance as a common habit. It is a corollary on the practice of Fasting Communion. If you cannot fast till midday, and must not communicate without fasting, then you are to be present and expect the benefit, though you do not comply with the conditions of the Sacrament. Thus the Roman theory is creeping in. The sacrificing Priest stands between your soul and your GOD, and makes atonement for you. Fasting till the mid-day Communion is irritation of the nerves, unfitting you to partake in this holy Office. Come to early Communion, as giving the first of the day, the freshness of the spirit, the unbrokenness of the heart to that great Service. But if you cannot come in the morning, have no scruple about taking ordinary food before you communicate."

Some excellent remarks follow in condemnation of *evening* Communion. But the subjoined passage will be read with even more interest:—

"I am attacked on all sides. On the one side I am called a false friend, accused of betraying a cause which I once upheld: on the other, I am said to be unfaithful to my own Church, and a concealed Papist. I cannot say that I do not feel such attacks. It is impossible not to be pained by them. It is hard to bear. But, after all, it is *nothing* when weighed against the testimony of one's own conscience; it is *nothing* to make one recede from the course which one believes to be right, or to shake one's resolution by GOD's help to maintain it.

"Well, then, if we ought to endeavour to draw these men to us, and lead them with us, instead of repelling them from us, and thereby confirming their errors, my advice to you is this:—First, in regard to Confession."

And the obvious cautions are given: but the remarks under the second head are more characteristic:—

"Secondly, in regard to Ritualistic observances. There is a growing desire to introduce novelties, such as incense,—a multitude of lights in the chancel,—and so on. Now these and such things are *honestly and truly alien to the Church of England*. Do not hesitate to treat them as such. All this appears to me to

indicate a fidgety anxiety to make everything in our churches assimilate to a foreign usage. There is a growing feeling, which I can only describe as an 'ashamedness' of the Anglican Church, as if our grand old Anglican Communion contrasted unfavourably with the Church of Rome. The habitual language held by many men sounds as if they were *ashamed* of our Church and its position : it is a sort of apology for the Church of England as compared with the Church of Rome. Why, I WOULD AS SOON THINK OF APOLOGIZING FOR THE VIRTUE OF MY MOTHER TO A HARLOT ! I have no sympathy in the world with such a feeling. I abhor this fidgety desire to make everything un-Anglican. This is not a grand development, as some seem to think. It is a decrepitude. It is not something very sublime and impressive, but something very feeble and contemptible."

I dismiss the subject with the single remark that any attempt, which shall either now or at any future time be made to claim the author of such sentiments,—(and they were his latest public utterance ; they may truly be said to have been *his last words* ;)—as a sympathizer with 'Ritualistic' teaching, will clearly stand convicted of misstatement. The practices of the sect, their avowed and their secret aims, were the object of his downright abhorrence. Sometimes he would express his secret personal dislike to the very environments of the party with a grotesque fervour which was irresistible. "I suspect," (I once said to him), "you *like* embroidered stoles,—surplices cut short at the waist,—Gregorian chants, and so on." "*I like Gregorian music?*" (he exclaimed, with a look of mingled terror and annoyance). "I assure you I never hear a Gregorian without feeling a wish to lie down on my stomach and *howl*."

It is time to bring to a close the present pen-and-ink sketch (it pretends to be no more) of the greatest of modern Bishops. A feature of his character, concerning which as yet nothing has been spoken, and of which for obvious reasons one shrinks from saying much, may yet not be passed over in entire silence. Allusion is made to the devotional side of his nature,—the inner spiritual life,—which was deep and fervent. Profoundly conscious of the indispensableness of Prayer and habitual communing with the Father of Spirits, he *made* for himself opportunities in the midst of his countless engagements and the distractions of his very busy life. The inscription over the screen in the private chapel of his Palace—('WE WILL GIVE OURSELVES CONTINUALLY TO PRAYER AND TO THE MINISTRY OF THE WORD')—expressed the genuine longing of his soul. His devoutness in Communicating must have struck all who were ministering with him. He evidently made it an occasion for prolonged and special prayer,—furnishing himself with a Manual, partly printed, partly written. He always seemed to me *absorbed* in the business of the sanctuary.

I have sometimes thought that *many-sidedness* was Wilberforce's most characteristic feature. He had an inquisitiveness of spirit which made him eager—over eager—to be *en rapport* with every department of human knowledge. He took interest in everything. Thus, *Mesmerism* (which in 1845 was a novelty) for a short space occupied his serious attention ; while Natural History was all his life long nothing else but a passion with him. He would always enter into earnest debate with an expert in whatsoever department of Science, Learning, or practical Experience. And yet the fact cannot be overlooked that every other

concern subordinated to the special requirements of his own high calling. In the words of his biographer:—

"His lot was cast in a period of intense activity and expansion in the Church's work both at home and in the Colonies; and it was not in his nature to escape being drawn in to take an active part in almost every movement of his time. His life was not merely *connected with*, but it actually *involves*, the history of the English, and in great measure of the colonial, Church during his Episcopate. His colonial Church correspondence was enormous; and, to mention only two examples, it may be stated that the letters he received on the subjects of the troubles in the Church of South Africa and in Honolulu, can only be counted by hundreds. Almost everywhere his advice was sought, and to every one he gave it freely. Almost everywhere his co-operation was desired, and he was ready to aid and work for all."¹

Yes, *this*, the severer side of the great Bishop's character, must by all means be steadily contemplated by one who would estimate him justly. His devotion to his Master's service was altogether unexampled. Something has been offered on this head already:² but indeed the extent to which Wilberforce infused new life into his Diocese cannot be too emphatically insisted upon. Matters of minute detail also he never considered beneath his notice. I remember once,—while describing to him some feature of parochial management in connexion with the little village of Fimere in Oxfordshire,³—breaking off with an apology for seeking to interest him in 'what must seem a very trifle to one who had a Diocese to administer.' "*Trifle!* my dear Burgon," (he exclaimed,)—"And does not the action of the lungs,—the pulsation of the heart,—depend on the veriest 'trifle'?" . . . I hold it to be an attribute of true greatness to be able thus to grasp as well the most minute, as the most considerable, features of a practical problem: and Wilberforce possessed this quality in rare perfection. His administration of the Episcopal office may be declared to constitute an epoch in the History of the Church of England. His skill in organising novel institutions, or in re-animating old, passes praise. And, so boundless was his sympathy, so indomitable his energy, that (as I began by saying) he was at all times prepared to extend his regards and to communicate his experience,—to give practical proof of his good will,—to remote Churches, and to men between whom and himself was interposed the thickness of the globe. Queen Emma was for some time his guest.

And now,—shall I be blamed if I suddenly reverse,—or at least shift,—the picture? I *must* do this if my portraiture is to be true to the life!

Inseparably mixed up with all those solemn and affecting images which the name of Samuel Wilberforce must for ever summon before the memory of those who knew him,—are recollections of an exactly opposite character; recollections of incidents which can only be designated as *laughable*. He was so full of boyish spirits, boyish glee,—so prone in his intercourse with those he loved to do and say things brimful of *fun*,—so versatile, moreover, and apt (without *real* levity) to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous in a moment,—that never yet have

¹ *Introduction*, p. xvii.

² See above, pp. 247-8, 251-62, 264-6, &c.

³ See the '*History of Fimere*,' compiled by

J. C. Blomfield, Rector of Launton,'—Buckingham, 1887 [pp. 57-68]: a very meritorious and interesting contribution to County history.

reminiscences concerning him been fairly awakened among a party of his friends, without peals of laughter being speedily elicited at the grotesque images which every one present was able in turn to contribute. Staying once during the dog-days at a friend's country mansion (Danny in Sussex), it was his hap to sit at dinner next to a prosy old gentleman, under the influence of whose conversation (the ladies being gone) Wilberforce at last succumbed, and fell fast asleep. He did more, he *dreamed*,—dreamed that he was afloat on a tempestuous sea: "And the storm was so violent" (he said slowly, aloud,)—"that the ship—could scarce live—through the surge." . . . "Now, do you know, my Lord," (said the old party solemnly, after a pause of bewilderment),—"I find myself utterly unable to see the bearing of that remark on our previous conversation." The Bishop waking up instantly, and perceiving the gravity of the situation, but knowing his man, rejoined with the utmost gravity,—“Then, all I can say is, I'm *astonished* at you! Let us join the ladies:” and he left his friend in the dining-room more perplexed than ever by the nautical image which had brought the conversation so suddenly to a close.—I may be allowed to rehearse a slight experience of my own. There had been a great afternoon gathering in the Sheldonian (I think for the Colonial Episcopate), and Wilberforce had wound up the business of the day with a powerful and affecting speech, at the close of which the whole theatre was in an uproar of applause. He telegraphed to me (I was in the area) to come up to him,—which he effected by first pointing *at* me with his finger, and then pointing the same finger vertically to his own toes. I obeyed, wondering what he could possibly want with me at such a moment, and painfully aware of the universal gaze of curiosity I was about to incur. He leaned over and whispered,—“My *dear* Burgon, I've quite forgot *the fish*. Would you do me the great kindness to go to Tester's,³ and order turbot and smelts for eighteen? with lobsters for the sauce?” I merely nodded assent, impatient to be off, and miserably conscious that I must certainly explode if he kept me for another half-minute; but he had not quite done:—“Let all be sent down to my carriage at All Souls' immediately, will you? and—*don't forget the smelts!*”

Once, having to preach at a church in Regent Street, on arriving at the door, he encountered his friend, Mrs. A., in the act of returning to her carriage.—“What? going *away*?”—“Only because I can't get in.”—“Do you mean that you really *wish* to stop?”—“I came on purpose.”—“Then, take my arm.”—The crowd at the door was excessive. At last the Beadle appeared; to whom the Bishop, in his blindest manner,—“You will be so good as to give this lady the best seat in the church.”—“Impossible, sir. Church quite full.”—The Bishop calmly, but with emphasis, repeated his orders. “*Quite impossible*,” repeated the Beadle; “I tell you, sir, the church is *full*.”—“O but” (was the rejoinder) “*I won't preach* if you don't!”—This alarming threat at once opened Bumble's eyes. “O, I beg your pardon, my Lord!” (winking): “this way, *Marm*,” and with the utmost self-importance he deposited Mrs. A. in the churchwardens' luxurious empty pew under the pulpit.

³ A well-known fishmonger in the High Street,—with obvious reference to whom

Horace remarks,—“*servabit odorem Testi diu.*”

Wilberforce's repartee to the Beadle was only laughable. He could be really witty in the use of repartee, when he had a good chance. Moreover, he *saw* his chance in an instant. On the occasion of some public gathering at which it was announced that he would speak, speak he did, and in his usual effective style. The auditory having listened with delight, were on their legs, to a man,—and on the move, the instant he ceased. An episcopal bore, who had intended to follow the Bishop with an oration, greatly discomfited at finding himself denied the gratification he had promised himself, turned to Wilberforce,—“They don't seem to be aware that I was going to address them.” . . . “Not *aware*, my dear brother? Do you not *see* that *they are all putting on their great coats to go away?*”

He abounded in odd riddles and playful jests. One *sees* him at his own table turning sharp round to the late excellent Archdeacon of Oxford,—“My dear Clerke, tell me why an Archdeacon's apron is like unwholesome food?” The dear old man replied, thoughtfully, that he did not know. “Because *it goes against his stomach.*” Clerke remarked, gravely, that he might as well have said *a Bishop's apron*. “Nothing of the sort, my dear Clerke. O dear no! nothing of the sort!”—A lady asked him whom he considered the two best preachers in England. “Something which holds your dress together,” was the ready answer. (Of course, he meant *hook-and-eye*.)⁴—Another asked him, with a look of concern, if the report which she had heard were true, namely, that he had cancer in his mouth? ‘Yes, to be sure,’ he replied, ‘*when I'm eating crab.*’—But enough of this.

Nay, I will not pass on to something different until I have illustrated how whimsically Wilberforce was capable of blending the pathetic and the playful. After his appointment to the see of Winchester, he and I met in Oxford. I think it was from some dinner-party that we were walking back together,—for I remember accompanying him, almost in silence, to the lodgings of the Warden of All Souls, (Dr. Leighton, with whom he was staying,) and preparing there (*viz.* at the little side-door) and then, in the dark, to take leave of him:—“Well, now good night,—and good-bye.” . . . He caught hold of my two arms, and held me fast:—“Say ‘GOD bless you!’” . . . (I knew very well what this meant. All his friends regretted, as much for his sake as for their own, the step he was taking; and he interpreted my silence rightly,—namely, as resulting from my having nothing pleasant to say.) “Surely,” (I exclaimed) “the less is blessed of the better.” For all reply, he caught me by my elbows, and pinned me up against the wall (*‘displayed’* a herald would call it) so that I could not stir:—“Now, you shall say ‘GOD bless you!’” There

⁴ I suffer this story to stand as I received it in conversation: but the following letter,—sent me by the Rev. W. F. Erskine Knollys, (‘Wrotham, Jan. 19, 1880’),—illustrates instructively the amount of credence due to similar stories, current in society:—

“A clergyman, (Mr. Lewis of Kemsing), was last night in this house, and related to me the following anecdote about the ‘*Hook-and-I.*’ As a young curate, he had been deputed to

attend to the Bishop's vestments, previous to a Consecration. ‘Will you kindly see that my doctor's hood is right behind? You will find a hook and an eye by which to fasten the sides together.’ . . . ‘A *Hook-and-I*, my Lord?’ . . . ‘Ah! I see what you mean; but I never gave *that* answer, for the simple reason that I was never asked the question. Had I been asked, I should have probably replied *Liddon and Woodford.*’”

was nothing to be done but to obey. He thanked me: embraced me with a sigh; and so we parted,—in the dark. . . . Our pathways in life,—which had hitherto so often crossed each other, and always so pleasantly,—*he* felt (and *I* felt,) were henceforth to be divergent.

I had always been loyal to him, and he knew it: sticking to him, and helping him through, even when he was not by any means altogether in the right. From a letter of his which lies before me, I venture to extract the opening sentences:—

"I thank you heartily for your wonted kindness in this matter. Oh, this world would be too happy if all men had warm hearts like you! There is *such* joy in true sympathy and hearty confidence. I have no doubt that the sharp frosts of suspicion and detraction are specially useful to those who, like me, naturally crave for sympathy and shoot out too readily the tendrils of affection; but certainly the process of being frost-nipped, though useful, is painful enough to the shoot-bearer; and often makes me long, if my boys were launched, to lie down and die. But may GOD bless you for your love!"

I transcribe those words because they present such a living notion of the man. No one ever yearned for affection more than Wilberforce: neither did any ever extend more freely to others the confidence which he claimed at the hands of others. Let me add that there existed between him and myself a rare amount of real sympathy in matters of religious thought and opinion. I am told that among his papers was found a written memorandum of his own, to the same effect.—I cannot recall without a smile the letter—(on which however I am unable at this instant to lay my hand)—in which he responded to the request I was forced to make to him in 1867, that he would furnish me with a written "testimonial" as to my fitness to teach Divinity. He replied that he 'should about as soon have thought of asking *me* to send *him* a testimonial.'

Those who knew him most intimately will, I suspect, concur in the opinion that he was never happier, never seen to more advantage, than in his own house. There never breathed a man in whom the domestic charities burned more brightly. "My happiest time," (he often told me,) "was when I was rector of Brighstone, with my dear wife and my children all about me." . . . How faithfully he cherished her memory we have already seen, and his friends were many a time reminded,—but never more affectingly than when, at his funeral, we noticed the wreath of lilies which his own hand, only a few weeks before, had hung over the cross which marks her grave.—"I must be off now," he once exclaimed—(the meeting over which he had been presiding was virtually at an end, and the winter-day was advancing);—"I promised to give the boys a skating lesson on the pond."—Once, when the palace was full of Clergy, he was missed from the little conclave in the library,—to be encountered by the present writer rushing upstairs with his infant grandchild in his arms. To speak plainly, he was busy—*hugging the baby*.

Next to the society of the home-circle, he was happiest when, with his "body-guard" around him, (for so he called the little staff of men on whom he chiefly depended for sympathy and help,) he strolled forth for a ramble,—suppose after an Ordination of Clergy. He was never more

interesting than at such moments. More even at Lavington than at Cuddesdon was he fond of thus sallying out for his evening walk, with a few congenial spirits round him, before whom he could speak freely. But it was on the charms of the pleasant landscape which surrounded his Sussex home that he chiefly expatiated on such occasions, leaning rather heavily on some trusty arm—(I remember how he leaned on *mine*!)—while he tapped with his stick the bole of every favourite tree which came in his way, (by-the-by, *every* tree seemed a favourite), and had something to tell of its history and surpassing merits. Every farm-house, every peep at the distant landscape, every turn in the road, suggested some pleasant remark or playful anecdote. He had a word for every man, woman, and child he met,—for he knew them all. The very cattle were greeted as old acquaintances. And how he did delight in discussing the flora of the neighbourhood, the geological formations, every aspect of the natural history of the place! Such matters were evidently a favourite refreshment of his spirit. His first and his last contributions to the 'Quarterly Review' were on Knox's '*Ornithological Rambles in Sussex*,' and on his '*Autumns on the Spey*.' The article on Darwin's '*Origin of Species*' (1860), was also from his pen. Affecting it is to remember that it was while he was in the very act of praising the loveliness of the landscape, he met with the accident which terminated his life on the Surrey Downs, on Saturday afternoon, 19th of July, 1873. He passed out of this world of shadows into *that* region of reality without warning, and in a moment of time; a painless and a sudden, yet not, as we believe, an unprepared-for, death.

The intelligence was flashed next day all over England, awakening a pang of genuine sorrow in many a parsonage, and causing thousands to go about their Sunday work with a heavy heart. The lesson for the afternoon was the narrative of how Absalom obtained for his only monument a cairn of stones in the wild wood.⁵ In the way of contrast, it seemed impossible not to call to remembrance what a glorious monument this great Prelate,—first of Oxford, then of Winchester,—had erected for himself by the labours of a life consecrated to GOD's service; a life which had been brought so suddenly to a close. And how incredible at first did it seem that so experienced a rider should have indeed met with his death by that most improbable of causes—the stumbling of his horse! His reputation for horsemanship was a by-word, especially in the diocese of Oxford.⁶

A large concourse of his friends followed him to his last resting-place; which was not to be (as we had all hoped and expected) beside his illustrious father in Westminster Abbey, but in the same village churchyard and on the same breezy slope where, two-and-thirty years before, he had

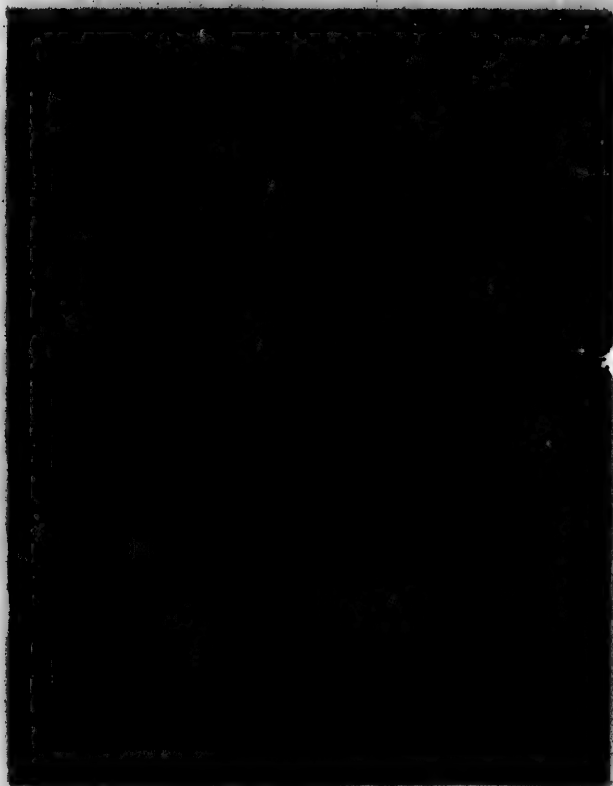
⁵ 2 Samuel xviii. 17, 18.

⁶ The Rev. H. Raymond Smythies writes,—“I note an error into which you (like many others) have fallen, as to the Bishop's skill in horsemanship. So indifferent a horseman was seldom seen,—a worse one, scarcely ever. His reputation resulted, partly from his great delight in horse-exercise; partly, from the dangerous pace at which he habitually rode.

Some years since, being much in the Park, I often saw him on horseback, and remarked to those with me, that if his horse ever stumbled badly, he must inevitably pitch over its head and break his neck. He had no seat on the saddle, or grip of leg upon its flaps; but rode entirely upon the pommel, with his full weight on his horse's shoulders. My only marvel is that the inevitable result did not occur sooner.”

deposited the loved remains of his wife.⁷ Such a humble grave, excavated in the chalk, and nightly drenched with the dew of heaven, would (it was thought by his sons) have been more acceptable to his spirit than any other. . . . Verily, as the years roll out that spot will attract many a pilgrim-foot: but the Church, no less than the world, is prone to forget its greatest benefactors; and few will care to remember, when a few decades of years shall have run their course, how largely our Church of England is indebted to him who sleeps below. None but those who knew him will have the faintest conception what an exquisite orator, what a persuasive preacher, what a faithful Bishop,—in every private relation of life what a truly delightful person,—is commemorated by the stone which marks the grave of Samuel Wilberforce.

⁷ See above,—pages 246-7: also, p. 276.



Richard Lynch Cotton.

(vi). RICHARD LYNCH COTTON:

THE HUMBLE CHRISTIAN.

[A. D. 1794—1880.]

ONE of the oldest of the surviving Heads of Houses disappeared from the familiar scene when, on the 8th of December, 1880, the revered Provost of Worcester College departed,—“full of days,” being already in his eighty-seventh year.

RICHARD LYNCH COTTON was born on the 14th of August, 1794, at Walliscote in Oxfordshire, being descended from a very ancient family settled in Shropshire (it is said) from Saxon times. He was the third son of Henry Calveley Cotton, esq., (youngest son of Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, fourth Baronet,) and Matilda, daughter and heiress of John Lockwood, esq., of Dews Hall, Essex. He therefore stood in the relation of first cousin to Sir Stapleton Cotton who was created Baron Combermere in 1814,—Viscount, in 1827. His mother bore to her husband fourteen children:—three daughters and eleven sons, of whom three entered holy orders, and six attained high rank in the army and navy,—viz., General Sir Sydney Cotton, G.C.B., Colonel Hugh Calveley Cotton, E.I.C.S., General Sir Arthur Cotton, K.C.S.I., Major-General Sir Frederick Cotton, and Admiral Francis Vere Cotton. The three last named survived the subject of the present memoir. When questioned concerning his elder brother Richard's early life, Sir Arthur said he could only remember that,—“He feared GOD from his boyhood:” and that,—“As a youth he walked with GOD:” adding,—“I have never seen his like in this respect.”

Sent at a very early age to the Charterhouse,—(where he had Havelock for a schoolfellow,)—Richard complained to his brothers that he was “literally starved.” His growth was believed to have been affected by this barbarous circumstance, for (unlike the rest of the family) he was to the end of his days, small of stature. The future Provost came up to Worcester College as Lady Holford Exhibitioner (June 4, 1812); was elected Scholar on Clarke's Foundation (May 8, 1815): and in the same year took his B.A. degree. He was reading with Thomas Arnold (his private tutor), when news was brought to the latter (Easter, 1815) that he had been elected to a fellowship at Oriel.

Cotton's name appears among those who obtained a second class in Classics, 2nd April 1815,—in company with John Leycester Adolphus, the barrister; Samuel Hinds (afterwards Bishop of Norwich); and Philip Wynter, late President of St. John's. In the next year (May 7, 1816) he

was elected Fellow of his college :—filled the offices of Tutor, Dean, and Bursar :—and was instituted to the small vicarage of Denchworth, December 9th, 1823 ;—only resigning his cure when (in the last week of January, 1839) he was appointed to the Provostship of the college by the Duke of Wellington, then Chancellor of the University.¹ His predecessor in office [1796–1839] was Dr. Whittington Landon,—fourth head of the society under the new foundation.

A small country cure of souls within two hours' drive of Oxford is not by any means incompatible with the work of a college Tutor who is careful to leave the parish in charge of a competent Curate ;—who is prepared to give it as much of the week as he is able ;—who will reside there throughout his Vacations ; above all, who sincerely *loves* the place and its people. All these conditions of incumbency Cotton loyally fulfilled. He delighted in taking one or more of his pupils over to Denchworth with him to pass the interval between Saturday and Monday, and heartily rejoiced in the exchange of College routine for the duties of Pastoral life,—to which at the close of the term he was able to devote himself unreservedly.

Richard Lynch Cotton's institution to Denchworth (Dec. 9) very nearly synchronized with the death of his younger brother, Lieutenant Rowland Edward, who died in Jamaica 7th Dec. 1823. In the following year, at Combermere Abbey, (20th June, 1824), died another younger brother, Robert Salusbury, of the Royal Artillery. These two, he is found to have affectionately commemorated on a mural tablet in Denchworth Church. I am sure I shall have my reader with me when I add that his memorial verses (here subjoined) show a degree of skill rarely met with in such compositions. But it is for their pathos that I transcribe them :—

“ Lamented youths ! although the lonely grave
Of one be found across th' Atlantic wave,
While in his fathers' home the other sleeps,—
Lo, here for both alike fond Memory weeps :
Weeps, yet rejoices that o'er sin and death
The Christian's triumph crowns their lowly faith.”

On Denchworth and its neighbourhood, the author of the foregoing lines certainly left his mark indelibly. Bishop Wilberforce, in the dedicatory letter prefixed to his Sermon on behalf of the Church at Headington Quarry (1847), ventured to say that for the supply of the spiritual wants of outlying hamlets surrounding Denchworth, “ many generations would call [Dr. Cotton] blessed.” He succeeded the Rev. John Harward, who had become Vicar in 1796, but who was non-resident, being also incumbent of Fladbury. Cotton's first achievement was to induce this gentleman to resign, in order to secure an efficient Ministry for Denchworth,—the only Services there, since 1808, having been performed by the Master of the Abingdon Grammar-school, who “ farmed ” several of the Churches thereabouts. Once Vicar of Denchworth, Mr. Cotton pro-

¹ His successor at Denchworth. Rev. E. Horton, was not instituted until Dec. 26th, 1839,—being followed in turn, in 1869, by the Rev. C. H. Tomlinson, who became Rector of

Hoggeston, near Winslow, in 1886. To this gentleman I am indebted for many details concerning Dr. Cotton's pastoral labours.

ceeded to build a Vicarage house, and to augment the living by the addition of land. He also, at his own expense, built the Schools. Until that time, his ministrations were conducted under serious disadvantages. He had to ride out and in; and those rides of his were not always unattended with risk. Returning from Denchworth on one occasion,—(the night was excessively dark and the floods were out to an alarming extent,)—Cotton fairly lost his way, and at last, despairing of getting back to Oxford, took refuge in a farm-house, where he obtained a night's shelter. His "dearly beloved brethren" in the meantime, had given him up for lost. Next morning, the first object he encountered was the anxious face of the parish-clerk of Denchworth. "Why, Thomas! what brings *you* here?" "I am come, sir," (was the innocent reply,) "to look for *the body*."

In connexion with those early days at Denchworth, Dr. Cotton was fond of relating how 'Newman, on a certain occasion, had cured him of the face-ache.' Being at Denchworth, and in torture, he once received the perplexing intelligence that a visitor stood before the door of his modest dwelling. Impossible! . . . It proved to be John Henry Newman, —who had ridden over from Oxford to pay his friend a visit. The unexpected apparition gave such a shock to Cotton's nervous system that his face-ache literally *disappeared*. "And *that's* how Newman cured me of my face-ache."

The old people at Denchworth still talk of "Mr. Cotton" as their best Vicar: still hold his name in veneration. Ever since he resigned the Vicarage in order to become Provost of Worcester (1839), he visited the place periodically, and every winter was careful to send gifts of clothing, etc. to the poor of Denchworth and Lyford. (The villages are about a mile and-a-half apart, and he was one of the Trustees of the Lyford almshouses,—which brought him over continually.) He was there for the last time in August 1880, and his last gifts arrived only a few weeks before the tidings of his death.

"Whenever he came over to see me," (writes the Rev. C. H. Tomlinson), "he would always go and offer a silent prayer in the Church: pause to read thoughtfully over the inscription he had himself set up in commemoration of his two soldier brothers; and then go into the churchyard to the grave of Thomas Tuck,—parish clerk from June 1823 to December 1843; and tell me of him as the best and 'most guileless of men.'—The only dissenters in the parish were a family named 'Church.' The old man, (who died aged 96,) used to tell me that Mr. Cotton converted him by always asking him (παιζων ἄμα σπουδαίον),—How he could possibly attend *Ch. el* when his name was 'Church'? The old man in my time came to Church regularly."

To Cotton's pious zeal is due the separation of Grove Norton, (a large hamlet of 560 souls in the parish of Wantage), and getting it formed into a parish of itself. He further procured that a house and Church (it was done at his own expense), should be built, and placed Mr. Bricknell there as Vicar. He also, out of his 'abounding charity,' (as Bishop Wilberforce expressed it,) got a house built at Lyford, and put a resident clergyman there,—the hamlet being separated from Hanney, and the advowson given

to the College, by (I believe) the Puseys. Never before—and assuredly never since—has Denchworth enjoyed so good a Vicar.

Dr. Cotton is also said to have promoted the building and endowment of Churches at Shippen and Dry Sandford, near Abingdon. He certainly was mainly instrumental in procuring the erection of Headington Quarry Church, near Oxford. It was in furtherance of this object that he published by subscription, in 1849, '*Lectures on the Holy Sacrament of the LORD'S Supper.*' His only other work of importance had appeared in 1837, two years before he became Provost of Worcester—viz. '*The Way of Salvation plainly and practically traced in a Series of Discourses.*' He is styled on the title-page, "Vicar of Denchworth, Fellow of Worcester College, and Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of St. Germans." To the last-named office he was appointed in 1824. One of the Sermons in this volume, on "*Joseph a Type,*" was long since pointed out to me by the late Rev. George Fuller Thomas, sometime Tutor of Worcester, (himself a very thoughtful and judicious Divine), as an excellent composition.

From the profits of this volume of Sermons the author again gave £100 to a similar object: viz. the small Church which Charles Page Eden (of whom a Memoir will be found towards the close of the present volume) had been mainly instrumental in erecting at Littleworth,—a neglected hamlet of Faringdon in Berkshire. The Consecration Sermon was preached by Dr. Cotton, 29th May, 1839,—in which year he was appointed to the Provostship, and bade a long adieu to the pastoral life. The next time he baptized an infant was in Worcester College Chapel, three weeks before his death in 1880.

Four single sermons complete the enumeration of Dr. Cotton's writings. The first ('*Scriptural View of the LORD'S Supper, its Importance and Efficacy,*') bears date 1837. The other three were occasioned by the decease of undergraduate members of the college,—Mr. John Pierce in 1857; William Welch Barrows and John Haywood Southby, esquires, in 1861.

Such lives as the present are, of necessity, without stirring incidents of a personal kind: and when we are assured that from 1815 to 1880,—from the time, namely, of obtaining his Fellowship (the year of Waterloo) to the year of his death,—Richard Cotton resided continuously in Worcester College,—in fact, never missed a term,—we are apt to transfer the image of fixedness from the man to his times: are prone to speak of the *life* as "uneventful:" are prone to forget the many and the mighty revolutions,—intellectual, social, political,—which have made such a span of years full of disquiet to all alike who have had any considerable share in them; while, to one who has lived through them *all*, it is reasonable to suspect that a secret desire to depart in peace must, in the end, be even the prevailing sentiment of the soul. The Provost of Worcester lived just long enough to witness the destructive intentions of a second Universities' Commission. A regular attendant at the University sermon, he was at S. Mary's for the last time on the morning of November 21st—(the Sunday next before Advent), when the Dean of

Chichester denounced the work of the Commission from the University pulpit, in a sermon which has since been published.³

Those who knew him most intimately, concur in witnessing to the meekness and gentleness with which Dr. Cotton encountered those recent Academical changes which yet were most abhorrent to his disposition, and offended every instinct of his nature. *Humility* was, perhaps, his characteristic personal grace. But it was the humility which results from the habitual realisation of GOD's presence. "His mind" (remarks one who was always with him) "was always engaged in prayer."

Few persons probably ever more literally fulfilled the Apostolic precept to "pray without ceasing." He was never known to open a letter without pausing to pray silently first. As each fresh undergraduate entered the hall at the terminal examination called "Collections," the Provost was observed to be silently offering up a special prayer for that individual. "I remember" (writes one of the society)⁴ "in the only railway journey I ever made with him, being much impressed by his standing up in the carriage, and offering silent prayer before we started. This was in 1856." His servant remarked to one of the family that he had discovered the necessity of giving some intimation of his presence before opening the door of his master's library: so constantly did he find the Provost on his knees.

On one of his visits to Denchworth, the Vicar persuaded him to stop the night and preach for him next day:—

"It was on the same night, I remember as if it were yesterday, how, when he had retired to his room,—the partition being extremely thin,—I could not help overhearing portions of his earnest prayers for myself, my people, &c. I think he always prayed aloud. It was really a blessing to know such a man. I never expect to meet such another in this world."

I will but add for myself that the Provost of Worcester, more than any person I ever knew or read of, seemed to me to illustrate by his own habitual practice that announcement of the author of the sixth Psalm,—*"But I give myself unto prayer."* In the original Hebrew it is only this,—*"But I—prayer"*: as if the Saint had said,—*"But as for me,—I will be all prayer."*

He made a practice of reading the Bible completely through once every year: and would insist on the importance of never skipping a chapter (in Leviticus, for example); assigning as a reason, that there is always *something* in every chapter which no one can afford to let go unread. His favourite author was Leighton,—of whom he remarked to his daughter—"He is all CHRIST, CHRIST, CHRIST!" A little collection of extracts from the writings of the holy Bishop of Dunblane and Archbishop of Glasgow,⁵ lent him by his friend the Rev. C. P. Golightly (who ministered tenderly to the Provost during the last few days of his

³ *The Disestablishment of Religion in Oxford, the betrayal of a sacred trust:—words of warning to the University*,—Nov. 21, 1880, and Edition, pp. 56.

⁴ The Rev. Robert B. Wright.

⁵ *Spiritual Truths extracted from the Writings of Archbishop Leighton*, by the Rev. W. Wilson, D.D. London, 1852.

life), was the last book in his hands. He had reached page 48, and *there* had left a marker. *That* page is headed "Resurrection to Life."

Guilelessness is sure to be a prominent feature of such a temperament as that before us. Dr. Cotton believed everybody who came to him with a tale. He was simply incorrigible. The beggars outside the doors of Continental churches,—(for he delighted, but I believe chiefly for his daughter's sake, in foreign travel),—preyed upon him to an alarming extent. His companion watched him and endeavoured to protect him, but in vain. Cotton would contrive to get her safe *inside* the heavy mattress-like hanging before the door, and then submitted himself to be fleeced.

It should have been earlier mentioned that, on becoming Provost of Worcester, he married * Charlotte Bouverie, daughter of the Hon. Philip Bouverie (who assumed the name of Pusey,) and Lady Lucy his wife. Mrs. Cotton was therefore sister of Dr. Pusey, of Christ Church. She survived her husband three years,—dying 2nd July 1883, aged 76. An only daughter,—Amelia Lucy, on whom he simply doted,—was the sole fruit of their union. He always called her 'Amy.' To *him*, there was evidently music in the name. It was for ever on his lips. After the Worcester 'gaudy,' his post-prandial speech invariably contained some affectionate mention of his daughter.

In 'Amy's' company, the Provost visited many parts of the Continent. "He once spent two months with me at my place in Norway,"—(writes the Rev. Rowland Muckleston, fellow of Worcester College :—"where, though no fisherman himself, he enjoyed watching others engaged in the sport." His own 'Amy' especially; who "could hook and kill a twenty-pound salmon as well as the best fisherman of the country.")

This young lady joined the Church of Rome in 1878. Those who knew Dr. Cotton best, were best aware how serious a grief this must needs prove to the devoted Parent. He was wounded in the tenderest part. But—(as she told me)—not one word of reproach ever escaped his lips. He loved his "Amy" with undiminished tenderness to the last: playfully assuring her before his death,—*"I always keep your letters."* It is believed that the evidence her act afforded of spiritual earnestness,—the token that "Amy" was prepared to do anything for CHRIST's sake,—made the blow endurable which must else have crushed him.

I am indebted to a friend who adorns the University of Durham⁷ for a few memoranda concerning Dr. Cotton which will be perused with interest:—

"First,—It will surprise some to be told that there was a time (say between 1820 and 1830) when he was considered, along with Dr. Ogilvie, to be one of the best preachers at S. Mary's, among the residents. This is stated on the authority of Dr. Lightfoot, the venerable Rector of Exeter College; who said that he has known these two preachers influence the audience to tears. As Cotton had a bad voice and a delivery naturally unattractive, such an effect can only have been produced, (apart from the attending influences of the HOLY SPIRIT, which we are sure he would earnestly pray for), by his deep seriousness and by his evident conviction of the realities about which he was preaching. The first University Sermon I ever

* At S. George's, Hanover Square,—27th June, 1839.

⁷ The Rev. A. S. Farrar, D.D., Canon of Durham, and Professor of Divinity.

heard, was from him,—on some text in the Psalms on the 'peace' which attends on the holiness implied in 'the fear of the LORD.' It was a morning Sermon and S. Mary's was full. (In those days indeed the University Sermons were well attended, no matter who preached.) Though the discourse was not one of much power, I well remember the solemn attention with which it was listened to, and the serious and impressive delivery of the preacher.

"A second circumstance worth noting was stated to me by himself; viz. that the two books on Divinity which had most impressed him, were Miller's Bampton Lectures for 1817, (on '*The adaptation of Holy Scripture to the real state of Human Nature*'); and Dr. Chalmers' '*Astronomical Discourses*.' He frequently alluded to these two subjects, embodying certain points of them in the sermons which he preached in the Chapel of his College; and he urged (though unsuccessfully) at least three of his friends to base courses of Bampton Lectures on them.

"A third trait is of a less solemn character. Let it be thought to be of the earth, earthy. It nevertheless brings out *the man*, and shows the strong sense of duty which marked his view of life. A clergyman, whose daughter, (an heiress,) had married a naval officer, a distant relation of Dr. Cotton, called on him a few months after the daughter's marriage. Cotton immediately asked him about his daughter. The clergyman looking sad, he interrupted,—'Surely, she is not ill or dead?' 'No,' replied the other, 'but her husband is ordered off for foreign service.' Cotton, nearly 80 years of age, kindled instantly,—half indignation, half laughter,—and exclaimed, 'What in the world would you have him do, except go on service? Would you wish him to be a land-lubber, kicking his heels about Portsmouth or Plymouth?' The clergyman himself told me the anecdote, adding,—'It was a rebuke, befitting the nephew of Combermere.' If Cotton had been a cavalry officer instead of a Clergyman, he would have gained repute in the army for dash and energy. But his name would (we may hope) have been registered also in that long roll of godly soldiers which begins with Cornelius the Centurion and (at present) ends with the martyr of Khartoum."

Another friend,—for many years Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College,—on being invited to sketch the Provost's character, writes thus interestingly concerning him:—

"Not to dwell on the prevailing aspect of his character, with which you are already well acquainted, let me remind you that,—most holy man as he was,—there was nothing morose or sombre about the Provost's seriousness. He had much wit and humour, and appreciated both in others. Then, in his early days he was noted for being a fearless rider. I have heard it whispered that, in his rides from Oxford to Denchworth, he did not by any means always stick to the high road, but occasionally went 'across country.' This habit obtained for him the soubriquet of '*hard-riding Dick*,'—the name of a Border rider mentioned in Marmion, playfully transferred to Cotton, I believe by John Miller of his own College. When he became Provost, although as Fellow and Tutor he had long been in the receipt of a good income, he possessed, I believe, nothing. So profuse had been his liberality, that he had given everything away."^a

"As regards myself personally," (writes another, and more recent, Fellow of the same society,) "I may mention that the Provost was quite like a Father to me. He distinguished me above the other Fellows of the College at a certain period, for two reasons which he himself gave me:—(1), He looked upon me (whether rightly or wrongly I may not say,) as a good Churchman, and appointed me Chaplain and Divinity Lecturer; and (2), He considered me a good Conservative. Also (I think) he liked me because it had so happened that I was the last Fellow elected under the *old system*, (i. e. remaining a Scholar until a Fellowship became vacant for me). So that, when I was Fellow, one or two of my seniors being radicals, and my juniors having come from other Colleges, and not being ordained, he appointed me Tutor also,—although I did not take a high class in Classics, my forte being Mathematics and Science. He however told me plainly that he appointed me Tutor for the express purpose of having one who would take charge of a certain number of the men and try to be a pattern of a 'Conservative Churchman,' and

^a From the Rev. Rowland Muckleston, Rector of Dinedor, Hereford.

likely to help them. He was always my ideal of a *Christian gentleman*; and his goodness to me, as to others, was uniform."⁹

Such details are interesting as illustrative of the man's character; and for that reason seem to have a claim to be admitted here. . . . The Provost's gentlemanly instincts never forsook him. An Officer of the Oxford Militia (hoaxed by his brother Officers) once presented himself, uninvited, to dinner. The Provost gave him a hospitable reception, and studiously abstained from undeceiving his guest. This anecdote does not stand alone.

Throughout his long life, Dr. Cotton had enjoyed a singular measure of health and vigour. He remarked to one of his Fellows (whom he visited in time of sickness) that he was scarcely conscious of having ever suffered pain, and had never been ill but once. His bodily powers did not forsake him to the last. He presided at the annual College meeting (St. Andrew's Day, 1880,) and sat through it; entertaining his Fellows at dinner in the evening. Next day (December 1st), he assisted at the College audit. On the Sunday evening previous (November 28), he had preached in Worcester College Chapel, (according to his own invariable practice), a sermon preparatory to the administration of the LORD's Supper on the ensuing Sunday;—an administration at which (to his great sorrow) he was prevented (for the second time in his life) by sickness, from being present. The day before, (Saturday morning, 4th December,) on returning from the College Chapel, he complained of faintness;—and did not again cross the threshold of his lodgings. His intimate friend, Rev. C. P. Golightly, was ministering to him assiduously; but there seemed no immediate reason for alarm.

On the Wednesday evening (8th December, 1880), while at dinner with his wife and daughter, he was observed suddenly to become pale and silent. Up to that instant he had been talking cheerfully. He was evidently wholly unconscious that the moment for his departure had arrived. He gasped for breath once or twice,—glided from his chair,—sunk upon the floor, and expired. It was found, on approaching him, that life was already extinct.

Thus, suddenly, but not unpreparedly,—“full of days,” (for he had already seen his eighty-sixth birthday), and within the walls where he had resided continuously as Scholar, Fellow, Provost, for 68 years,—departed RICHARD LYNCH COTTON, D.D. It was *translation* rather than “death”: literally was it a “*tarrying until*” his Master “*came*.” . . . On entering the College Hall, just before the Provost's funeral,—“A *very good man*” (remarked Bonamy Price with emphasis to Canon Bright of Christ Church) “has passed away: a true Christian, a man of prayer, who lived in his Bible.” “It is” (replied the other) “a real *Euthanasia*.” “That is the very phrase” (rejoined Bonamy Price) “which I was going to apply to his death.” . . . On the very day of his departure, his physician had urged him not to say family prayers. No, he could not give up *that*: he should not sleep if he did not say them. “Well then, at least read them sitting.” No, he must kneel: he could not endure to sit while

⁹ From the Rev. C. H. Tomlinson,—Hoggeston Rectory, Oct. 26, 1886.

praying. And those evening prayers with his family he never lived to read—in either position.¹

It is unfair to speak of Dr. Cotton as one of a school; to class him with the (so called) "Evangelical" section of the Clergy, and to represent him as a party man. He was a good Churchman,—faithful, humble, devout, earnest. No better proof of his large-heartedness could be appealed to than his generous encouragement of the project for transforming the Chapel of Worcester College, (which in my time [1842-6] was certainly the very coldest and correctest of classical structures), into the most gorgeous and ornate specimen of its class in Oxford. He was *above* the littleness which would have marred an endeavour on the part of the Society, which, at all events, was very nobly meant. But there is no denying that Cotton viewed the 'Tractarian' movement with undisguised alarm. I cannot recall without a smile the *bewildered* expression of his face when, on taking leave of the society at the Easter of 1846, I paid him a visit of respect and affection, and thanked him for many acts of kindness: "especially, Mr. Provost, am I grateful to you for not having altered the dinner-hour on Sundays, so that my friends and I enjoyed to the last the benefit of hearing Mr. Newman's sermons at S. Mary's." Nor may it be denied that Cotton was *claimed* by a party to which he did not really belong. There hung in his hall a dreary Missionary Map of the World. Wilson of C. C. C., taking men to matriculate [1855], remarked,—“Mr. Vice-Chancellor, I was not aware that *coal* was so widely spread over the world, as the black on that map shows.” “No, no,”—rejoined the Provost: “*heathen darkness—heathen darkness.*” . . . This is the true version of a story which (like most University stories) has been grossly travestied in the repetition.²

Sincerely attached to the religion of his fathers, he zealously promoted the erection of the “Martyrs’ Memorial:” for, least of all, was there in him anything of the sectarian spirit which displayed itself in those who kept aloof from that expression of loyalty to the Reformed Church of England. Truly Catholic-minded and wondrously large-hearted, if he did but recognise in any one earnestness and reality of service, he was prepared to overlook all else. Proof of all this is at hand, but indeed it has been furnished already. He gave to every undergraduate when he first called upon him, a copy of Bp. Wilson ‘*on the LORD’S Supper.*’—When at Rome, he was duly presented to the Pope and kissed the hand of “his holiness.”

Followed by “troops of friends,”—(for every chief resident of the University attended his funeral,)—Dr. Cotton was conveyed to his last resting-place in Holywell Cemetery on Tuesday, 14th Dec., 1880. The former part of the Burial Office was read in the college chapel by the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel, assisted by the Dean of Chichester: and, on reaching the grave, the latter, assisted by the Rev. C. P. Golightly,

¹ From Canon Bright,—who adds:—“Dr. Cotton years ago impressed on me the fact that the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History is also a *Professorship of the study of the*

ancient Fathers.”

² From the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel, Fellow and Tutor of Worcester.

concluded the service. The undergraduates of Worcester were joined by many non-resident graduate members of the College,—not a few of whom came up from distant parts of the country to show this last mark of respect to their venerated chief. No one in Oxford was more universally loved or more heartily and deservedly revered than Dr. Cotton.

May I be forgiven if I conclude this brief Memoir of one who was very dear indeed to me, by appending some verses written upwards of thirty years ago, entitled "WORCESTER COLLEGE"?³ I do this, not so much because of the poetical reference to "our Provost" which those lines contain, as because in the scene which they endeavour to pourtray and the personages which they seek to commemorate, Dr. Cotton had been for so long a period the central figure. Not least, let me add, because it is a solace to me to associate my memory with the name of a College within whose walls I passed the three happiest years of my life:—from whose members I never experienced anything but loving-kindness;—and from which [1842-6] I derived benefits which I can only characterize as priceless. '*Floreat Vigornia!*'

So, last in order, first in my regard,
Dear Worcester! every well-known nook of thine
I've trod in thought; and now, behold, I stand
Here on thy threshold ready to depart.
I stand, but turn. *Who* turns not where he loves?
Ah, let me leave in token of my love
These flowers upon thy forehead! So they shine
One evening, I'm content: I know thou'lt keep
The dead leaves for my sake when I am gone.

Blest be the year, the month, the day, the hour,
When first we met! Ev'n now, the contrast strange
Haunts me, between thy most unpromising front
And what I found within:—a terraced height
Crowned by tall structures of a classic mould,
On this side; and on that, a row of small
Irregular antique tenements, with quaint shields
Bossing each doorway. Wide between the twain,
Guiltless of daisies, spread an emerald lawn,
Severing as 'twere the old world from the new,—
The present from the past: and there were flowers
(*So* bright and young beside those old grey walls!)
Which humanized the scene, as children do,
With touch of fresher nature. All beyond,
The eye roved free, for there the garden rose,—
Rose in a sweet confusion of green boughs;
And all was quiet, quiet as the grave.

Well, 'twas a happy time, those three swift years
I spent within thy walls: a happier time

³ These verses were written to accompany some '*Historical Notices of the Colleges of Oxford*,' of which Worcester was the last

founded, although, as a place of learning, it is among the oldest of the Colleges.

In all my span of life I not remember.
And now, because 'tis hived where nothing more
Can harm or change it, much less take away,
Oft up and down the gallery of those days
I walk, and muse of this thing and of that,
And pause before each picture of the past.

Our Provost, might I paint him, was a man
Of wondrous grave aspect: of stature small,
Yet full of Christian dignity; so full
Of human kindness, that a child could pick
The lock upon his heart. 'Twas sport to watch,
When chased by beggars near the College wall,
(Some mother of a fabulous brood of bairns,)
How soon he'd strike his colours to the foe . . .
Ever the first in Chapel: at his prayers
A homily to inattentive hearts:
The College loved, revered him, to a man.

Then, would you know our Tutors, each was great,
But in his several way. What excellent gifts
Were Muckleston's!—(*my* Tutor he; well skilled
In dialectic; grand in all the moods
From 'Barbara' on).⁴ And Thomas,⁵—even now
I seem to catch the full majestic tide
Of his large knowledge, various, apt, and clear,
Which brought fertility where'er it flowed.
How would he handle those old classic themes
Till in our hands the lifeless pages grew
Instinct with beauty, yielding purple flowers!
But Richard Greswell⁶ was my special friend:
To get whose living image, see you join
To childlike guilelessness a sage's wit,
Truth like a woman's, bounty like a king's,
And then you'll know the man. . . . Yet incomplete
Were any portrait-gallery of that time
Which kept no corner for James Bullock's face.⁷
Kind-hearted Bullock! whose quick-flashing wit,
Harmless as lightning in the summer dark,
For ever kept high-table in a roar.

⁴ See above, p. 285, note.

⁵ The Rev. George Fuller Thomas, M.A.
His connexion with the College, the charm of
his character, and the date of his death, are

thus commemorated on a marble slab which
meets the eye of one ascending the Library
stairs:—

NOLITE · OBLIVISCI · VIGORNIESE
VIRI · REVERENDI · GEORGI · FULLER · THOMAS · A.M.
HVJVS · COLLEGH · OLIM · SCHOLARIS
QVI · FRACIPIENDI · MVNERE · INTRA · HAS · AEDES
PER · XXIV · ANNOS · QVAM · FELICISSIME · FVNCTVS
DECESSIT · DIE · XXVIII · JVLII · A.S. · MDCCCLXVIII
VIR · ERAT · SIMPLEX · SINCERVS · PIVS
INGENIO · EXCVLTO · DOCTRINA · EXIMIA · MODESTIA · INSIGNI
VIXIT · OMNIBVS · CARVS · LXVIII · ANNOS
AVE · ANIMA · DVLCIS

⁶ See the next Memoir.

⁷ Late Fellow of Worcester.

And sure am I that Mirth was never slow
 To come where *we* were sitting. But how changed,
 Good lack! how changed is everything since then!
 New figures fill our places in the Hall:
 Unheard-of names are writ above our doors:
 Men stare to meet me in the garden walk,
 As if I were a stranger. Am I then
 Forgot already, like a foot-print left
 Last night upon the sand? . . . So come and go
 The generations here, as summer birds
 Which build and twitter underneath the eaves,
 And straight are lost for ever. All my friends
 Are scattered from me: and no broken chain,—
 No blossom-laden bough in time of wind,—
 No heaven of stars at blush of early dawn,—
 Is left more bare of ornament than I.

Did we not hold such converse, when, last June,
 We paced thy garden-walk between the yews,
 And roved the mountain-valley near thy home,
 Dear Hensley?⁸ Did we not,—what time the moon
 Slept on Penarran's side,—count o'er the names
 Of friends departed; noting with amaze
 What havoc in our ranks ten years had wrought?
 We spoke of each: of Skeffington,⁹ who seemed
 Too full of life to die,—Akers,¹ too full
 Of goodness long to live: of many more
 Grown Husbands, Fathers, Widowers; while of some
 We had no news, and wondered how they fared . . .
 Meanwhile, the Mule went sparkling on its way
 Beside us, babbling, bubbling: and you said,—
 "The Mule comes trickling down from yonder hill:
 Finds the Mahelly: the Mahelly finds
 The Severn; and the Severn finds the sea.
 All find the sea at last! A little while
 Parted asunder,—but a little while,—
 And then all find the sea." . . . Whereon we took
 Our journey home in silence, and sat down
 To watch the slumbers of thy motherless babe.

No more! The day hath dwindled into dusk,
 An hundred solemn throbs of sound, and one,
 Have changed the dusk of evening into dark.

⁸ The Rev. Alfred Hensley, Cotgrave, Notts: once Curate of Kerry, Montgomeryshire.

⁹ The Hon. Henry Robert Skeffington died at Rome, 17th February, 1846, aged 32 years, and sleeps in the English Cemetery there. He was a young man of exceeding piety and extraordinary literary promise. His younger sister in 1848 published a volume of his poetry, —full of genius and lofty aspiration. She styled it,—*A Testimony*.

¹ The Rev. Aretas Akers (of Malling Abbey, Kent.)—sometime Curate of Fletching in Sussex, and of Smeeton Westerby, (a hamlet of Kibworth) in Leicestershire,—died of consumption, on the 10th August, 1856, aged 31. Into a few years of ministerial earnestness and activity, he seemed to compress the labours of a long life. Τελευτήσας ἐν ὀλίγῳ ἐπλήρωσε χρόνον μακρὸν.

And, for that night is fitting time for prayer,
Be this my prayer for Worcester,—That her sons
May love her only half as well as I,
And all prove twice as worthy. . . So, good-night!
Tapers are gleaming in the casements: rays
Of glory streak the lawn: there come and go
Shadows, and laughing voices, and stray notes
Of 'Annie Laurie,' which one resolute soul
Wrings out in puffs from a refractory horn.
The servants hurry past me: only Joe,
(*Who* knows not old Joe Preston?) wondering why
I stare so hard at what I know so well,
Pauses; and fraught with viands, bread and beer,
Quoth he to me,—'Good-night, sir!' I to him,
And to dear Worcester, pass the word,—'Good-night!'

Oriel, *June*, 1857.

(vii). RICHARD GRESWELL:

THE FAITHFUL STEWARD.

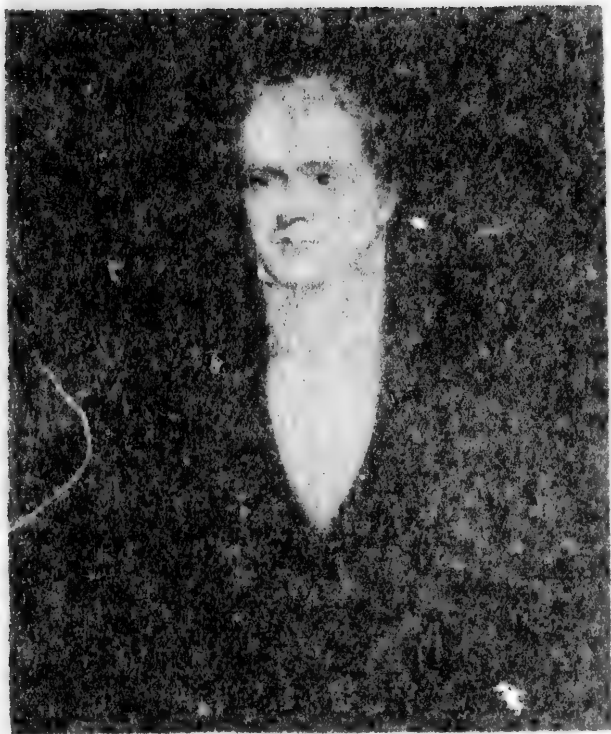
[A. D. 1800—1881.]

NONE of the older members of Worcester College will have noticed in the papers, a few years since, the record of the death of the Rev. Richard Greswell without experiencing a pang of affectionate regret. Constrained, not so much by reason of his age as of his increasing infirmities, to withdraw from social gatherings in Oxford, he had been for the last few years of his life regarded by men of a younger generation almost as a tradition of the past. But in the account of older men,—men who have carried with them into the provinces the pleasant memories of their College days, ("hived in their bosoms like the bag o' the bee"),—his name will awaken none but living images of intellectual activity and untiring benevolence; dashed, it may be, with playful recollections of such childlike simplicity of character and utter guilelessness of disposition as are seldom met with now-a-days. Some few too there must needs be, (though their number is growing rapidly less and less), who, at the mention of RICHARD GRESWELL, will secretly kindle with generous emotion towards one of the noblest names which adorns the Church's annals: the name of a great public benefactor, who moved through life indeed without one token of public appreciation, but whose reward will most assuredly not be forgotten in that Day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. I will but add in the way of preface, that at Oxford, where so many marked diversities of character are apparent, *this* friend ever seemed to me, more than any of his fellows, to stand apart,—to stand alone.

Richard, fourth son of the Rev. William Parr Greswell [1766-1854], was born at Denton, in Lancashire, of which his father was perpetual Curate, July 22, 1800. Like his brothers, he received his early education under his Father's roof and at his Father's hands. His Mother was Anne Hague [1766-1841]. William Parr Greswell was a man of great acquirement and of solid learning. A considerable author, too, he was, as the subjoined enumeration of his works proves.¹ But his greatest work by far was authorship of another kind. It may be questioned whether another instance could be found of a Father, who (beginning life

¹ I know of the following:—*Memoirs of Angelus Politianus*, &c., 1801,—*Annals of Parisian Typography*, 1818,—*Monastery of*

S. Werburgh: a Poem, 1823,—*View of the Early Parisian Greek Press* (Two vols.), 1833.



Mr. J. W. Brown

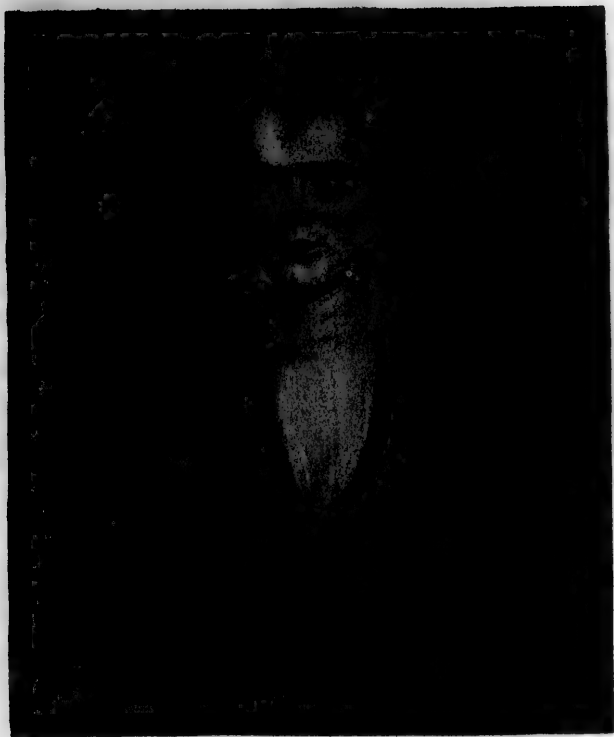
THE FAITHFUL STEWARD.

[A. D. 1800--1881.]

NONE of the older members of Worcester College will have not in the paper, a few years since, the record of the death of Rev. Richard Griswold without experiencing a pang of affectionate remembrance, not so much for reason of his age as of his increasing tendency to withdraw from social gatherings in Oxford, he had in the last few years of his life regarded by men of a younger generation as a tradition of the past. But in the account of older men, who have carried with them into the provinces the pleasant memories of their College days, he lived in their bosoms like the bag of the beggar; his name will awaken none but living images of intellectual activity, unflinching benevolence; dash it, it may be, with playful recollections of such childlike simplicity of character and utter guilelessness of disposition as are seldom met with now-a-days. Some few too there must needs be, though their number is growing rapidly less and less, who, at mention of RICHARD GRISWOLD, will secretly kindle with genuine emotion towards one of the noblest names which adorns the Church annals; the name of a great public benefactor, who moved through the world without one token of public appreciation, but whose reward must also ready not be forgotten in the hour when the secrets of all things shall be revealed. I will but add, in way of preface, that at a time when so many marked distinctions of character are apparent, *there is one* referred to in the history of his fellows, to stand apart and stand alone.

[illegible]

Angela's Mission, by, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521,



Richard Greswell.

as he did with a miserable pittance of 50*l.* a year) could yet boast of having trained and sent up to the University, (after in part educating,) five sons, every one of whom achieved high honours, and obtained a Fellowship—viz., at Balliol, at Corpus, at Oriel, at Brasenose, and at Worcester respectively. The thing has been made in a manner *impossible* under the altered conditions of Oxford.

The subject of the present Memoir,—(I owe the information to his brother Clement, sometime Fellow of Oriel,—the youngest and last surviving of the seven²),—"was not in early life intended for the University. The bent of his mind was mathematical and mechanical. He was born with a genius for this kind of intellectual eminence; and would in all probability have realised a mighty fortune, had his Father carried out his first intention,—which was to place him in the counting-house of one of the millionaire cotton-masters in his vicinity." He changed his plans about Richard, when his two elder brothers, William and Edward, gained their honours at Oxford, and determined to send Richard there also. For this purpose, the last named had to resume his classical studies, which for some time previously he had laid aside.

It is thought that what determined the choice of Worcester College for Richard Greswell, was that, just at the time when his elder brother, Edward (Fellow of C.C.C.), obtained his double-first class, there happened to be a scholarship election at Worcester on a foundation open to sons of Clergymen. Richard was advised to stand for it,—and thus got on the foundation, June 1st, 1818. His tutor was the Rev. John Miller, author of some famous 'Bampton Lectures,'—one of those excellent men whose memorial survives in an imperishable page, though his name is half, or quite forgotten by the present generation. Singularly enough, a letter of his (dated 'Bockleton, near Tenbury, May 17, 1822'), addressed to Richard Greswell's father, comes to light at this instant; and describes the graces and the goodness of the young man who had at that instant achieved the summit of his ambition,—the attainment, namely, of a double-first class. In the same list, by the way, appear the names of Bp. Denison and Dr. Pusey. The author of the '*Christian Year*' was one of Richard's examiners. "His perseverance, modesty, and *dutifulness*,—uniformly exemplary throughout his course,"—had so impressed John Miller in his favour, that he could not withhold a glowing tribute in the young man's praise.

Richard Greswell was at once (viz. in 1822) appointed 'assistant Tutor' of his College, and in the ensuing year, full Tutor,—an office which he

² Thomas Haemer, (eldest son), [1795-1819], at a very early age, succeeded his uncle, Rev. John Greswell, as Master of Chetham Hospital school.—(2) William [1796-1876], fellow of Balliol, rector of Kilve.—(3) Edward [1797-1869], fellow of C.C.C.—(4) Richard [1800-1831], fellow of Worcester.—(5) Charles [1802-44], a physician.—(6) Francis Hague [1803-30], fellow of B.N.C.—(7) Clement [1809-1882], fellow of Oriel, rector of Tortworth. There were also two daughters.

Two of these brothers, William and Edward,

for the five years immediately preceding their removal to Oxford, were educated at Manchester School, where they were favourite pupils of the Rev. Jeremiah Smith. His son, the Rev. I. Finch Smith, (who edited for the 'Chetham Society' the '*Register*' of the School with Notices of the more distinguished scholars,) has given a biographical sketch of William and Edward Greswell, in vol. iii. pp. 77-82. [I find that 'Chetham' is now written '*Chertham*.']

retained for thirty years. In June, 1824, he was elected Fellow of the Society, and was made 'Dean' in 1825.³

His great and varied learning made his lectures truly valuable to those who sincerely desired to profit by them; while his childlike simplicity of character was what chiefly struck the idler sort. No one has borne more striking testimony to his profound erudition, and real skill as a teacher, than an unknown correspondent of the '*Guardian*' newspaper,⁴ who writes as follows:—

"When I entered Oxford, I did not know one proposition of Euclid from another. Mr. Greswell had the irksome duty of preparing candidates for '*Little-go*.' His intimate knowledge of the Greek text of Euclid, his power of illustrating any given proposition, were such as to enchant any one fond of real Science. No man known to me could have given a better critical edition of Euclid. The work has not yet been done.

"Similarly, in Theology. I remember on one occasion, after a lecture in the Ethics, to have asked him for guidance as to the bearing of the doctrine of original Sin on the principles set forth by Aristotle. He gave me in few words a sketch. The basis was broader than that of Pearson,—the summit, I think, was higher; and I well remember that, when I went up for Orders, Bishop Denison recognised the work of my teacher. At any rate he thought proper to make inquiry.—I wish Mr. Greswell had published notes on the '*Ethics*' and '*Rhetoric*.' His thoughts were of singular value.

"So, years after, I was somewhat disturbed as to the teaching of the School of Alexandria. I am not speaking of it as depicted in fashionable novels and by Gibbon. I had obtained most of the works which had been accepted as worthy of prizes by the French authorities. But I needed further light, and Mr. Greswell pointed out to my notice the work of Görres, on '*Mystik*.' I feel sure that he could have added something which seems wanting in Cardinal Newman's '*Grammar of Assent*.' Mr. Greswell's mathematical power always seemed to me to lead him to argue, in technical language, 'up to the limit.' I felt compelled to bow before him. I may be wrong, but I very much doubt whether the present system of setting algebraical puzzles will bring out all the definite, sharp, clear results of the older School,—I mean in the training of younger minds.

"Again. In Moral guidance I had, when in trouble, to apply to Mr. Greswell. Years ago, I had applied for a post for which I fancied myself fit. I had naturally asked for testimonials. I received favourable replies: from one authority, most certainly, a most friendly letter. I failed, and when my testimonials were returned I found a letter marked '*private*,' which astounded me. My friends advised action in a court of law, but I placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Greswell. How any man could have written the letter to me, and also the letter marked '*private*,' was incomprehensible. Mr. Greswell begged me to give up the letter, and I did so. He was right.

"It will always be a matter of bitter regret to me that I could not seek and obtain the privilege of standing bareheaded at the grave of one to whom I owe so very much."

Such then was Richard Greswell as a Tutor of Worcester College.

His first achievement on becoming Bursar of the society (viz. in 1826, and again in 1833-4) was to set about transforming what, until then, had been a dreary swamp into a College garden. This he did at his own expense, devoting the emoluments of his Bursarship to that object. Worcester College Gardens,—one of the pleasantest haunts in Oxford,—

³ Also in 1830-3. The years of his Bursarship (1826, 1833-4) he made memorable to the College. He became B.A. in 1822,—M.A. in 1825,—B.D. in 1836.

⁴ *Guardian*, Aug. 24th, 1881. The communication is signed X. Y. May I know the writer's name?

are, in fact, the creation of the subject of this memoir,—an abiding monument of his liberality, taste, and inventive genius.

In 1836, (April 5th, at S. Mary Magdalen Church, Oxford,) he was united to Joana Julia, youngest daughter of the Rev. James Armitriding [1750–1832], rector of Steeple-Aston, Oxfordshire, for two-and-forty years. This lady brought him a good fortune. It sufficed in fact for all the requirements of modest housekeeping: so that he was enabled, with characteristic liberality, to bestow on charitable objects the proceeds of his Tutorship. The secret of his ability to be bountiful,—(and Richard Greswell was even munificent),—was, that both he and his admirable wife lived most unostentatiously. The personal expenses of either were inconsiderable. They were one in spirit and disposition, and *that* to a rare degree. Mrs. Greswell died in 1875: having shown herself a truly loving, helpful Wife,—a most devoted and judicious Mother.

The dates above written,—1834 and 1836,—remind me to mention that Richard was a hearty adherent of what used to be called the 'Tractarian' party; though, like the man with whom he was most intimate, most completely at one in Oxford, (the Rev. William Palmer, author of the '*Origines Liturgicæ*'), he would have nothing to do with the movement when it ceased to be Anglican. Of large sympathies and true Catholic instincts, he reckoned among his personal friends many whose views were totally opposed to those cherished by himself, alike in Religion and Politics. Only with the unbelieving School would he never make any terms whatever. He abhorred the dishonesty which seeks to destroy what it has solemnly pledged itself to maintain and uphold.

Greswell's grandest achievement was the setting on foot, and bringing to a triumphant issue, the large voluntary subscription on behalf of National Christian Education, which was enterprised upwards of forty years ago. In the middle of June 1843, it had become evident that Sir James Graham would be under the necessity of withdrawing his scheme of Education, which was only just tolerated by the Church, and had been loudly repudiated by the unanimous voice of the Dissenters. The matter was urgent in the highest degree: the want was of the most serious kind; and the moment was critical. *Then* it was that Richard Greswell came nobly to the front,—inaugurating the movement by himself giving 1,000*l.*, and by his letters obtaining a similar sum from Sir Robert Peel, her Majesty the Queen, Mrs. Lawrence of Studley Park, the Dukes of Northumberland and Portland, and Mr. A. Beresford Hope. For Greswell addressed all that was noblest and wealthiest in the land, and where it was practicable, wrote long argumentative letters, which were attended by the happiest results. His own (publicly avowed) subscription of 250*l.* became a precedent which all the Bishops followed,—the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London giving 500*l.* each. In the end, the National Society entered the field with a capital of 250,000*l.* Thus, by the spontaneous and independent exertions of individual Churchmen, and through the agency of the 'National Society,' was achieved what a Whig Government first, and a Tory Government afterwards, had not been able to accomplish; viz. the laying of the foundations

of the great work of National Education. By this effort the Nonconformist bodies were shamed into a similar movement, and eventually raised a very large sum. "The entire movement was due to the zeal and to the munificence of one man,—our friend Richard Greswell. But '*tulit alter honores*.' When it was found to be a success, the Heads of Houses took up the undertaking, and, of course, reaped all the credit."⁵

I had written thus far *meo Marte*, when,—yielding to a happy impulse,—I determined to entreat my ancient friend, the Rev. William Palmer of Worcester College, to send me his own impressions on the foregoing subject. Well aware of the intimacy and deep-rooted affection which had ever subsisted between himself and the subject of the present memoir, I added that I should be glad of a few words concerning R. G.'s character,—if he was disposed to furnish me with such help. The response which my importunity elicited shall be laid before the reader in full. It is prefaced by a reflexion on "the utter hollowness of human fame. We know not the benefactors of our race. Their good actions are buried in oblivion,—never to be known until they are proclaimed at the last Day." William Palmer,—(writing from 'Malvern, Aug. 15th, 1881,')—proceeds:—

"It is not upon the private side of Mr. Greswell's character that I propose to linger;—*that* aspect of his life which was known only in private circles. I shall dwell exclusively upon circumstances which have always appeared to me so completely to overshadow all the rest of his personal history, as to constitute its main, and most remarkable feature,—in comparison of which every thing else is of no importance. I allude to the services he rendered to the Church of England.

"Those services are so entirely unknown, that probably few will comprehend my meaning. They were private services. They relate to a state of things which has in many respects passed away; but they constitute a chapter in the secret history of the Church which will not be without its interest as showing the hidden springs which sometimes underlie great movements. The circumstances referred to took place about 46 years since.⁶ Unable to verify dates by reference to authorities, I trust that any slight inadvertencies will be excused.

"Attention has lately been directed to the encouraging fact, that, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made in recent years to supersede Christian Education by means of Secular Schools, the Church has been able to sustain her educational system; and that a majority of the rising generation still prefers her instruction to that of Sectarians, or of Secularists. That the Church of England has been enabled to bring about this great result, and thus to occupy a position which, even in these days of unsettled principles, secures for her some consideration from 'the powers that be,'—is, I venture to say, essentially due to the exertions of Mr. Greswell.

"The time referred to was in the reign of King William IV, some few years after the passing of the Act for '*Catholic Emancipation*,'—and its sequel, the '*Reform Bill*.' It is needless to dwell on these crises in the affairs of Church and State; the consequences whereof, predicted in vain by their opponents, have not yet run their course. The State had broken its alliance with the Church, and placed itself under the control of the Papacy, and of influences animated by a deadly hostility to the Church. The sister Church in Ireland had been plundered, and its bishoprics swept away. The Bishops of England had received from the Minister of the day the ominous notice 'to set their houses in order.' Attacks, aiming at the destruction of the Church of England, were in every session of Parliament unceasing.

⁵ From Dr. Greenhill.

⁶ This was written in 1881. See below, page 297, note (7).

"One great object of the revolutionary party had long been to destroy the Schools of the Church of England, and establish some National system of Education dissociated from Christianity. Even the 'British School Society,' instituted by Liberalism, because it retained the Bible in its Schools, was too Christian for these reformers, now known as Secularists. Their agitation at length bore fruit, and the Government passed a measure,—the origin of the present Department of Government,—by which provision was made by the State for the erection of Schools, and for their maintenance, subject to certain conditions, such as the substantial character of buildings, their dimensions, &c.; and the admission of 'Government Inspectors.'

"The Church of England had long perceived the objects of the Secularists; and the efforts in past years of the Clergy and Laity, and especially of the *National Society for the Education of the Children of the Poor in the principles of the National Church*,' had been very great; but those efforts confessedly fell short of the educational wants of the country, which demanded funds which mere voluntary subscriptions could not sufficiently provide.

"In fact, to meet fully the exigencies of the case, and educate the people of England at the expense of the State (as the Secularists wanted to do) would have demanded sums so vast, that no Government could dare to encounter the financial responsibility. When the Education Act was passed, the Government was compelled to rely to a great degree upon the Voluntary principle, and did not venture to do more than subsidize Schools erected and maintained by private exertions; and so it happened that the State aid was offered indiscriminately to Schools of all, or of no denominations, in proportion to the sums voluntarily subscribed for their erection, or support. *The principle of preference for an Established Church was thus abandoned*: all sects were placed on an equality [with the Church]. Secularism and Dissent thus obtained a recognition of their principle; but they did not for some time understand what was involved in this impartial distribution of the State funds; and they probably never would have done so,—had not Mr. Greswell been then living.

"It was (I think) in 1834 that this Legislation took place, or early in 1835; and what follows may be placed I presume in 1835-6. I cannot at this distance of time, and having no means of correction at hand, speak positively as to dates,⁷ but the circumstances of the time I shall not easily forget.

"Upon the passing of the Government Bill for Education at the instance of the advocates of change, the friends of the Church were in great doubts as to what might be its effect upon Church Education. They could not calculate what influences might be brought into the field against it, or what funds might be at their disposal. The subject was so wide, that it needed the deepest thought and the most comprehensive views to determine what was to be done under the circumstances. The Church generally was uneasy and depressed at the prospect of a formidable competition; and regretted to see in the Government measure a further severing of the alliance which had so long subsisted between Church and State. No one proposed any mode of remedying the apprehended evils, or of averting them.

"It was at this important crisis that a single individue¹, unknown to the world, —without fortune, influence, connexions,—suddenly came to the front, and became the saviour of the cause of Church Education in England. RICHARD GRESWELL was then 35 years of age,—in the full vigour of his powers mental and bodily;—with a will, an energy, a perseverance, combined with a vigour of intellect, a soundness and solidity of judgment, and a warmth of zeal, such as I have never known elsewhere, combined with a humility, modesty, and utter unselfishness, such as his. He was at this time nothing more than a Fellow and Tutor in Worcester

⁷ Out of affection and respect for the writer, I leave his letter as I find it. And indeed the *political events* to which he refers may well belong to the years 1834-6; but it is proved (by a printed letter of Richard Greswell's which lies before me) that certain details given above, at pp. 295, 296, (and which I derived entirely from that letter,) are correct. The large sums first mentioned were subscribed in

1843,—during the reign therefore of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The misgiving as to *the date* of the incident, twice expressed by the writer, (above at p. 296 and here,) is very noticeable. His graphic picture of Greswell's share in the business remains wholly unaffected by the difference between "46" (and 38) "years since."

College, Oxford;—one of the few mathematicians and scientific men in the University;—and whose distinction in the Schools was well remembered. He was the son of a venerable and excellent Clergyman, and most accomplished scholar, who had managed, upon a miserable benefice, to educate five sons so admirably that each as he entered the University became foremost in the Schools, and was elected Fellow of his College. Of these sons, Edward, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, will occupy a high place amongst the great scholars and writers of his University. Richard Greswell was, at the period referred to, almost unknown out of Oxford.

"At that time he called upon me, (with whom he had laboured before in the cause of the Church,) in order to confer upon a subject with which his whole soul was full, to the exclusion of all others,—*the recent Act for National Education*. He spoke with his usual energy upon the deep importance of the crisis, and of the imperative necessity of being prepared to meet it. The question was,—Whether the whole rising population should be trained in principles adverse to the Church of England and even to Christianity itself: 'but' (he said) 'the Act providentially comprised a provision, the importance of which no one had perceived, but in which he was convinced lay the security and preservation of the Church Educational System, and the overthrow of the attempts which were being made to ruin it.' He then explained the provision by which State grants were proportioned to private exertions, without distinction between denominations. 'Consequently' (he said) 'the Church of England cannot be prevented from receiving her full share of the State subsidies; and it depends upon herself,—upon the exertions of her members,—whether she shall or shall not retain the Education of the rising generation: and if the Church should be apathetic and indifferent at this crisis, every thing would be lost.' But he expressed with the utmost confidence his assurance that such would *not* be the issue. Still, it was of the last importance that not a moment should be lost. There ought to be no hesitation on the part of the Church in availing herself fully of the opportunity which thus was opened for her. Nothing could be more suicidal than to reject the subsidies offered by the State on the ground that they were not given in the way which Churchmen would consider to be consistent with right principle.

"In a day or two he was with me again, to communicate the thoughts which then filled his every moment. He came to say that seeing no movement anywhere in the direction needed, but an indisposition even to accept the Government grants; and generally a total absence of definite views about the course to be taken, he had resolved to try whether a single individual like himself could not do something towards initiating the exertions which had become imperatively necessary. He then detailed his plan, which was of so bold a character, that it caused astonishment to the hearer. He spoke with confidence about obtaining the support of the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel: of the Archbishop of Canterbury: of other great personages; and of inducing them to subscribe great sums of money to the cause of Church Education; and thus to set on foot a National Subscription,—on so mighty a scale, that the Church would be enabled by its means to obtain a great proportion of the Government subsidies, and thus to retain to the full her influence over the rising generation. Perhaps almost any one who had heard the plans detailed with a vehemence which is indescribable, would have concluded that the whole scheme was chimerical and absurd. Here was a young man, quite unknown to the world, without rank, fame, or connexions, proposing to himself to make the heads of the Church and State come forward with great sums for the promotion of a plan suggested by a private graduate of Oxford! I must say that I felt far from sanguine as to his success.

"In another day or two he brought me his letter to Sir Robert Peel, to whom he was personally wholly unknown. It was very long, and was written with the utmost ability and the soundest judgment. The Minister was appealed to upon principles and considerations carefully adapted to his known views and purposes. The views of the writer were exhibited in perfect harmony with those of the Government. The object was stated to be that of completely and effectually carrying out the intentions of the Legislature, and at the same time of strengthening the Established Church, of which the Minister was known to be a supporter on principle. In fine, a strong appeal was made to him personally, as an attached member of the Church of England, to place himself at the head of the Movement,

and to set on foot an adequate subscription by himself contributing not less than 1000*l.*, as an example to others. The writer mentioned that he had himself subscribed a similar sum.

"A few days passed during which we awaited with great anxiety the reply of the Minister to this bold application. It came very speedily, and Mr. Greswell appeared with the letter in his hand, and with a countenance beaming with delight. The answer was everything that could have been wished. It expressed entire approbation of the object, to which the Minister subscribed the sum of 1000*l.*, as had been requested; and the entire proposal and plan received his patronage and support.

"Mr. Greswell had applied in the first instance to Sir Robert Peel, in the expectation that his patronage would be the means of inducing many others to follow his example. He instantly set to work. His next application was to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley); and he placed the subject in such a light in his letter, (which also announced Sir Robert Peel's and his own subscriptions of 1000*l.*;) that the Archbishop consented to patronize the undertaking, and to give a similar sum.

"Thereupon, the indefatigable promoter of the plan wrote again to Sir Robert Peel stating the concurrence of the Primate, and entreating him to bring the whole case before the King, (William IV,) and obtain his Majesty's patronage to the undertaking. Mr. Greswell's application was again successful. The King^a became patron of the undertaking, with a subscription of 1000*l.* The fund was now 4000*l.*, from four subscribers. Greswell instantly proceeded in his work. He was anxious that the scheme should obtain, at the commencement, the support of the Liberal as well as of the Conservative party; and having some slight and remote pretext for appealing to the Marquess of Westminster, then one of the leading nobles of the Liberal party, he wrote an admirable letter to the Marquess, which I read. It was eminently calculated to produce the desired effect. This letter also was completely successful. On learning the support which the scheme had received, the Marquess gave a similar subscription of 1000*l.*

"The matter had by this time assumed such a form that success was assured. The indefatigable zeal of Greswell found fresh motives for exertion every day. I soon lost sight of the details of the great undertaking in which he was engaged; but from time to time he showed me lists of new subscriptions of the most munificent amount from all classes and parties. By his exertions in private correspondence the fund rapidly rose to 10,000*l.*, 20,000*l.*, 30,000*l.*, 40,000*l.*, and upwards, before any advertisements appeared.

"When this large sum had been raised, he considered it necessary that a powerful Committee should head the appeal to the Nation. It was formed. It consisted of a great array of nobles, politicians of various parties, dignitaries of the Church, and eminent men. Greswell himself appeared merely as a subscriber: no allusion was made to his exertions; and the world knew nothing more about him. The subscription was thenceforward increased by public advertisement. It was completely successful. It rolled on from 50,000*l.* to 100,000*l.*; then to 150,000*l.* At last it reached a quarter of a million. How much more, I know not.

"The effect of the Movement thus initiated by one humble member of the Church of England was momentous. The great funds thus collected were applied in aid of the Educational exertions of the Church. I believe they were distributed through the medium of the '*National Society for the Education of the Poor in the principles of the Established Church*,'—which suddenly found itself in the possession of great funds, or aided by them. Thus, Church Education received a prodigious stimulus. The Church of England was at once enabled to come forward with great sums in addition to all previous subscriptions and local aids, which fully corresponded with her needs, and made her an applicant on a vast scale for the educational subsidies of the State. In the course of a very few years, between the great central fund which had been raised, the local exertions stimulated by grants from it, and the government aid, a *million, or a million and-a-half, of money was expended on Church Schools*, and an enormous increase

^a See above,—p. 297, note (7).

in the Church Educational System took place. Mr. Greswell beheld with gratitude the immense results of his well-directed exertions,—carried out and perfected by thousands and tens of thousands who had never heard his name. Satisfied with the result, he never again alluded to the impulse he had given to the Church's cause; and when reminded of it in after years by the friend who had witnessed his exertions, he showed himself disinclined to speak on the subject.

"There was one result which had not been anticipated. The Church, by this great effort, was enabled to distance all competition. The opponents of Religion, and the leaders of political Dissent, were alike taken by surprise. They endeavoured, but in vain, to raise funds of corresponding magnitude. Their efforts bore no proportion to those of the Church of England. In the course of a few years, when the result came to be perceived, they became loud in their complaints that the Church had obtained nine-tenths of the Government Education grants,—that the Education Act had merely gone to increase the influence of the Established Church. Their complaints showed,—either that the Church was far more liberally inclined than its opponents;—or else that its members must be vastly more numerous. Either way, the facts of the case were unfavourable to the opponents of the Church of England. Nevertheless, by dint of agitation and complaint, the Secularists and Voluntaries at length succeeded in forcing upon the Government what was intended to be fatal to Church of England Education, but which resulted in the 'School Board' system, which still left the Schools of the Church in receipt of Government subsidies. Even this measure, which gave 'School Boards' the power of taxing the people, with the object of excluding Religion from Schools, has not as yet been able to subvert the great work achieved by Richard Greswell. The Church still educates above half of the rising generation; nor have her efforts been lessened amidst all the discouragements and difficulties experienced from the action of the Temporal Government on many occasions."

So far, my friend the Rev. William Palmer.* I shall not be blamed for having exhibited his interesting narrative without either abridgment or mutilation. The foregoing statement of unknown or forgotten facts will be recognised as an important Ecclesiastical document when the time shall come for writing the recent History of the Church of England.

Next to refounding the '*National Society*' ('*for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church*,')—

"Probably the two most important public matters in which Mr. Greswell took part, were the establishment of the 'New Museum' at Oxford, (of which he was almost the founder, though it afterwards passed into other hands); and the first election of Mr. Gladstone to represent the University.

"In 1847," (proceeds my correspondent,†) "you were still a B.A.; but you must remember how unpromising Mr. Gladstone's Committee appeared at first sight, consisting almost entirely of junior M.A.'s, without a single dignitary to give us either moral or ornamental support. I think Richard Greswell was the only B.D. among us, (for James Mozley at that time was but M.A., I believe), and I was the only Doctor. However, by zeal and hard work the election was won; and then, at the last moment, another person (the Rector of Exeter College) formally proposed Mr. Gladstone in the theatre. I was sorry that our friend had not the honour of doing this, as he had been the active Chairman throughout, and it was at his house in Beaumont Street‡ that the meetings of the Committee had been held. When Mr. Gladstone came to Oxford after the election, he was not received at his own College, but stayed with Richard Greswell,—who invited

* This truly great Divine,—whose precious writings have so largely benefited our Church, and left an indelible impress on her history,—was born on the 14th February, 1803, and entered into rest on the 7th Sept. 1885,—aged 82 years and 7 months. He sleeps in the Churchyard of Sandford near Oxford, beside one whose dying request it was that she should be

described on the memorial stone which marks her resting-place, as—"Mother to the Rev. William Palmer."

† W. A. Greenhill, M.D., (formerly of Oxford,) writing from Hastings, Aug. 9, 1881. I am indebted to this friend for many valuable notices.

‡ No. 21,—now numbered '24.'

his triumphant working Committee to meet him at dinner. Of that dinner-party I think I must be almost the only survivor."

Yes, every Oxford resident of sufficient standing must preserve a lively recollection of Greswell's enthusiasm on behalf of Mr. Gladstone,—whom, by the way, with the politeness of a past generation, he never mentioned without prefixing 'Mr.' to his name. The cause amounted in Greswell to a passion. He retained the Chairmanship of his Oxford Committee until the member for Oxford University forsook his principles and reversed his policy. And though, in the final contest of 1865, Greswell resigned his prominent post, he never withdrew from his friend his support; nor his confidence, until he saw him leagued with the enemies of the Church,—an entirely altered man. What would Richard Greswell have said had he lived to see the same statesman in close alliance with the enemies of Law and social Order? leagued with a faction whose avowed object is the disintegration of the British Empire? . . . But we must now turn our eyes in a different direction.

"The parish of Denton-cum-Haughton" (writes Clement Greswell), "*nostrae incunabula gentis*, was, when my Father entered on the incumbency, one of the rudest and most uncivilised in that part of England. It was bestowed upon him by the patron, the then Lord Grey de Wilton, in whose household my Father had held the office of Tutor to his only Son. This pupil of his, a most promising boy, died at a very early age. In my Father's time the living was only a perpetual Curacy. When he commenced his ministry it was worth, I believe, only 50*l.* per annum."

The Rev. William Parr Greswell found Denton Chapel most inconveniently pervious to the elements,—the wind having freely displaced the slates from the roof. The consequence was, that throughout the winter vast accumulations of snow in "the cockloft" used to bring the ceiling down upon the heads of the wondering congregation in time of thaw. Corn might have been winnowed within the sacred edifice,—so freely did the winds of heaven find ingress. The incumbent, with a zeal worthy of better days, removed the horizontal ceiling, (rightly judging that it could not have formed part of the original design), and set about encasing the old walls,—externally with cement; internally, with lath-and-plaster. The vibration caused by these primitive attempts at Church restoration, caused the disengagement of sundry coats of white-wash; whereby, to the astonishment of the natives, was revealed the entire history of Lazarus and *Dives* on the walls.³ . . . The reader is reminded that he is listening to a retrospect of at least 90 years, for these events belong to the last decade of the former century. William Parr Greswell, the first resident incumbent at Denton, educated the sons of most of the neighbouring gentry: possessed a remarkable library; and was only gathered to his fathers at the age of 89, in 1854.

In 1849, the united Townships of Denton and Haughton, which from time immemorial had been an important centre of the felt and beaver-hat manufacture,—were reduced to a state of ruin by the invention of the silk hat. This revolution in taste (for silk hats were generally adopted) was the cause that upwards of a thousand families were suddenly deprived

³ 'Historical Records of Denton and Haughton,'—by Samuel Hadfield, (1855), (1860. pp. 16).

of their means of subsistence.⁴ With a population of 8000, there was but Church accommodation for 300 persons,—no part of which was free and unappropriated. To secure for this forlorn district an additional Church, Schools, and a second resident Clergyman, Richard Greswell made strenuous exertions; nor did he rest until he had achieved his holy purpose.

"The parishes" (wrote his brother Clement in 1881) "now constitute two separate and independent rectories, S. Lawrence and Christ Church respectively; the first, worth upwards of 300*l.*; the other, 250*l.* My father was able, through the influence of friends, to get an increase of the living from Queen Anne's Bounty, but the great benefactor to the parish was my brother Richard himself. It was by his exertions chiefly that the new Church, styled Christ Church, was built and provided with a parsonage, Schools, and an endowment such as I have mentioned. The original Church, (or rather Chapel, as it was styled,) of S. Lawrence, is a great curiosity, being a remarkable specimen of the black-and-white striped style of building not uncommon in the counties of Chester and Lancaster." Under Richard's auspices this too was restored and considerably enlarged to meet the requirements of an increased population, without affecting or destroying the peculiar style of its architecture. He built also a Rectory for the incumbent of this portion of the original parish,—endeared to himself by his Father's incumbency of S. Lawrence since 1791. I cannot specify how much of the money required for these expensive improvements he drew from his own private means, but the sum was certainly very considerable. Indeed, I think I may say that he devoted *all* the income of his Fellowship and College offices to these and similar pious and charitable undertakings."

From a printed correspondence which lies before me, it appears that the date of the many good works above referred to, was 1849-50.

Enough has been said to show that it was quite a mistake when a local paper, (in an otherwise correct notice of Richard Greswell), described his Father as a man "possessed of large private means." From that learned Father,—the incumbent of a very poor perpetual curacy, with a family of seven sons and two daughters,—it is needless to remark that Richard inherited absolutely nothing; except, indeed, an unblemished name (surely, a priceless inheritance!) and the purest traditions of a virtuous northern home. But in truth he was throughout life singularly unselfish in money matters. Whatever came to him by inheritance or bequest from his own,—as distinct from his wife's relations,—he invariably handed over to such of his brothers as had larger families than himself; a very 'Proculeius,' in the character of his generosity. It is right to state that his brother Edward shared his spirit and disposition in this respect.

The erection of Denton church, of which Sir Gilbert Scott was the architect, was quite an event in that district of Lancashire,—being the first really ecclesiastical-looking edifice which had been seen in that part of England. Richard Greswell was its true founder. But, administering largely, as has been described, to the spiritual wants of the place of his birth, was only one of the many outlets for his benevolence.

⁴ "The felt-hat trade reached its greatest prosperity about the year 1840, when not less than 24,000 were manufactured weekly in Denton and Haughton."—A minute and curious account of the hat manufacture is given at pp. 10-13 of *Booker's work* cited in the next ensuing note (3).

⁵ See the frontispiece to the Rev. John Booker's '*History of the ancient Chapel of Denton in Manchester Parish*,'—printed for the Cheetham Society, 1855 (pp. 146). The account of the Chapel is at pp. 41-62:—of W. Parr Greswell, at p. 109:—of Richard Greswell, at p. 124.

Mr. Greswell was one of the founders of the '*Ashmolean Club*' and '*Ashmolean Society*.' The subject is merely of local interest; yet, as illustrating Oxford life in the earlier part of the present century, the following record (contributed by a learned friend) seems to be worth preserving:—

"I think it was in 1824, that, a discussion having arisen among the few men in Oxford who at that time cared for Natural History,—as to whether *Sand-Martins* burrow in the winter and hybernate, or whether they migrate,—a small party was organized one winter's day to walk to Cumnor, in order to explore a sand-pit, (now I believe covered,) which used to be a notorious haunt of Sand-Martins. It lay between Cumnor village and the firs on the top of the down, called 'Cumnor Hurst.' In this party was Dr. Kidd, Dr. Daubeny, and (I think) Clutterbuck—late of Long Wittenham, then an undergraduate.* The Naturalists dug: found no Sand-Martins in the warren; and returned, convinced of the truth of the migration theory. Being late for Hall,—(dinner in those days was at 4 p.m.),—they repaired to a coffee-house looking down Broad Street, at the corner of Holywell,—the interesting structure, designed by Vanburgh, which has been recently demolished to make way for the '*Indian Institute*.' The evening passed so pleasantly that it was determined to repeat the supper once a Term, and to connect it somehow with Natural Science. Supper was soon exchanged for dinner at one another's rooms, once—and ultimately three times—a Term. The 'scientific' men in Oxford could at that period be counted on your fingers. Their studies lay apart from the curriculum of the University. They were regarded somewhat as *dilettanti*, and kept their 'Science' to themselves. Richard Greswell (though not one of the original sand-martin hunters) was early asked to join; and he remained a member of the Club to his life's end. (Only one other such Club then existed in Oxford,—a very small one,—of College Tutors, who dined together once a month, to confer about educational work). Owing to the fact that the scientific Professors were few, some members of the Club were elected on account of their great eminence and sympathy with scientific inquiries, without being specially employed on these subjects. Greswell was in fact one of these outsiders (as it were); but it need hardly be remarked that such men imparted to the Club (as they did to Oxford generally) that largeness of culture and breadth of sympathy with various branches of knowledge which characterised the graduates of that time who read for double honours. This is necessarily disappearing as knowledge becomes specialized, and originality of mind is exercised in tracking old principles into new applications, instead of employing itself in ascending to large generalities. Greswell's sympathy was wide and his reading great. But he showed no tolerance towards such new theories as those of Darwin; which trespass either on the sphere of Revelation, or on the principles of Natural Religion and spiritual existence.

"The foregoing remarks only touch a few superficial points of Greswell's character. They have no reference to that which gained him general respect even from opponents,—his entire conscientiousness; his unfailing generosity; his grand spirit of self-sacrifice; *that* courteous kindness which never forsook him to the last."⁷

In conferring great public benefits he was observed through his life to find his own especial gratification. He made at his private expense the handsome walk and avenue of trees which now encircles 'Port Meadow.' But he did more than plant, and beautify, and girdle round with walks. In the first instance, he *drained* 'Port Meadow,'—which henceforth, instead of being wet and swampy for nine months in the year, and dry for three, became perfectly firm and dry for nine months (from the end of March, namely, until the end of December), and probably wet (because liable to be flooded) for the other three months of the year. Thus, by an

* The name of this friend will recur in the Memoir of Bp. Jacobson.

⁷ From Canon Farrar, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham.

outlay of 550*l.*, he materially increased the salubrity of that part of Oxford, as well as added largely to the value of those 400 reclaimed acres. These improvements were effected in 1865. It should be added,—though I am sorry to write down so heavy an indictment,—that his work was regarded with apathy or indifference by those whom it was chiefly designed to benefit.

While on this subject, let room be found for the record of Greswell's burning interest in promoting the '*Central African Mission*,' and the schemes for putting down the slave trade on the Eastern coast of Africa. "He was *always*" (writes a common friend) "occupied in some important undertaking for the public good." His private charities also were really countless, and (like all who have studied in the same Divine school with himself,) he rejoiced supremely in doing such acts *in secret*. One of those lesser acts of munificence has only lately, quite by accident, come to my knowledge; which I will here set down.

A graduate of Worcester College,—(a young man of small means, who had been toiling on behalf of the most sacred of home ties,)—was at last tempted to exchange his work in Oxford for a position elsewhere,—which however involved considerable pecuniary risk. The circumstances of the case were neither unknown to Greswell, nor unappreciated by him,—as the following note which reached the young man's hands in the very nick of time, sufficiently proves:

"Dear Mr. ———, Will you accept from me the accompanying cheque for 100*l.* to aid you in your proposed undertaking! Your sincere friend,

"RICHARD GRESWELL."

It remains to sketch in outline the very beautiful character of the man, concerning whom so many details have been narrated. And were a hundred persons invited to do this, it is thought that not one would omit to specify his childlike simplicity and *guilelessness* of character. It was, in fact, the first, if not the last thing which struck those who had frequent intercourse with him. The friend quoted at foot who had also been Greswell's pupil, writes,—"*His chief characteristics were great and varied learning, boundless benevolence, and a childlike simplicity. His great erudition,—if the truth must be told,—was sometimes even an impediment to the efficiency of his lectures.*" . . . All will remember his shy, nervous manner. In my undergraduate days [1843-5], he good-naturedly lodged me, by assigning to me the two rooms in the rear of his own lecture-room,—viz. the three windows in the centre of the new buildings, first floor. One night, he entered my quarters with the benevolent intention of instructing me how I might obtain the deputy-librarianship of the College; but I never saw his face. Looking intently at the books on my shelves, (which he kept *stabbing* with his fore-finger),—speaking in a tremulous voice, and resolutely turning his back upon me,—he did me what really was a considerable favour with as much hesitation and apparent distress as if he had come to me as a suppliant and was going away disappointed. "I want you to come and meet *Oldfield*^{*} at breakfast to-morrow morning,"

* The Rev. Rowland Muckleston. See above, pp. 285, 289, &c.

* Edmund Oldfield, esq., Fellow and Librarian of Worcester College.

—(so ran the monologue, the words in italics being considerably emphasized,)—"and you must talk to him about *books*, and about *Authors*, as you did about Lord Bacon and the Elizabethan poets, when you dined with us *yesterday*," &c. &c. &c. . . . He was the sincerest of characters. "For myself,"—(writes the eminent Divine already largely quoted, between whom and Richard Greswell subsisted the closest intimacy),¹—

"I lose in him the most steadfast of friends; the most patient, the most true, the most just: a man who has entered into all my thoughts and actions for fifty-four years!—more than any other man, who was bound to me by the affection which began with my admirable Mother, and was transferred to unworthy me."²

Similar expressions of ardent personal love and admiration are found in every one of the many letters which his death has elicited, and caused to be sent me. But every one bears emphatic tribute also to his great erudition, his intellectual power, his vast attainments. He was exceedingly modest, notwithstanding, and diffident of himself to a fault. His simple, child-like piety (resembling that of Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester,) impressed us as undergraduates deeply. It was more persuasive than any homily,—more useful than a thousand precepts. Both men were *always* to be seen in their places in the College Chapel; and on Sundays their familiar forms were *never* missing at S. Mary's.

Richard Greswell was not an author, like his brothers William and Edward.³ With the exception of a paper '*On Education in the Principles of Art*,' read before the Ashmolean Society, December 4th, 1843 (pp. 32), and a '*Memorial on the (proposed) Oxford University Lecture-rooms, Library, Museums,*' &c. (May, 1853, pp. 20), he is not known to have published anything; though he may well have been an occasional contributor to Church Reviews. There also lies before me a very interesting Speech of his (partly delivered) at a public meeting in Manchester, (May 23rd, 1860), in behalf of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa (pp. 16). Richard Greswell's '*Works*' however will assuredly outlast the productions of many a more prolific brain. . . . Neither did he, at any time of his life, hold a cure of souls. I never heard him preach. I cannot even *imagine* him in the pulpit, so painfully nervous would he have been. But where is the preacher who has more faithfully published the Gospel, or more effectually illustrated its Beatitudes in his daily life?

He removed in 1854 from Beaumont street to S. Giles's (No. 39),—and there passed the remainder of his life. It was in that house that he died. His declining years were watched over,—*nursed* rather,—with affectionate assiduity by his two daughters, whose education he had himself superintended, and of whose attainments and graces he was not without reason proud. The elder is in fact one of England's learned ladies, being an excellent Greek and Hebrew scholar. Many a time has her father told

¹ Rev. William Palmer. See pp. 296-300, *supra*.

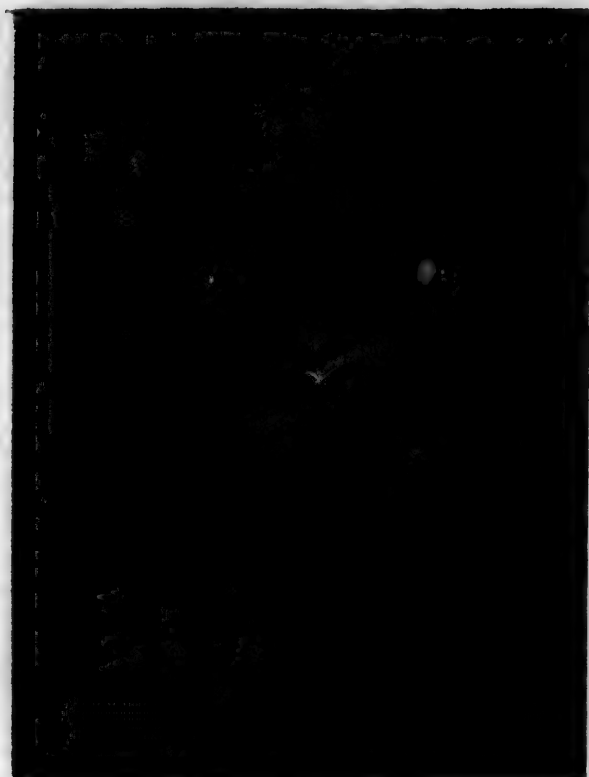
² See above,—p. 300, note (9).

³ William wrote (1836) a '*Commentary on the Burial Service*,' in two vols.; also a work on the '*Mosaic Ritual*.'—Edward published (1834) an '*Exposition of the Parables*,' in five vols.; '*Harmonia Evangelica*;' '*Dissertations on the Principles, &c., of a Harmony*,'

in four vols.; '*Fasti Catholici et Origines Kalendariae*;' '*Origines Kalendariae Italianae*;' '*Three Witnesses and Threefold Cord: a Reply to Colenso*,' and other learned works. He declined the presidentship of Corpus in order to devote himself exclusively to his literary labours; and sleeps in the College cloister.—See above, p. 293, note (2).

me with honest joy which book of the *Æneid*, or of the *Iliad*, 'Julia had finished that morning.' In 1873, Miss Joana Julia Greswell published a '*Grammatical Analysis of the Hebrew Psalter*,' which has been much commended by learned men. Dr. Pusey praised it. Helen Margaret, her sister, was Mr. Greswell's only other child.

Full of years and of good works, and sustained to the last by an unclouded hope,—though his powers of mind greatly failed him during his latest years,—Richard Greswell entered into rest, as one falling asleep, on his birthday,—(22nd July, 1881),—having fulfilled exactly eighty-one years. He rests in the same grave with his wife, in the churchyard of S. Mary Magdalene, Oxford, within a few paces of the Martyrs' Memorial. Of himself, the abiding memorials in Oxford are many; memorials, which will keep his memory fresh and green for many a long year amid the scenes with which he was so familiar, and which he himself loved so well. But his grandest monument,—the monument which will outlive every other,—is the service he rendered to the cause of *the Christian Education of CHRIST'S Poor*. . . . If there ever was a "faithful Steward" of his opportunities of service, *that* man was RICHARD GRESWELL.



Henry Octavius Coxe.

(VIII). HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE:

THE LARGE-HEARTED LIBRARIAN.

[A. D. 1811—1881.]

THAT was a precious link with the Oxford of the past which was severed by the removal of the REV. HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE, Bodley's Librarian, and Rector of Wytham,—who entered into rest on Friday, the 8th July 1881, when he had very nearly accomplished his seventieth year. He was at the time of his death perhaps the most generally known and universally beloved character in Oxford; and may be declared to have carried with him to his grave a larger amount of hearty personal goodwill, and sincere regret, than any of his recent contemporaries.

"Some there are in every age whose blessed office it seems to be, rather to impart tone and colouring to the circle in which they move, than to influence the historical facts of their time. They are to society what sunshine is to a landscape or expression to the human face. Remove them, in thought, from the scene in which they play their part, and the facts are observed to survive unaltered; but *that* nameless grace which beautifies existence,—that secret charm which imparts to the daily intercourse all its sweetness,—has fled."

The subject of the ensuing sketch aptly illustrates the truth of the foregoing remark, suggested by his character to an accomplished gentlewoman who knew him well and appreciated him greatly. He was pre-eminently one of the class of men referred to.

The chief incidents in Mr. Coxe's uneventful career were faithfully recorded in the brief notices of him which appeared in the newspapers immediately after his decease; but those who loved him best were heard to desiderate a fuller mention and more detail. He was born on the 20th September 1811, in the Vicarage house of Bucklebury, seven miles east of Newbury,—in a lovely part of Berkshire therefore, and in a village which abounds in picturesque historical associations. Bucklebury-house, the residence of Lord Bolingbroke at the time of his attainder, was frequented by Swift¹ and other wits of the period. The village rejoices in an ample common, and the finest avenue of oaks in the county,—supposed to commemorate Queen Anne's visit to Bucklebury.

The Rev. Richard Coxe [1753-1819],—father of Henry Octavius,—boasted descent from Protector Somerset; and inherited a tradition that

¹ "Mr. Secretary [St. John] was a perfect gentleman at Buckleberry. He smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours,—inquired after the wheat in such a field,—went to visit his hounds

and knew all their names. He and his lady saw me to my chamber, just in the country fashion."—'*Journal to Stella*,' (Aug. 4, 1711),—*Works*, ii. 316.

he belonged to the same family with Richard Coxe, bishop of Ely [1554-81]. His son might therefore have claimed 'founder's kin' at All Souls and at Queen's. His immediate ancestors had resided for 200 years at Ardington in Berkshire. He was Vicar of Bucklebury-cum-Marlestone from 1788 to Michaelmas 1818. An old gentleman who yet survives in those parts, (son of the Vicar of an adjoining parish), remembers going over, as a boy, in Richard Coxe's time, to witness '*back-swording*' and other similar exercises, at what was called 'Chapel-row revel.' The neighbouring gentry met at the Vicarage, in order to accompany the Vicar to see the sport.—Richard was twice married. By his second wife, Susan, one of the five co-heiresses of Holled Smith, esq. of Normanton Hall, Leicestershire, he had eleven children, of whom the subject of the present memoir was the youngest,—being the eighth son ("Octavius"). Three of his elder brothers died in India, the eldest, Holled, being the father of Major-General Holled Coxe. Of the rest, only Richard calls for notice. He was a fellow of Worcester College, became Canon of Durham and Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, and was the father of the Rev. Seymour Coxe, Vicar of Stamfordham, Newcastle-on-Tyne.² Henry Octavius survived all his brothers and sisters.

He was sent to Westminster School, under Dr. Goodenough. The Rev. Henry Bull of Lathbury,—who for a brief period was Second Master,—remembers him as "a boy of good conduct, bright and popular, and keeping a good place in the form." He left the school at the age of fourteen in order to read with his elder brother, the Rev. Richard C. Coxe, who was at that time a Curate at Dover. While under that roof, he acquired a great love for the sea and for sea-going people, which never forsook him. He would, long after, recount with great enjoyment old stories of boatmen and smugglers, and cherished memories of rash expeditions in open boats. He had learned to row at Westminster. But he made good proficiency with his books,—for he ran "a tie" with Bonamy Price for a scholarship on first coming up to the University.

From his brother's at Dover he proceeded to Oxford,—matriculated, Nov. 19, 1829,—and in January of the ensuing year, became a resident commoner of Worcester College. There he read steadily for honours, and would have obtained them, but for a severe fall (through a trap-door), which forced him to abandon all hopes of distinction in the class-list. By consequence, Coxe is remembered by his undergraduate contemporaries chiefly as a consummate oarsman. It is related of him that on one occasion,—(he was rowing No. 7 in his College boat the night after it had sustained a bump),—stroke having broken his oar at starting, Coxe took up the stroke, and with seven oars succeeded in bumping in turn the boat which had bumped them on the previous night. He was eventually chosen to row in the University eight, but in that year the race was put off. To return, however, from the river to the College.

Those strong bookish instincts which, when fully developed, make a man a first-rate Librarian,—the passionate love and solicitude, the

² To whom,—(as well as to the Rev. T. W. Watts, Vicar of Bucklebury),—I am indebted for many of these early details.

appreciative judgment and skill, the refined and scholarlike taste and tact,—are apt at an early period of life to give promise of what is to follow. While yet an undergraduate of Worcester College, Mr. Coxe received the offer of work in the Manuscript department of the British Museum. This he accepted: transferred himself in consequence to London in 1832, and only took an ordinary pass at Oxford,—graduating as B.A. in the following year.³ Singular to relate, the early career of his elder son, William Henry, in this respect closely resembled his own. (Having gained the Boden Sanskrit Scholarship, the young man accepted a place in the Assyrian department of the British Museum before taking his degree at Balliol.) Let me however proceed in order.

In the British Museum it was that Henry Octavius Coxe laid the foundations of that extensive and varied acquaintance with the literature of Books which, for many years before his death, he enjoyed in perfection; as well as of that accurate palæographical knowledge for which he afterwards became so conspicuous. Every one has heard the story of his detection of certain of the forgeries of Simonides.⁴ But it has not fallen to the lot of many to carry to him more than one sacred codex with the request that he would assign its probable date. The modesty with which Mr. Coxe gave his opinion on such occasions, and the good nature with which he would sometimes (if he had before him one who was very much in earnest in the inquiry) be at the pains to produce the considerations on which he based his judgment,—were scarcely more striking than the skill and curious knowledge which he displayed. Certain *dated* codices were immediately sent for,—(“Bring me ‘*Canonici*’ *this* and ‘*Clarke*’ *that*!”),—the characteristic forms of the letters and style of the writing were minutely discussed and insisted on; and you were at last dismissed with,—“That’s why I shouldn’t place it higher than the twelfth century, my dear boy!” (The ‘*dear boy*’ being probably—like himself—a matured youth between fifty and sixty years of age.)

At the close of his six years’ apprenticeship at the British Museum (1832–8), Mr. Coxe returned to Oxford, and became associated as under-Librarian with Dr. Bandinel at the Bodleian. In the same year (1838) he accepted the curacy of Culham; and in the April of the ensuing year, married Charlotte Esther, second daughter of General Sir Hilgrove Turner, private secretary to George IV, and sometime Governor of Bermuda and Jersey.⁵ By this lady he had five children, of whom only two survive (1888),—Hilgrove, now vicar of Pyrton, near Tetsworth; and Susan Esther, who was married in 1870 to the Rev. John Wordsworth,—eldest son of the late learned and pious Bishop of Lincoln. Coxe’s daughter Susan is therefore the wife of the present Bishop of Salisbury.⁶ Henceforth, with a single short break, Mr. Coxe resided continuously in Oxford; and many years after told his son that “for the first thirty years of his work in Bodley, he never took the whole six weeks’ holiday allowed

³ May 30th, 1833 :—M.A., May 5th, 1836.

⁴ See ‘*Gentleman’s Magazine*,’ Oct. 1856, —pp. 440–2; and Nov. 1856, —p. 593. . . . The incident referred to belongs to Sept. 1853.

⁵ He was a man of considerable learning in antiquities; brought the Rosetta stone from

Egypt; and was keeper of the King’s prints.

⁶ His other two daughters (Magdalen [1841–4] and Charlotte Frances [1844–5]) sleep in the Churchyard of S. Mary Magdalene, Oxford. The son, mentioned above, William Henry, is again noticed at p. 320.

by the Library." In truth, his love of the place was so great that, (as his daughter expresses it), "he never was happy away from it." Parochial work in the meantime amounted to a passion with him; and the interchange of occupation which a Curacy affords, supplied him all his life with ample variety, as well as enjoyment of the purest and most congenial kind.

Culham, however, was by no means Mr. Coxe's first introduction to pastoral work. While in London, he had been for two years Curate to his brother Richard at Archbishop Tenison's Chapel.—"On resigning this Curacy, he became (in 1836) assistant Curate of S. Matthew's, Spring Gardens, of which Dr. Tomlinson (afterwards Bp. of Gibraltar) was then the Incumbent. A large district in the parish of S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, (of which, Sir Henry Dukinfield was at that time Vicar), extending from Scotland-yard to the Adelphi,—comprising the south side of the Strand, and extending down to the River,—was assigned to him, with a population of 3000. Dark, narrow streets, crowded and unhealthy courts and alleys, (now happily for the most part removed), which were occupied by some of the lowest characters in London,—formed the greater portion of this district. And here it was that, through genuine zeal for his Master's service and a sincere love of souls, he devoted his evenings, and his spare time from the manuscript room of the British Museum, in visiting the occupants of every house from cellar to garret;—at first, with some difficulty, but ere long winning his way, gaining confidence, and making a lasting impression on some of the most hardened men and women. These used often to speak of him in grateful and affectionate terms to one who is now living, and who succeeded him in his successful work." . . . I am indebted for the foregoing particulars to the late excellent Canon John Richard Errington, Coxe's one dearly loved friend through life,—his contemporary and very intimate friend at Worcester College, as well as his successor in 1839 at Spring Gardens' Chapel. He adds,—"I never met with any one who combined so much acute learning, sound judgment, and persevering diligence, with so charming a manner, such delightful humour and playfulness, as H. O. C."⁷

Having held Culham for ten years (1838–1848), Mr. Coxe was in succession Curate of Tubney, where his teaching was greatly appreciated, for seven years (1848–1855),—and of Yarnton, for one (1855);—after which, he accepted the curacy, and at the end of thirteen years (1868) was presented by the Earl of Abingdon to the rectory, of Wytham, which he held till the period of his death,—namely, for five-and-twenty years. He was 'select Preacher' before the University in 1842.

In the modest parsonage of Wytham, Mr. Coxe passed some of his happiest hours. Truly congenial to him was the care of his little parish, and truly exemplary was he in discharging the duties of his cure. One of his many attached friends (the Rev. John Rigaud) writing to me from Oxford, exclaims:—"How often has one seen him,—(as I go about the streets now, I think of him in this spot or in that),—hurrying off in the November fog after four o'clock to get on his horse, and go to visit the

⁷ July 29th and Aug. 6th, 1881.

sick in his little village!" . . . Yes, he rarely missed a day: always having some case of sickness on hand,—in his own parish or elsewhere; and, as a rule, mounting his horse directly Bodley closed. Every one knew him. The very Arabs of the gutter loved him. His kindness to one such ragged urchin,—(the child inhabited a back street near the Station, and was without a friend in the world),—procured for him the street *soubriquet* of "George's man." "Here comes *George's man!*" shouted the rest, at sight of the familiar figure of the genial horseman on his punctual way to Wytham after Bodley hours. It was just the thing to delight Coxe!

On the death of Dr. Bandinel in 1860, Henry Octavius Coxe became supreme in Bodley;—here his greatest achievement was the new general Catalogue, (of which two copies have been constructed), contained in 723 folio volumes, and comprising all the printed works in the library, except those in Hebrew and other Oriental languages. This undertaking, it took from 1855 to 1880 to complete. Slips were written in triplicate; of which *one* is mounted in either of the two copies of the Catalogue,—the third being reserved for the *Subject* Catalogue now in the course of formation. The general Catalogue is alphabetical, by *Authors' names*. . . . But a survey of the enumeration of his Works which is given at foot of the present page,* will remind the reader that Mr. Coxe was himself a very considerable Author as well as Editor. By the way, the original MS. of the Norman French metrical life of the Black Prince (No. 2 in the subjoined list) is preserved in the Library of Worcester College.† Its concluding lines constitute the inscription so exquisitely executed in bronze

* 1. '*Rogeri de Wendover Chronica, sive flores historiæ cum appendicibus.*' Ed. H. O. Coxe, for the English Historical Society. Five Vols. 1841-44. Lond., 8vo.

2. '*The Black Prince.*' An Historical Poem, written in French by Chandos Herald, with a Translation and Notes by the Rev. H. O. Coxe,—for the Roxburghe Club. 1842. Lond., 4to.

3. '*Poema quod dicitur Vox Clamantis, necnon Chronica tripartita, auctore Joanne Gower,*' nunc primum edidit H. O. Coxe,—for the Roxburghe Club. 1850. 4to.

4. '*The Apocalypse of St. John the Divine.*' Represented by figures reproduced in fac-simile from a MS. in the Bodleian Library,—for the Roxburghe Club. 1876. 4to.

5. '*Catalogi Codicum Manuscriptorum Bibliothecæ Bodleianæ pars prima, recensione Codicum Græcorum continens.*' Confecit H. O. Coxe. Oxon, 1853. 4to.

6. '*Idem: partis secundæ fasciculus primus [Codicum Laudanorum Latinorum et Miscellaneorum catalogus].*' Confecit H. O. Coxe. Oxon, 1858. 4to.

7. '*Idem: pars tertia, Codices Græcos et Latinos Canonicianos complectens.*' Confecit H. O. Coxe, Oxon, 1854. 4to.

8. '*Catalogus Codicum MSS. qui in Collegiis Antiquæ Oxoniensibus hodie adservantur.*' Confecit H. O. Coxe. 2 Partes. Oxon, 1852. 4to.

9. '*Report to her Majesty's Government on the Greek Manuscripts yet remaining in Libraries of the Levant.*' By H. O. Coxe. London, 1858. 8vo.

10. '*Forms of Bidding Prayer, with Introduction and Notes.*' By H. O. Coxe. Oxf., 1840. 12mo.

11. '*Yet there is Room.*' A Sermon (on S. Luke xiv. 22). By H. O. Coxe. Oxf., 1873. 8vo.

12. Besides the foregoing, Mr. Coxe produced several Reports for the Curators, on subjects connected with the Library.

† In 1883 appeared an edition of this Poem '*with an English Translation and Notes, by Francisque Michel.*' "I have reconstituted," (says this gentleman), "a critical text which I maintain to be exact in form to the original." (*pref.* p. xix.) There exists but one passage (of 28 lines) where the trustworthiness of M. Michel's 'reconstituted' production may be tested, viz. the inscription on the Black Prince's monument in Canterbury Cathedral, —which is also recited in the Black Prince's Will. The result of collation here is fatal to M. Michel's contention. For '*tous*' (in the first line) he invents '*vous*'; and into the second line he thrusts '*mien*' without warrant. The worst of it is, that he gives his reader no intimation where he departs from the MS. which he professes to edit. Coxe, on the contrary, made it his business to print the poem *verbatim* and *literatim* as he found it.

In M. Michel's 'Translation,' some few corrections appear; but he omits to mention that,—with these exceptions,—he has *silently appropriated the whole of Mr. Coxe's work.* Who would believe that M. Michel has further adopted the *whole of Mr. Coxe's Preface and Notes*,—publishing them as if they were his own? I forbear to offer any comment on all this.

For whatever is interesting in the present note, I am indebted to the courtesy and intelligence of T. W. Jackson, esq., Fellow and senior Tutor of Worcester College.

on the Black Prince's tomb in Canterbury Cathedral,—of which inscription 'Chandos Herald' is therefore ascertained to have been the author.

But specially deserving of attention in the same list are Nos. 5 to 8, which will for ever remain a worthy monument of Mr. Coxe's learning, scholarship, and literary ability. "His Catalogues of the MSS. in the College Libraries" (writes his son-in-law) "were made under great difficulties. He would begin at six in the morning, in cold rooms, so as not to trench on Bodley hours,—during which he scrupulously abstained from doing any of his own work." In connexion with this statement it also deserves to be recorded that "he resolutely adhered to his determination not to become a 'collector,'—in order that the Library might enjoy his undivided solicitude and interest. He had hardly a scarce or valuable book of his own purchasing."

"The only one of his books" (proceeds my informant) "on which I saw him myself at work was the illuminated XIIth century Apocalypse in Bodley, which he edited for the Roxburghe Club (No. 4). The lithographs were done by a man who went under the name of 'Harry Sandars,' and died in Oxford a short time ago, when it was found that 'Sandars' was not his real name. Mr. Coxe, during our Italian tour, made constant search after MSS. of the same kind, but found nothing really like it. He used to believe it to be an English book."—About No. 9, a few remarks shall be added in the words of a contemporary:—

"The best known of Mr. Coxe's labours is his Report to the Government on the Greek manuscripts in the libraries of the Levant, which has just been reissued by the Stationery office. Mr. Coxe was despatched to the East by a classical Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir G. C. Lewis), for the purpose of ascertaining if there were any Greek manuscripts in existence which might promote the study of Greek literature, and of purchasing those which their owners might be willing to sell. In the libraries of the patriarchs at Cairo and Jerusalem he found about 200 manuscripts, many of which he would gladly have secured; but the heads of the Convents would not entertain the idea for a moment. The greatest treasure which he met with was a copy of the Book of Job, of extreme antiquity, preserved in the monastery of S. John at Patmos. Three of its custodians remained with him whilst he examined it, and 'no money would tempt them to part with' their chief possession. He was anxious to see the Seraglio Library at Constantinople, but the official routine was so slow that the necessary permission characteristically arrived on the day fixed for his departure."

His work was in the end cut short by fever before he could inspect the monasteries of Mount Athos or of Thessaly. Concerning the places he visited, he has furnished us with some interesting details in his 'Report' of 35 pages,—which well deserve perusal. Mr. Coxe found the librarian of the Bodleian peculiarly unpopular at St. John's Convent, Patmos; from whose library Dr. E. D. Clarke [1769–1822] had obtained the famous early dated copy [A. D. 896] of Plato's dialogues. "The authorities" (he relates) "were well acquainted with, and all deplored, the loss they had sustained in their Plato, and know perfectly well where it is now deposited."—(p. 27.)

Vastly different would have been the result of this mission to the Monasteries of the Levant, had it been undertaken thirty or forty years earlier. All honour to the Chancellor of the Exchequer who lent himself

to so noble an endeavour to rescue from ruin the precious remains of antiquity which to this hour must needs be lying *perdus* in the monastic libraries of the East!

Returned to Oxford, Mr. Coxe devoted himself to the duties of his office with unflagging zeal and ability. "I never enter the Library" (he once said to a friend) "without looking at the portrait of Bodley,"—(the portrait which faces you as you go into the 'Arts' end of the Library, where the Catalogue is), "and resolving to do nothing which would have offended Sir Thomas." The proposal to convert the Bodleian into a lending Library, (which is sure to crop up every now and then, and to find some noisy advocate),—Coxe always scornfully rejected as a grievous wrong to the institution, a violation of the Founder's will, and sure to prove an unmingled evil. His attention to visitors, his discriminating *kindness* rather, was remarkable. I shall not easily forget his manner of exhibiting some of the historical curiosities of the library to Miss Yonge, —nor will that accomplished lady have forgotten it either. I had the good fortune to be standing by, and to be permitted to join their party. I foresaw that he would show her some of the choicest treasures in that matchless collection, and in his choicest way,—and so he did. It was a great treat.

With the officials of the Bodleian, Coxe was thoroughly popular. There was in him no affectation of dignity. His welcome to the 'janitor' was as cordial as to any one. He had no *suspicious* ways: assumed that all beneath him were doing what they ought, though he could be playfully sarcastic with them on occasion, if he found any off their duty. He loved a *trusty* man supremely,—and a Christian. There was in him a real power of governing and guiding a great institution; his intellectual supremacy keeping him first in all matters requiring head-work, and giving him a right to the authority conferred on him by his office. To Oxford men visiting the library he was simply delightful. In the words of an ancient resident in Oxford (Archdeacon Palmer):—"It will not be easy to get so good a librarian as Coxe, though his successor may grow to be as good: *as loveable* a librarian it is out of the question to expect."

A thoughtful friend¹ remarks concerning him as follows:—

"Coxe's predecessor, Dr. Bandinel, had assiduously watched sales and studied catalogues, English and Foreign; and had brought up the Library in the matter of printed books to a high standard. Coxe, when appointed Bodley's Librarian, saw that two things were needed: first, to make the Library more accessible; secondly, to procure that a careful inventory should be made, preparatory to a general Catalogue, of all the contents of the Library,—MS. papers as well as pamphlets. He set himself to achieve these objects, and lived to see them nearly effected. He had often watched hard-working College (or Private) Tutors come to the Bodleian at the end of their day's Lectures, to use the one or two remaining hours while it was open for study. He felt that a Reading-room ought to be opened in the evening for the use of such men; and he was the means of obtaining the (then) 'Kadcliffe Library' for the purpose. It became the '*Camera*,'—which is open till late at night, and whither printed books may be conveyed from the Bodleian Library, for the use of readers, when Bodley is closed.

"The second object was also in part effected. Catalogues were wholly or nearly completed, which enable a student to discover what materials the Library possesses having reference to any particular subject.

¹ Rev. Canon A. S. Farrar, D.D.

"Coxe was always working,—over-working. Yet he always had a kindly temper in spite of being bored. He was in this respect the ideal of a Librarian. This was chiefly due to his truly Christian spirit of charity; but it was due in part to natural good-temper, and *that* which is always its accompaniment, (perhaps its cause as well as its effect), a sense of humour,—the power to suggest and enjoy a joke. On my going to consult him on some literary point one afternoon, he sighed and said,—'My dear Farrar,'—(he always opened his vocative with 'my dear' in this way.)—'I am so tired. I have lost two hours this morning, through a visit of old—' (a noted archæologist, a country Clergyman, then in Oxford for his holiday, and always rather a *dilettante*). 'He brought his wife and a friend; and asked me to show them our coins.' [The Bodleian coins are seldom seen. They live upstairs in a cupboard of the Bodleian Gallery.] When he got sight of the Roman *as*, he took it up, and fixing his bright eyes on his friend, exclaimed 'Yes, this is a real *As*; this is an *As*.' What a pity, I thought to myself, that he could not see that there were *two*,—not one,—and so have had the sense to set me free without consuming my time in Library hours."

It may seem a strange thing² to declare concerning one, the business of whose life it was to be occupied with details,—bibliographical, historical, antiquarian,—that his mind was *essentially poetic* in its quality. Yet would those who knew him best be foremost to recognise this feature in Mr. Coxe's mental constitution. His was that rare gift, (a sure token of kinship with high genius), which, in surveying the most prosaic and unpromising subject-matter, fastens instinctively on the points of contact between it and a sublimer life. Those who have enjoyed the real privilege of hearing Mr. Coxe discuss minute points of historical detail, or have been introduced by him to some of the rarer treasures of the Bodleian, will bear witness to the living interest which such subjects acquired in his hands. How would he kindle while he recited Lord Clarendon's written resignation of the Chancellorship of the University! With what dramatic zest would he read out the scraps of paper (carefully preserved by Clarendon) which used to pass between himself and his Royal master across the Council-table! (By the way, *those* were among the choice things with which he entertained Miss Yonge). His running commentary on each fresh document was quite delightful.—I am reminded here of a slight but characteristic incident, illustrative of this side of Coxe's character. We were talking—(it must have been somewhere about 1863-4)—of Cureton's tasteless, and worse than tasteless, renderings from the Syriac,—alike of the Gospels, and of the Syriac abridgment of the Ignatian Epistles. Coxe's features beamed with merriment as he reached from the table a copy of the fourth edition of Jacobson's '*Patres*,' and (drawing me near to him) whispered,—“Now, only see how quietly the dear old fellow has *gibbeted* him!” So saying, he opened the volume at random, and chuckling with laughter, read aloud specimen after specimen of execrable English transferred with all solemnity to the foot-notes, as the contributions of 'Curetonus' to men's appreciation of primitive Patristic lore.³

But, in fact, his whole life was one continual exhibition of the same faculty of quick, intuitive perception, combined with fine, overflowing

² The foregoing, and the next ensuing paragraph, are due in the main to the accomplished pen of a lady who had a singular appreciation of the excellences of the subject of the present memoir. They seem to me far too interesting

to be withheld. I have ventured freely to weave into them some recollections of my own. See below, p. 318, note (6).

³ *E.g.* pp. 341-2 : 346-7 : 382, &c. &c.

sympathy. It mattered not *what* came under those eyes, at once so keen and so kindly : now, animated with voiceless tenderness and irrepressible humour ; now, kindling with lofty sentiment and holy indignation. He discerned therein at once, as if by intuition, whatsoever things are true, are honest, are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report. Whether it was book, picture, or manuscript ; landscape, face, or trait of character ; shy undergraduate in his first term, dignified " Head," or little ragamuffin in the streets :—or again, whether it was an aged parishioner broken with suffering, an advanced modern Professor, or a poor servant-girl just confirmed ;—his method was still the same. He saw at a glance, felt after and found, what was noble and true, to be loved, or at least to be respected and honoured in each. Hence, I suppose, it was that men who had rejected all other spiritual ministrations have been known to be grateful for *his*. Those would listen gratefully to *him* who would not tolerate the visit of any other clergyman.

As a mimic and a story-teller, he had few rivals : his mimicry, so good-natured and so droll,—his stories, so original and so racy ! . . . You should have heard him describe the dinner-party which old Dr. Frowd of Corpus took it into his head (at the end of forty years) to give to the undergraduate sons of his own *quondam* college friends ; having—as he flattered himself—sufficiently identified the young men by discovering undergraduates *bearing the same surnames* in the Oxford Calendar. The invitations were all accepted : the evening and the men arrived. But O, the preposterous result ! The guests had no manner of acquaintance with one another,—stood in no manner of relation to their host ; who yet insisted on recognizing the features of the friends of his youth in these, their imaginary descendants. . . . There was an irresistible drollery in Coxe's manner which there is really no describing. Sitting opposite to me at a large dinner-party (where all knew each other passing well), he overheard me talking to my neighbour about ' John Evelyn.' " Why do you call him ' Evelyn ?' " he exclaimed sternly across the table. I thought, —(so ran the defence),—that I had always heard the word so pronounced. " Humph ! " (drily),—" That shows the kind of company *you* keep."

But (remarks the friend whose words I was before quoting) I very much question whether any, with powers like his, have had less to reproach themselves with, in their cooler moments. His mind seemed incapable, in fact, of either unkindness, profanity, or coarseness. The sense of humour in him was always controlled as much by a sense of beauty, (to no form of which was he indifferent), as by the natural piety of his disposition. Those who were with him on his first,—and as it proved his only,—journey into Italy (1876), will not easily forget the keenness of his delight, whether at the beauties of the Alps in the double purity and freshness of early Spring and early morning,—at the works of the great Venetian, Florentine, and Sienese masters,—or, (in his own special department,) the treasures of the libraries and churches. All the party were struck with the contrast between the *blasé* superficial traveller, sick of " the Continent " at five-and-twenty,—and the keen and intelligent enjoyment, the ever-youthful freshness, of such a mind as his. They visited

Vercelli, Verona, Venice, Ravenna, Bologna, Florence, Siena, Genoa, &c. Mr. Coxe used to speak of Italy afterwards as "the greatest pleasure of his life." After his daughter's marriage, he made a short excursion almost every year (1871 to 1880) with her and her husband,—three times visiting the Continent with them, and always bringing back a harvest of pleasant memories for *them* as well as for himself.

What made him so very attractive and delightful a companion was the rare combination which he invariably exhibited,—exhibited to the last,—of humour and even *boyish* playfulness of disposition with manly judgment, sterling good sense, and solid attainment. A friend of other days,⁴ who took work in the Bodleian latterly, and therefore to some extent regarded H. O. C. as his chief,—notices this, while responding freshly to the first draft of the present Memoir:—

"Mr. Coxe's brightness and readiness, his playfulness, (how good it is to be a boy at 50!) added to his kindness,—made Bodley what I do not think it can be again. Some of his droll sayings come back to me. (How many of them are forgotten!) Turning over the pages of a manuscript of uncertain date,—'Why, any one who knows a cow from a cabbage, can tell that *this* is between 1317 and 1335'. . . . At sight of one, who shall be nameless, pacing through the library,—'Here comes So-and-so, full of misdirected energy!'. . . . And how he hated, but bore with, people who talked at the top of their throat! "

He was certainly wondrous playful. I scarcely ever heard him call anybody,—certainly he never called *me*,—by my proper name; but always by a laughable mispronunciation of it coined by Johnson, the late Radcliffe Observer; between whom and Coxe, by the way, there subsisted a very hearty friendship. They were in several respects men of kindred natures: devout,—affectionate,—sincere; playful exceedingly, but withal profound in their respective departments. Their chief point of contact was their love,—but it amounted to a *passion*,—for the Fine Arts; and, with Manuel Johnson, a superb missal or psalter was not a mere toy,—but an historical monument and an instrument of education. (This is a digression made inevitable by the mention of a cherished name.) It was of Coxe's *boyish* playfulness that I was speaking. Aware that the Rev. George Hext of Corpus was one of his intimates, I wrote to tell him what I was about, and to ask if he had anything to say on the subject. He replied as follows:—

"Dear Harry Coxe I saw more of, first and last, and on all sides, than perhaps any man in Oxford. Your mention of my bed-room window (facing your own) reminds me how Coxe, when he was on duty at C.C.C., came every morning to my rooms, shouting up the stair-case, '*Ju-li-ah! Be-loo-chee!*'—his reproduction of a strange muffin boy's cry, which perhaps you may remember for years under your window. (What it meant, I never knew.) Then he would lug me out of my bed-room, and we went to chapel together every morning.

"You know what he was in Bodley and in Common-rooms. I have seen him equally at home with Berkshire shepherds and keepers, at Lockinge and Betterton,—where he would be charmingly jolly amidst old associations of his boyish days. Since I left Oxford, not long indeed before his last illness, he visited Prince Leopold at Boyton Manor in this neighbourhood. Returning thence after a delightful evening, and driving myself in a dense fog, I missed my way; and next morning innocently told him of my adventures when I met him by the cover side.

"Enough for Coxe. He wrote a chaffing poem of some 25 stanzas at my expense; and the Prince, alarmed lest I should be offended, sent a friend to warn

⁴ The Rev. William Bliss.

me of what was coming,—which gave me the chance of a whole afternoon to write a poetical counterblast, recording Harry's short-comings in the hunting-field : and just when he, at breakfast next morning, was ' wondering how old *Hextasy*' (as he always called me) ' would like his post-bag,' the post-bag gave the answer,—and much fun it made for the whole party. . . . I loved him dearly, and his portrait is looking at me now as I write."⁵

Not a few Oxford men who glance over these lines, while they recognise with a smile the graphic truthfulness of what has last been written, will be impatient to find it added that the inveterate joyousness of Mr. Coxe's disposition was nevertheless something all apart from frivolity; had nothing in it of real lightness. If provoked thereto ever so slightly, he would rise in an instant from something mirthful,—something absurdly droll,—to the gravest expression of lofty sentiment ;—or he would show himself in the highest degree appreciative of the excellence and worth of the common acquaintance (yours and his) whom, a moment before, he had been convulsing you by (half-unconsciously) mimicking ; or, if he detected—(and he was wondrous quick in such matters)—that sorrow was weighing down the heart of the friend who addressed him, his sympathy would gush forth at once, and prove very deep and earnest, as well as very strong. "He was in sympathy unmatched" (writes a common intimate); "I may truly say that, in joy or sorrow, for many years past, he showed himself such *to me*." "Exquisite was the tact" (writes the most discriminating of my correspondents) "with which he would approach those in any sorrow or trouble." A friend once carried to him, carefully bound together, certain fugitive papers of his departed Father, with a request that the slender volume might find a resting-place in Bodley. A few words of natural piety accompanied the transaction, to which Coxe, with glistening eyes, instantly responded. "O yes,"—(putting his arm round the other's neck,)—"you wish this little book to be cherished. I quite understand. I will see to it. Leave it to *me*." . . . Such ready sympathy was very touching. This characteristic it was, in truth, which made him so excellent a parish priest. He was known to the British public, and to learned men visiting Oxford, as "Coxe of the Bodleian ;" but as *Coxe of Wytham* he will at least as long, and even more affectionately, be remembered.

"Coxe!" (I once said to him in Bodley,)—"I am going to give a lecture 'on Epitaphs.' Tell me of some striking epitaph." Taking up a pencil from the table, he instantly wrote as follows. (The lines had caught his eye on the tomb-stone of an infant in Eglington Churchyard, Northumberland) :—

"When the Archangel's trump doth blow,
And souls to bodies join,—
Thousands will wish their life below
Had been as brief as mine."

"Nature had done much for him, but grace did more. The personal Religion of the man it was,—the lingering of the dew of the morning,—which kept him so fresh and green. Such a character would else have been spoiled by popularity. The humour would have degenerated into caustic wit,—the courtesy, into mere worldliness,—the sense of beauty, into æsthetic selfishness. The one only safeguard of a disposition exposed to so many and such various temptations, was clearly

⁵ 'Steeple Langford, Bath,'—April 25th, 1887.

the love of GOD. It was *this* which harmonized his character: preserved him from running into extremes; saved him from secularity: kept his faculties fresh and youthful. He really loved all GOD's works, because he loved their Author.

"Though singularly free from 'Clericalism,' he was not easily to be surpassed as a faithful and self-sacrificing parish-priest. Though beloved by men of all religious schools, and possibly by some who had little credit given them for being religious at all, he remained to the last a heartily attached, orthodox Churchman."

So far an accomplished gentlewoman,—a near connexion of his by marriage,—who, with the peculiar tact of her sex, fully appreciated Henry Coxe.⁶

Without a particle of ostentation, the subject of this Memoir was a truly earnest Christian, a very faithful man. The Head-master of one of our great public schools wrote to me in 1881,—

"In confirmation of what you have said of his deep but unobtrusive religion, I may mention how impressed I once was when I went to consult him about a step I was intending to take. He listened with the kindest sympathy, and gave me the soundest advice: then, as I left, he said in his own way,—'Before you settle, first on your knees, my dear boy! on your knees!' . . . The last time I saw him was at the Bodleian; when, placing my small girl on his knee, he showed her such of his treasures as he thought would most interest her, with a flow of fun and anecdote and knowledge that quite captivated the child."

Another friend, (writing from the Manor house, Wardington, near Banbury), relates that Mr. Coxe "once came over here, for the day, with his wife,—arriving quite early in the forenoon of Sept. 21st. He was standing talking in my garden, when he heard the Church bell, and asked *why* it rang? On being told that there was Service, because of the Saint's day,—'I should like to go,' (he at once exclaimed), '*it is my birthday.*' By the by,—Coxe's birthday was the 20th September. How is this to be explained?"⁷

He was no partisan in ecclesiastical matters:—held aloof from general University questions:—did not mix himself up with parties and politics. There was in this something of dread of injuring the interests of "old Bodley." Something there also was of constitutional abhorrence of strife. But chiefly, as I prefer to think, it was because he saw and loved the good in all; and tried, for his own part, to breathe a purer atmosphere. He was wondrous charitable, reserving his honest scorn for undisguised unfaithfulness, with which he would make *no* terms. I am reminded of an anecdote which is in every way characteristic of the man. It was shortly after the publication of '*Essays and Reviews*,' that Jowett, meeting Coxe, inquired,—“Have you read my Essay?”—“No, my dear Jowett,” (was the prompt reply). “We are good friends now; but I know that if I were to read *that* Essay, I should have to cut you. So I *haven't* read it, and—*don't mean to.*”

Certain practices of his which have become known to me, there is no reason why I should conceal. He never (as far as possible) dined out on Saturday,—in order to be free to prepare himself for Sunday. His regular

⁶ I am indebted to the same distinguished Lady (E. W.) for paragraphs in pages 307, 314, 317.

⁷ From George Loveday, esq. (Aug. 11th, 1881). Coxe's birthday was certainly the 20th,

—his son-in-law's birthday was on the morrow. Ever after his daughter's marriage, Coxe kept the two days as one: asking playfully "*Which* day was his,—*which*, Johnny's?"

daily practice was to pray when he went to dress for dinner. At all times he seemed to realise the immediate presence of GOD, even when in the highest spirits. His daughter recalls with affectionate gratitude the religious flavour which he contrived to impart to their Sunday evenings when little children: remembers his tenderly checking in them any approach to irreverence: particularises as an instance of his solicitude on this head his "never letting us say 'this *blessed* day' in sport." A more tender and devoted parent never lived. He simply doted on *all* his children. When "Suse" was ill, you had only to look into Coxe's face to know what the doctor's report had been that morning. I think indeed I never knew a man in whom the home affections were so manifestly supreme. It is pleasant to be able to add that I never knew a case in which the children more dutifully and entirely reciprocated their father's tenderness.

As for his aspect, his portrait by Watts, painted within a very few years of Coxe's death, is on the whole a not unfaithful *general* rendering of the man. Sitting back in his library-chair on his return from the Convocation house, and requested by a photographer to "sit very still for a minute," it is somewhat thus that Coxe might have looked. But one desiderates the living sentiment of a face which abounded in changeful expression,—and those features, which were so full of character and refinement, are scarcely exhibited by the painter with the wished-for delicacy and detail.

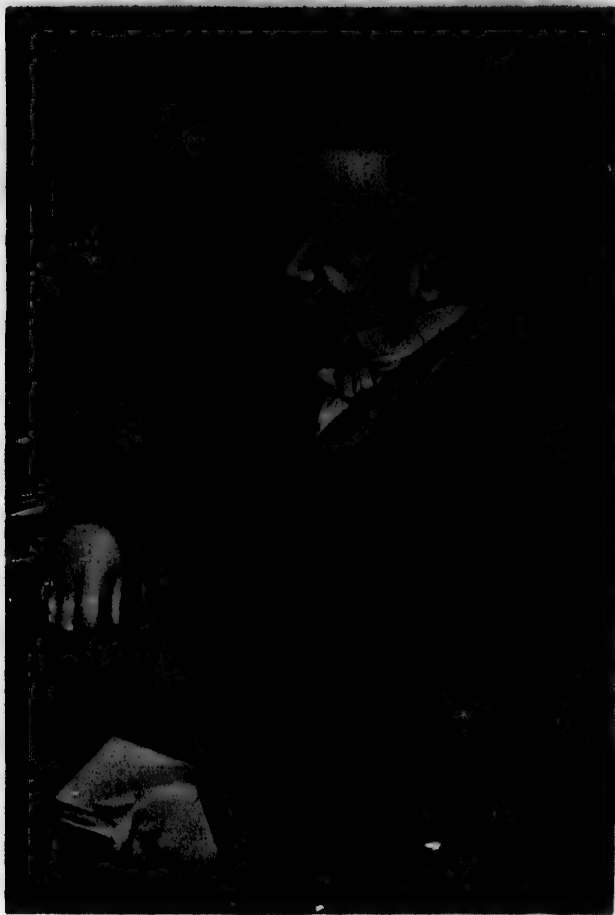
"The painful malady" (writes his son-in-law) "which occasioned his death, began about ten years before. We hastened home in February, 1879, hearing he was very ill, and were never afterwards entirely free from anxiety on his account." There was in him indeed a buoyancy of spirit,—an elasticity of temperament and an inveterate hopefulness of disposition,—which contributed not a little to the prolongation of his career. The closing scene came on the 8th of July 1881, when he was within two months of accomplishing the appointed span of human life. He ended his days at Northgate,—a house on the Banbury road, at the Northern extremity of S. Giles's, standing in what is still an ample garden. This property, which had been for half-a-century the *ultima Thule* of Oxford, has long since been absorbed into the suburbs of the city. Coxe had desired it as a residence ever since his undergraduate days. He possessed, but can scarcely be said to have enjoyed it, for a year exactly. In July, 1880, he had bought the place, and was just moving into it at Michaelmas from his former residence in Beaumont Street,—(No. 17, which until 1859 was numbered '14'),—when he was taken ill under his son-in-law's roof. At the end of November he moved into his new house, and again had a relapse. But he got through the winter fairly well:—much enjoyed his new home and his garden:—was even able, till within three weeks of his death, to go for the middle of the day to Bodley. Still, it was a period of suffering,—the beginning of the end. It was perceived that during this winter's illness his constant thought was of his Mother. Her portrait hung in his room. . . . "He died,"—(so ends the record),—"between 8 and 9 in the morning of Friday, July 8th 1881, after about two days of severe suffering: perfectly conscious throughout, and full of love even when his depression was greatest."

He sleeps in the peaceful little churchyard of Wytham, by the side of "Willie,"—(the eldest of his five children [1840-69]),—and was followed to the grave (on the Tuesday after his death) by an unusually large assemblage of attached members of the University and other sorrowing friends, besides the whole of the Bodleian staff. . . . "I wish you could have been present at the last scene at Wytham on the 12th!"—wrote his ancient friend Errington, addressing me, a few days after. (I happened to be personally unknown to him; for of course I *was* there.)

Very characteristic was that gathering at his funeral. Men of widely different pursuits, and men who represented extreme and conflicting schools of thought, were there;—men like-minded, and men the most diverse from himself;—men revered for their piety, and men whose writings attest that they are scarcely believers in Revelation:—all were there, and all looked sorrowful. But, as was remarked by his nephew who stood by his grave,—“the tribute *he* would have liked best was the bearing of his humble parishioners. Nearly all the women were in mourning, and most of them were dissolved in tears.”*

The void which the loss of Henry Octavius Coxe occasions in Oxford is simply irreparable. Very sad too is the reflection that, when such an one as he is removed from among the living, there departs—if there does not perish—with him an amount of rare attainment, of precious and peculiar learning, (resulting from personal observation and the experience of half-a-century of thoughtful, studious life), of which *nothing* can be retained for the benefit of the coming generation; while only the pleasant memory of it survives with his sorrowing family,—his intimates and his personal friends.

* Gen. Holled Coxe, (Boxgrove, Guildford), in a letter to Rev. J. Rigaud (July 1885).



Henry Longueville Mansel.

(IX). HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL:

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.

[A. D. 1820—1871.]

IT is not often that men who achieve for themselves great literary distinction are able to lay claim as well to ancient and honourable descent. HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL sprang from a family of high repute, which had held possessions in the north of Buckinghamshire and in the adjacent extremity of Bedfordshire, ever since the time of William the Norman. The family tradition is, that Philip le Mansel (*i. e.* a native of the province of Maine),—from whom all the Maunsells, Mansells, or Mansels are descended,—accompanied William into England.¹ Be that as it may, a grant in fee of land in Turvey from ‘Paganus de Alneto’ (who certainly came over with the Conqueror) to ‘Ricardus Mansell’ is the first document in that rarest of family histories,—Halstead’s ‘*Succinct Genealogies*.’² Eustace le Mordaunt (a direct ancestor of the Earls of Peterborough), Richard de Ardres, and Saher le Mansell, are related to have married the three co-heiresses of William de Alneto, Lord of Turvey, about A.D. 1190.³ Saher was of Chicheley in Buckinghamshire.⁴ His descendant, ‘William (son of Sampson le Mansell of Turvey,)’ in 1287 sold all his possessions in Chicheley⁵ to William le Mordaunt,—who (in 1297) imparked his wood of ‘*Manselsgrove*’ with the rest of his lands in Turvey.⁶ The locality, which retains its ancient name to this day, probably indicates the site of the ancient homestead of the Mansels. They resided continuously at Chicheley for at least fourteen generations, viz. till the lifetime of John Maunsell in 1622; whose cousin Samuel became possessed by marriage of an estate at Cosgrove in Northamptonshire, where the family went to settle, and where they have continued to reside ever since. Cosgrove Hall, formerly the residence of the Longuevilles, was devised to Samuel’s great-grandson,—John, youngest son of the Rev. Christopher Mansel,—in 1741.

¹ ‘*Historical and Genealogical account of the ancient family of Maunsell, Mansell, Mansel*,’ by William W. Mansell, (privately printed) 1850,—p. iii and p. 17.

² 1685,—p. 5. It was compiled by Henry, Earl of Peterborough, with the aid of his chaplain the Rev. Richard Rands, rector of Turvey; and gives,—besides the Mordaunt annals,—the history of the most illustrious of the families with which the Mordaunts had intermarried. ‘Halstead’ is a feigned name.

³ See the Pedigree in Harvey’s ‘*History of the Hundred of Willey*,’—p. 186-7.

⁴ Baker’s ‘*Northamptonshire*,’—vol. ii. p. 131.

⁵ See the deed in Halstead’s work already quoted,—p. 456.

⁶ The deed is given in Halstead,—p. 457.—The family history quoted above, in note (1),—at p. 45, makes this William the son of John Mansell [1220-1265],—the celebrated favourite of Henry III and Lord Chancellor of England. This must be an error. Lord Chancellor Mansel, however, was at all events one of the family.

John entered the army in early life, attained the rank of Major-General, being Colonel of the 3rd Dragoon Guards; and in the Duke of York's campaign in Flanders in 1794, had the command of a brigade of heavy cavalry. He fell gloriously at the battle of Coteau, 25th April. Directed by General Otto to attack the enemy in flank, after some manœuvres he came up with the French in the valley of Cawdry, charged, and completely defeated them. He then rushed at the head of his brigade against a battery of fourteen pieces of cannon, placed on an eminence behind a deep ravine, into which many of the front rank fell. He passed the ravine, and at the head of a considerable body of his men charged the cannon with inconceivable intrepidity and complete success. His heroic conduct decided the day; but at the mouth of this battery, General Mansel, after having had three horses killed under him, received his death-wound. One grape-shot entered his chin, fracturing his spine and coming out between his shoulders, while another broke his arm to splinters. His eldest son and aide-de-camp, Capt. Mansel, rushed to his father's aid, but was wounded and taken prisoner. On the 26th, the General was buried in a redoubt at the head of the camp with all military honours. The corpse was escorted by a brigade of cavalry, and received by the whole line under arms. Six generals (Abercrombie, Dundas, Harcourt, Garth, and Fox,) supported the pall, and the Duke of York, the Stadtholder, the hereditary Prince of Orange, and all the officers of the army, attended the funeral. The spectacle was described at the time as 'awful and magnificent.' Some sixty years later, on the occasion of the heroic Balaclava charge, Lord Ellenborough said in the House of Lords,—

'I know not the instance, although it may exist, in which cavalry has before charged the cavalry, infantry, and artillery belonging to a powerful army in position. I have never heard of such a thing, and I do not believe it has existed.'

General Mansel's grandson instantly supplied the '*Times*' newspaper with the details of the foregoing far more splendid achievement; whereby 1500 of the British cavalry gained a complete victory over 22,000 French in sight of their *corps de réserve* consisting of 5000 men and 20 pieces of cannon.⁷ History does not furnish a parallel instance of valour.

General Mansel left four sons. John Christopher the eldest, who has been mentioned already, retired from the army with the rank of Major, and resided at Cosgrove Hall till he died. His health had been seriously impaired by wounds received in action. Robert, the second son, entered the Royal Navy, attained the rank of Admiral, and commanded H.M.'s brig *Penguin*, 18 guns. She was attacked by three French ships which gave her chase. A brisk action lasting three hours followed, in which the brig gained the advantage:—

'We had the misfortune' (wrote one of the Officers on board) 'to lose our foretopmast, which fell in such a direction that the whole foreyard became useless. This, together with the disabled state of our rigging, and our sails all cut to pieces and on fire, made the brig quite ungovernable. Captain Mansel, just on the crash of the topmast, took hold of the hand of the next man to him. The whole crew followed his example. It was a moment of awful silence. Not a word was

⁷ See a letter in the '*Times*' of Jan. 26th, 1855, signed 'H. L. M.': quoting from the '*Evening Mail*' of May 14th, 1794.

spoken: but we all knew that it meant *to stand by each other to the last, and never strike*. Three cheers to our brave Captain followed. But our enemy had got enough of it. Taking advantage of a dark night and our disabled condition, they made off.'

George, the third son, was Captain in the 25th Light Dragoons and died on his passage from India in 1808.—Henry Longueville Mansel, the General's youngest son (born in 1783), became Rector of Cosgrove, and was the father of the Metaphysician and Divine to be commemorated in the ensuing pages.

Educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he is related to have been a man of fine abilities and singular moral worth; whose conscientious discharge of his ministerial duties, unselfish character, and delightful manners, endeared him to all the country round. He was the trusted friend and adviser of all. Living during the troubled period of the bread riots, he conducted most of the magisterial business in his neighbourhood, which at that time devolved chiefly on the Clergy. 'Well, Harry,' (said his neighbour, the Rev. Lorraine Smith,) 'I don't understand much about these things, but where *you* lead *I* will follow.' (They two, with the Squire, had alone taken the oaths under the new King.) He built the Rectory-house, and resided there (1810-35),—taking the spiritual oversight of the parish, while his elder brother (John Christopher) resided at the Hall.

In the Rectory of Cosgrove then,—a pleasant Northamptonshire village, surrounded by rural scenery of the genuine English type,—HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL was born on the 6th of October, 1820. He was the fourth of eight children,* all born in the same house,—two sons (of whom he was the elder) and six daughters, one of whom died in infancy. His Mother, Maria Margaret, was the only daughter of Admiral Sir Robert Moorsom, K.C.B.,[†] who commanded the *Revenge* in the battle of Trafalgar, and was specially commended for his bravery in action. Thus deriving his being from heroic ancestry on either side, the subject of the present Memoir might have been expected to add lustre to the annals of his country's Army or Navy: but his triumphs were destined to be won in other fields. The warfare to which he consecrated his powers was intellectual,—a perpetual conflict on behalf of GOD'S Truth with the growing infidelity of the age. His Mother (who survived him, for she lived till 1877, by which time she had attained the age of 83,) is described as a woman of great strength of character,—clearness of understanding,—quickness of judgment. She was the very pattern of a Clergyman's wife: a pattern Mother too, she was. The extraordinary memory, firm will, and strong affections, for which the future Dean of St. Paul's was distinguished, were characteristic of both his parents,—but especially of his Mother.

* Marianne (Mrs. Weight):—Eleanor Maria (Mrs. Gates):—Catharine Margaret (Mrs. Mansel):—H. L. M.:—Antonia Isabella (b. and d. in 1822):—Clarissa (Mrs. Searle):—Robert Stanley (1826-1881, leaving issue):—Henrietta. The last-named accomplished lady died at Bedford, Aug. 19th, 1885. Her ex-

cellent memory and intellectual appreciation of her brother Henry, enabled her to render me great service in compiling the present memoir.

[†] He was secretary to Lord Mulgrave, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and subsequently Port-Admiral at Chatham.

From the Rector of Cosgrove, (who would sometimes ask his wife if the matter of his Sermons could be more plainly put to the simple village folk), Henry obtained his first lessons in the use of language as a reflection of the thoughts. He learned from his Father (he said) 'never to use a word of two syllables where a word of one would do.' Let it be added that he derived from the same source a far more exalted estimate of the Pastoral Office,—inherited a far loftier standard of ministerial responsibility,—than prevailed among our provincial Clergy during the first quarter of the present century.

The home of Henry's early boyhood was a singularly bright and happy one. 'Strange, that careful inquiry should succeed in eliciting so little, on occasions like the present! But so it is, that the materials out of which childhood weaves its mysterious bliss, are ever slight and impalpable. The incident remembered with most satisfaction is '*the Siege of Troy*.' This consisted in attacking and defending a stack of fagots in the Rectory-yard. Imagination supplied the accessories. The children severally personated the chief characters of the '*Iliad*.' Henry was Achilles. The siege was at last discontinued, because Eleanor (Mrs. Gates) objected to being dragged by the heels round the walls of Troy: while Clara (Mrs. Searle, a heroine, but within reasonable bounds,) declined parting with her tresses in order to supply the besieged with bow-strings. It is remembered besides that 'when we "came down to dessert," each was expected to say something by heart. This strengthened our memories. Henry used to distinguish himself on those occasions.'

With the village of Cosgrove, and with the Rectory-house in which the first sixteen years of his life had been spent, were linked to the last all Henry Mansel's tenderest memories. He clung to the surroundings of his father's 'modest mansion' with indescribable affection. What wonder? Nothing in after life makes up for the vanished sweetness of the home of other days: and in his case, the domestic hearth must have been peculiarly joyous. To Cosgrove he was observed ever to return with a kind of passionate fondness. No change in fact was so eagerly anticipated, or proved so refreshing to his spirits, as the occasional resort thither. The very atmosphere of the place was exhilarating and delicious to him. Was it that the beech-trees freshened the air, and that the abundant violets made it sweet? On approaching Cosgrove, weariness seemed driven from his countenance, as he recognized a face long familiar, or passed some object full of childish associations. Some happy remark would generally follow. Writing in 1855, he expressed himself as follows:—

'Now, after the lapse of twenty years, I scarcely have a dream of vivid interest in which the scene is not laid in that spot.' (He then adds:—) 'It is curious how in sleep, when the personal activity and self-consciousness which connect us mainly with the present are lulled to rest, the mind almost invariably goes back to those days and scenes of childhood when the imagination was more vivid and the judgment less mature. It seems as if the imaginative faculties, which are apt to grow duller with advancing years, strive when predominant to draw fresh supplies of vigour from the foundation of their early strength; and as if that form of consciousness, which no impossibilities startle and in which no anachronisms are detected, links itself by natural affinity with that period of the waking life in which reality and its laws are least present to us, and the dreams of Fairyland most vivid.'

The reminiscences of Henry's earliest years which linger on in the family, though few and slight, are characteristic. The child's thoughtfulness used to strike every one. On being presented by his Mother with a little wheelbarrow, instead of playing with it in the manner of other children, he was observed to turn it upside down,—to seat himself upon it,—and to keep twirling the wheel, lost in a kind of reverie. He always wanted to know the reason *why* everything was :—used to pull his toys to pieces to see how they were put together :—cut out the head of his drum in order to discover what it was that made the sound. One of his earliest as well as of his latest characteristics was his slowness to speak on any subject until he had fully mastered it : but having weighed any question and arrived at his own conclusions, he would maintain and defend his position with a power rarely met with in a much older person. His mind once made up, he rarely changed his opinion. Quick, thoughtful, and observant, he frequently surprised the family by the reasoning powers he displayed. It has been said of him that 'he was born a Metaphysician'; and traits are remembered of his tenderest years which illustrate and confirm that saying. In maturer life, he frequently referred to the problem which almost in his infancy used to puzzle and trouble him. Before he was old enough to put his thoughts into language, he would lie on the ground, (which he was fond of doing), and perplex himself with the question,—'*My hand : my foot. But what is me ?*' His Mother once heard him soliloquizing in that way.

On a certain occasion, while reading Miss Edgeworth's child's book, 'Frank,' he raised the question—Whether the story was true? A suitable answer was returned which appeared to him satisfactory. Presently came a passage—'Frank was going to say &c. &c. but he forgot.' 'Now' (exclaimed little Mansel) 'I know it cannot be true : for how could *they* know what Frank was going to say, if *he* forgot?' . . . It is needless to add concerning such a child that he gave extraordinary promise. An appreciative aged neighbour, (Rev. W. Hellings of Potterspurty,—familiarily designated 'the Vicar of Wakefield'), used to say, 'I am afraid I shall be dead before that boy is old enough for me to teach him Hebrew.'

The power of retaining what he had once heard or read, he enjoyed through life in an extraordinary degree : and this faculty developed itself very early. In fact, his retentive memory—(he derived it chiefly from his Mother)—was perhaps his most remarkable endowment. When too young to be taught, he would often pick up portions of the lessons his Sisters were learning, which enabled him to supply the passage wanted, if, when repeating their lessons to their Mother, (as the custom was,) the girls were sometimes at fault. This created the more surprise because, apparently, he had been engrossed by his toys on the floor.

It was his Father's custom to catechize the children of the parish in the Church on Sunday afternoons. When Henry was three years old he insisted on standing up and repeating the Church Catechism with the rest. He had picked it up by ear. Accordingly, he was mounted on a form. On one such occasion,—'How many Commandments are there?'

inquired the Rector of his infant son. 'Ten,' replied the child; immediately adding (to the surprise and discomfiture of the Catechist), '*Which be they?*'

At the age of eight, having been taught till then by his Father, he was sent to a preparatory school kept by the Rev. John Collins of East Farn-don in Northamptonshire; where he was long remembered for his passionate love of books and omnivorous taste for reading. But he preferred history to fabl and works of a solid character generally to what is called 'light literature.' In this respect,—Would it be true, or not, to say that 'the child is father to the man'? In his maturer years he was certainly a great reader of fiction, and possessed a larger collection of Fairy tales than perhaps any other person. It was here that he had his first and only fight; the cause being disrespectful language on the part of one of the boys concerning the Church and sacred subjects. These, throughout his life, might never be approached in his presence without reverence. With Mr. Collins, Henry remained for two years.¹

The choice of a school of higher pretensions had long been a matter of anxious consideration with Henry's parents. The father's predilections were naturally in favour of Eton, but to this certain obstacles presented themselves. At the same juncture, one of those coincidences which men call 'accidents' determined at once which should be Henry's school, University, and College. Between the Rev. Philip Wynter, (who was by this time President of S. John's), and the inmates of Cosgrove Rectory, a warm friendship had sprung up in bygone years,—when Wynter had held the Curacy of Hardingstone in the same county. Himself educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and ardently attached to that foundation,—'from my connexion with which' (he wrote) 'all my prosperity and comfort in life under Providence have been derived,'²—Wynter had not failed to urge the advantages it affords to youths intended for the University. Ultimately, through his friendly intervention, the offer came of a presentation to that School. It was accepted, and Henry was at once placed in the House of the Rev. J. W. Bellamy, then Head-master. He entered on this new phase of existence on the 29th Sept., 1830, and speedily distinguished himself by his assiduity and application, as well as became liked for his amiability of character.

Even at this early period his power of abstraction was remarked as extraordinary. No matter what might be going on in the boarders' room, it seemed as if nothing was able to divert his attention from his actual object of study. At the same time his popularity secured him from molestation by those many annoyances which school-boys are apt to practise on their fellows so occupied. 'Such a quiet lad!' (Mrs. Bellamy used to say of him:—) 'I believe the boys might jump over his head while he is with his books, for aught *he* would care, so that they did not molest *him*.' By the way, it is noted by some who were his school intimates at this time, that, as a boy, he was irascible and even violent. But his anger, (it

¹ In a letter dated 17th Sept. 1830, Mr. Collins laments that 'to-morrow morning' he shall cease to enjoy 'the pleasure of instruct-

ing so clever and sensible a boy.'

² Letter to the Rector of Cosgrove,—14th June 1830.

is always added), was soon over. 'In later years' (writes the present President, Dr. Bellamy,) 'there seemed no remnant of such a temper.' And (what is remarkable) the members of his own family, from their experience of his unvarying sweetness at home, are wholly unable to credit that he can ever at any time have been subject to such gusts of passion. 'From first to last' (proceeds the same pen),

'I never knew any man who had such deep and almost romantic notions of the claims of friendship and gratitude. He never forgot any old schoolfellow, or any one to whom he had once become attracted. He was not, as you may suppose, very expert at games or given to them, but he did not decline them.'

At Cosgrove,—(it was no doubt one of the many silken threads which bound him to his home),—his Mother considerably provided him with a little room to himself, where he might pursue his studies without interruption. It adjoined the sitting-room, and his sisters recall with interest her solicitude that the conversation, for his sake, should be carried on in a somewhat subdued tone.

The years spent at Merchant Taylors' were a period of his life to which the future Dean of St. Paul's always looked back with great affection and interest. His regard for his old Master continued unabated to the last, and was heartily reciprocated. On achieving any honourable distinction, or obtaining any fresh accession of dignity, he always delighted to communicate the intelligence among the first to Mr. Bellamy,—the constant friend of his early years; confident of receiving from him a hearty response and words of sincerest sympathy. From time to time a little visit was planned, which was at least as gratifying to the Master as to the former pupil.

'In those days' (writes his friend Archd. Hessey, with reference to the period embraced by the years 1830-9),

'A constant intercourse was maintained between the College and the School, and great interest was felt in the particular boys who were likely to proceed to St. John's. Very early in his career, Mansel's repute reached us. Though comparatively low down in the school, he had been a writer in the '*School Magazine*' in 1832-3, and was generally spoken of as thoughtful and scholarlike beyond his years. As time went on we heard more and more of him.'

Here, certain reminiscences of Mansel as a schoolboy, from the pen of one of his school-fellows (the Rev. Leopold Bernays) will be perused with interest:—

'I did not know him intimately until the last two years of our school time together,—from the middle of 1837 to the June of 1839,—in which year we were both elected to Scholarships at St. John's. There was, during the greater part of that time, a close intimacy between our families, and I knew thoroughly all that was going on in his mind both at School and at College. We were alike devoted to the reading of Poetry, and the composition of verses of our own: always comparing notes with one another, and mutually affording each other such help and criticism as we could. Mansel published a little volume of Poems when he was seventeen, of more than schoolboy merit, which made him a sort of school hero. And although he never took to writing poetry as a serious occupation, he had great power of expression, was an elegant versifier, and possessed very considerable humour, which superseded the somewhat severe tone of his earlier writings. . . . His literary tastes were even then remarkable. He spent all his pocket money on books, and possessed quite a large library of the English Poets. He sought after all the less-known writers at every book-stall. I often assisted him in hunting for scarce volumes. He had such a wonderful memory, that we used to say of him at

school that if all the English Poets were lost, Mansel would be able to reproduce them. He was always a great reader, and had few tastes to draw him off.'³ 'Already was he noted for the jocular epigrammatic power, which he retained through life. His classical work of all kinds he got through with much ease; and by consequence had so much time at his disposal, that those about him half thought he must be idle, until they were undeceived by finding that he knew what he had spent one hour upon, as well as they did what had cost them two.'⁴

It should also be recorded concerning this same early period of his life, (namely, when he was a boy of 16 or 17,) that he had already developed the same strong political predilections,—had already exhibited the same metaphysical tastes,—which characterized his maturer years. His school friends remember his eager youthful 'Toryism.' A little poem in 14 stanzas, entitled '*The Thought Meter*,' written at this time, remains a witness to his intellectual tendencies. It purports to be,

'A vision of Earth's nothingness
And Mind's infinity.'

and ends,

'Thus shall each hand be withering,
Thus shall each scroll be furl'd,
That telleth of a *real* thing
Within a *passing* world.'⁵

The poetical venture already spoken of, which is inscribed on its title-page—'*The Demons of the Wind, and other Poems*, by Henry Longueville Mansel'⁶—extends to 120 pages, (of which the first 52 are occupied by 'the Demons,') and contains in all twenty-five short poetical essays of various degrees of merit. All however are promising, and show besides entire mastery of versification, much sweetness, tenderness, and even power. He was 18 years of age when this little volume, the first-fruits of the coming harvest, made its appearance, and to some limited extent must have made its author known.

Here it is necessary to go back two or three years, in order to relate that the current of Henry's life which had flowed on so unruffled, was suddenly darkened by an event which at once broke up the home of his boyhood, and scattered the shining circle which till then had been the light of Cosgrove Rectory. His Father died somewhat unexpectedly in the March of 1835, aged 52 years. As soon as danger was apprehended, the boy was sent for from school. He at once travelled down by the Stony Stratford coach, which used to pass within two miles of the Rectory; and some can yet recall the anxious face with which (bag in hand) he was soon to be seen hastily traversing the little dip in the road about half a mile from his Father's door. But he arrived too late to behold alive the parent whom he loved so well.

This event it was that acquainted Henry with that sense of responsibility which for the first time makes life appear in a young man's eyes the

³ Letter from Rev. Leopold J. Bernays, Rector of Stanmore,—Feb. 1874.

⁴ From Archdeacon Hessey.

⁵ These verses appeared in a literary effort of the friend of his boyhood, Rev. L. J. Bernays, by whom they are thus introduced:—
'The spirit and execution of this little poem

agree so fully with my own notions on the subject, and are so much better expressed than I could hope to express them, that I could not refrain from asking the Author's permission to insert it among my own poems.'

⁶ London, J. W. Southgate, 164 Strand, 1838.

grave reality which it is presently found to be. He was now in his fifteenth year. The desire to enter the Ministry henceforth predominated with him,—became the fixed object and purpose of his striving,—shaped his aims and regulated his studies. To his great satisfaction, it was arranged that his Mother should ultimately return to reside at Cosgrove,—a house in the village having been bequeathed expressly for her use. But, for the moment, having nominated a successor to the Rectory, Mrs. Mansel went to live at Cheltenham. Thence she removed to Buckingham,—and thence, in 1837, to the village of Emberton, in the same county. At the end of another year (viz. in 1838), she made London her residence, in order to afford a home to her two sons, the younger of whom (Robert Stanley) was now also entered at Merchant Taylors' School. Henry at once left Mr. Bellamy's for his mother's house, and continued to attend as a day scholar up to the period of his leaving the school in 1839. In 1842 Mrs. Mansel went back to Cosgrove, where she resided till her death. But this is again to anticipate.

The period of Henry's residence at Merchant Taylors' has been already touched upon. It was nothing else but a series of youthful successes. In 1838, he won the chief prize for English Verse. At the close of the same year, a medal was founded by Sir Moses Montefiore for the encouragement of the study of Hebrew, which had always been cultivated in the school. Every voice suggested that 'Mansel' would be the one to carry off the new distinction; and win it he did, and easily. But he deserved his success, for (with his habitual ardour) he resorted to a Rabbi for assistance, and toiled hard at the language. The following anecdote, belonging to a subsequent period of his life, aptly indicates with what zeal the youth applied himself to this new problem; or rather, how far beneath the surface he suffered his inquiries to carry him. Referring to his '*eruditio propemodum universa*,'¹ Archd. Hessey writes:—

"I will give you a curious instance. In Bythner's Hebrew Grammar, (which I was editing in 1853), occurred, in the Chapter *De Nomine*,—'Genitivus pluralis, reflexus super suum nominativum, singularem importat excellentiam,—*aiunt Colonienses in Hispanum*.' The meaning of the rule was clear enough, '*vanitas vanitatum*' being an instance of it. But what did the reference mean? I asked Dr. Pusey, who said he could not even guess. I then asked Mansel. He said at once,—'Depend upon it, the allusion is to the Doctors of Cologne, who controverted a grammatical rule laid down by Petrus Hispanus, as to the import of such phrases.' . . . I believe he was right."²

From Merchant Taylors', Henry Mansel went up for matriculation to S. John's as a Scholar (or Probationary Fellow) June 11th, 1839, having carried off not merely the Hebrew medal, but two (of the four) chief Classical prizes awarded that year,—those, namely, for Greek verse and for Latin verse.

'Of the other two chief Prizes, that for Greek prose was awarded to F. H. Cox, afterwards Dean of Hobart Town, Tasmania; that for Latin prose, to Paul Parnell, who was elected to S. John's at the same time with Mansel, and obtained the same honours at his B.A. Degree. Both of these were men of distinguished

¹ See below, p. 364, note (3).

² M. Neubauer of the Bodleian (to whom I referred the question) confirms this view:—

"It is the School of Cologne on Petrus Hispanus's *Logic*,—(not Grammar)."

ability. The latter died early, while on his voyage out to assume the office of Crown Solicitor for the Perth District, Western Australia.*

'The addition of such a youth to our College society caused some sensation, and we were ready to "greet with present grace and great prediction"† one of whom we had heard so favourably. I remember looking at him with curiosity, and being much struck with his quiet thoughtful manner, and the good-humoured expression of his lower features which tempered the gravity of his massive brow.'

Mansel's connection with Oxford as a resident, which thus began by his becoming a Scholar of S. John's College in 1839, continued unbroken for a period of thirty years. Once only (namely in 1865) was he obliged to submit to a few months' absence, in consequence of excessive mental labour. Profoundly conscious from the beginning, that on his own exertions he would have to depend for his livelihood, he entered on his academical course with a degree of determination and an amount of industry which have seldom been equalled,—never surpassed. His thirst for knowledge, which increased with his proficiency, added intensity to the ardour of his pursuit. At the same time, the thoroughness of his character constrained him, in the matter of his studies, (as in all other things,) to put up with no superficial knowledge, but to master every subject completely. His former schoolfellow at Merchant Taylors', now his brother-scholar at S. John's, thus writes concerning Mansel at this period of his life:—

'From the day that our College life began,' (in the October Term of 1839), 'he laid down for himself a course of reading, from which, as to hours and duration, he rarely if ever swerved. He rose very early. At first, he and I met before 6 in the morning: but my resolution soon failed; while he, if he made any change, rose earlier.'

It is related of him by one who was Fellow and Tutor of the College, that he was never absent from morning Chapel, and was constant in his attendance at Holy Communion. For a while, he rose to work at 4 o'clock, and it was only in consequence of urgent remonstrance,—(he was manifestly injuring his health, though he retired to rest early and seldom read in the evening),—that he returned to the more reasonable hour of 6. He established at this time an alarm-clock,—of which the weight, in descending, pulled off his bed-clothes and woke him. His Hebrew studies he was constrained for awhile to discontinue, and to defer until after his degree; considering, not unreasonably, that Classics and Mathematics,—(for he aspired to distinction in both),—were enough to occupy his whole attention.

* Flushed with youthful indignation and excited spirits,—Paul Parnell was seen for the last time by many besides the present writer, leading a famous demonstration in the Sheldonian Theatre (at the *Encaenia* of 1843), against an unpopular Proctor.—'I see you, Mr. Parnell!'—'Yes, sir, and I see you,' (shaking his fist at him), 'and you must leave the Theatre.'—The disastrous consequences might have been foreseen,—but they were deplored by the whole University. The following sad inscription on a stained window, (S. John's Church, Fitzroy Square,) is the only record I ever met with of the end of one whose abilities were of the very highest order;—whose moral worth won him the esteem and regard of all;—and who gave promise of a great and brilliant career:—*In memory of*

Paul Parnell, B.C.L. Born 22nd Dec. 1820. Died Nov. 12th, 1852, once Fellow of S. John's College, Oxford. Buried in the great deep, Nov. 12th, 1852. Those words quite accidentally caught my eye, when I happened to be in the Church above named, and transported me back in thought some 20 years to the scene I began by describing.—Paul Parnell would have been a tower of strength to the Conservative cause had he lived. His eloquence and debating power at the Union of which he was Treasurer in 1842 are still remembered at Oxford with admiration. . . . When Mansel casually mentioned Parnell's name many years after, it was observed that his eyes instantly filled with tears.

† *Macbeth*, Act I. Scene 3.

* Letter from Archd. Hessay.

Let it not be supposed however that he shunned society. On the contrary. He entered into it with the keenest zest, and was the life of every company in which he was found. Full of anecdote, his ready wit and powers of repartee as well as of grave argument and sustained disputation, caused him to be much courted, whether for genial or for serious gatherings. But the thing he supremely enjoyed was a walk with some clever and studious friend, of about the same standing with himself. On such occasions, he would discuss what they had been lately reading, illustrating it to his companion's astonishment by an amount of knowledge,—how and when acquired, the other was at a loss even to imagine.

For the last two years of his academical career, Mansel read Logic and Moral Science privately with Hessey; who speedily made the discovery which so many Oxford 'coaches' have made before and since,—namely, that the greater had come for help to the less; that the Teacher was destined not unfrequently to be the learner; and that the (so-called) pupil was in reality fitter to occupy the Teacher's chair. He writes:—

'By the beginning of his third year of residence, he had gone over most of his books and subjects for the second time: had thoroughly mastered his Greek and Latin Poets, and delighted in supplying parallel passages from English sources. Herodotus, Thucydides, the first two Books of Xenophon's "*Hellenica*," with portions of Livy and Tacitus, he had at his fingers' ends.'—'His memory,' (writes Mr. Bernays) 'which seemed to increase in power during his College career, was marvellous. We often amused ourselves by picking out very obscure personages and incidents, and testing his memory by them. He would tell us where each was mentioned, whether on the right or the left-hand page. This wonderful power undoubtedly stood him in good stead, and contributed much to his great success in taking his degree: but,—what is seldom the case,—he combined with this minuteness of recollection great generalizing power; could bring his facts to one focus and assign to each of them its due weight and proportion. Not discursive in his reading, he avoided a fault into which many fall at this period of their studies. He was fond of comparing ancient and modern governments; and not merely knew Dr. Arnold's or Niebuhr's theories, but was continually finding out fresh applications of them. His portfolio was full of essays and memoranda on the Polity, Finance, Migrations, domestic habits, of the nations of Antiquity: a map of every region,—a plan of every great battle,—an epitome of every speech,—occurring in his books, together with genealogies of every dynasty. Among others, an elaborate paper upon the Roman numerals has been preserved. His classical composition gave evidence of great taste, and of singular facility of imitation of the best masters of style.'

What follows (from Archd. Hessey) is more interesting, and a vast deal more characteristic of the man:—

'He generally brought with him a list of enquiries on matters which had struck him, and about which he had to be satisfied before he could go on. It was indeed a striking peculiarity of his mind, that he was unable to proceed unless sure of his position. In the course of a lecture, I often perceived that his thoughts were not with mine. His air was troubled and his brow overcast. On such occasions, I stopped abruptly. He would then tell me that he was not convinced as to the grounds of a certain statement; or that such and such objections were weighing upon his mind. It was necessary to recommence the argument. On his difficulties being removed, his attention returned, and we proceeded smoothly together. At other times I had to pause for a very different reason. A gleam of almost indescribable humour would pervade his face. There was something in his mind which must be uttered, pleasantly connected with the book before us; perhaps that part of Aristotle's "*Rhetoric*" which abounds with shrewd observations upon human

motives and character. It turned out to be a felicitous parallel from Shakspeare, or from Bacon's colours of Good and Evil, or from "*Hudibras*," or even from Colenso, or Father Prout, or the "*Pickwick Papers*." This had struck him, and he was obliged to give vent to it,—to my very great amusement. But he could, the moment after, revert to the text before us, dismissing every thought of the digression.'

An ingenuous admission follows, the like of which has many a time fallen from those who have taught much in our Universities:—

'I often felt that I was learning more from him than I was able to impart, especially as the time of his Degree drew near. His difficulties, which were often of a most subtle and refined character, not unfrequently suggested lines of thought which I should otherwise scarcely have entered upon. And the ability which he displayed in his Essays, the clearness with which he laid down principles, the judiciousness of his divisions of the subject proposed, and the copious information which he brought to bear upon it,—convinced me daily that I was dealing with no ordinary man. His industry was scarcely conceivable. I have before me his interleaved copy of Aristotle's "*Ethics*," filled with materials gathered in his private reading. His analyses of Plato's "*Republic*," "*Laws*," and "*Theaetetus*,"—of Aristotle's "*Politics*," and of Butler's "*Analogy*,"—are still preserved. The labour which these analyses cost him must have been enormous, exhibiting as they do not merely acquaintance with the treatises of his authors, but acute discrimination of their main drift, as compared with their excursive and incidental discussions.'

In the Easter term of 1843, Mansel was rewarded for his laborious undergraduateship with 'a double-first.' Some may require to have it explained to them that this, at the period referred to, was the highest attainable honour: viz. a place in the first Class as well for Mathematics as for Classics. The excellence of his papers at once decided his place in the Class-list by the unanimous suffrage of the Examiners: but it is related that his *viva voce* Examination somewhat disappointed the Undergraduates, who in those days used to throng the gallery benches when a man of extraordinary merit presented himself for examination. The reason of this is as interesting as it is characteristic.

The Examiner began by putting a question founded on an assumption which Mansel was convinced was false, and which accordingly he proceeded to combat. He declined to accept the false premiss, and to throw himself into the Examiner's train of reasoning. This was not what the Examiner wished for, or expected. The plain English of the matter is that he was incompetent to handle Mansel,—who (conscious of his superiority) insisted on holding his own. A protracted disputation was the consequence. Which of the parties was more to be blamed? The youth, who forgot that while he was undergoing his '*viva voce*' it was at his peril that he resolutely wrestled with his Examiner?—Or the Examiner, who, with the whole province of Moral and Mental Science before him, persisted in harping on his own one idea; instead of shifting his ground, and generously inviting his opponent to follow him into any other department of the ample realm, where the other might have an opportunity of displaying his known skill and attainments? . . . Few Oxford men it is thought, on recalling their own hour of trial, will be slow to exclaim secretly,—'It was not thus, certainly, that the Examiner, in *my* case, dealt with *me*!' . . . Be that as it may, this passage of arms (for such it was)

left little time for the examination in History and Poetry. But it was of no real consequence. Mansel's place in the Class-list had been safe from the first.

Could he have carried out his own wishes immediately after taking his degree, in 1843, it is known that he would have at once surrendered himself wholly to the studies proper for the work of the Ministry, and in due course would have undertaken a parochial cure. But the death of his Father had imposed on him new duties and responsibilities.

The October term found him again in Oxford; where private pupils, from whom he found it difficult to disentangle himself, flocked to him. He speedily became a famous and successful Teacher. To decline the sphere of useful labour which thus, in a manner, forced itself upon him would have been unreasonable. Mansel, on the contrary, threw himself into it with characteristic ardour; and found his reward in the success which attended his labours, and in the intercourse to which it led with men of kindred pursuits and attainments. At the Christmas of 1844, he was nevertheless ordained Deacon; and at the Christmas of the following year Priest, by Dr. Richard Bagot, Bishop of Oxford. He had resolutely steered clear of the great mistake of suffering his pupils to take up all his time. But he had done more; he had reserved the necessary leisure for preparing himself for what was to be the future business of his life. He also applied himself vigorously to the study of French and German, with a view to reading in the originals books to which he had hitherto only had access through translations:—resumed the study of Hebrew, which he had abandoned for four years;—and acquainted himself with the best English Divinity, besides studying the Apostolical Fathers and Eusebius.

‘I have seen lately’ (writes Archd. Hesse) ‘his well-worn copy of Eusebius, filled with references and remarks which show how diligently he had studied it,—little imagining that he would ever be called to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History. It was part of his preparation for Holy Orders; the prospect of which he had from his early youth kept steadily before himself. He made it, besides, his daily practice to study a portion of the Old and of the New Testament.’

Such a course of reading as is sketched in the foregoing paragraph would have been in itself amply sufficient to tax to the utmost the energies of any ordinary student. Hebrew,—French,—German,—are words soon written; but *who* requires to be reminded of the tedious process by which alone familiarity with each language is to be acquired? Never however for a single day did Mansel withdraw himself from his chosen province of Moral and Mental Science: and he was at this time largely occupied besides with the work of Tuition. His reputation steadily increased. Pupils of a high order of ability resorted to him. He was presently recognized as the foremost Teacher of his time.

Of the pupils referred to, not a few have subsequently achieved for themselves honourable distinction. The most conspicuous name is that of one who adorned the lustre of his birth by the acquisition of the highest University honours,—the Earl of Carnarvon. When it was resolved, in 1875, to publish Mansel's ‘*Lectures on the Gnostic Heresies*,’ the Earl with generous sympathy contributed an introductory sketch of

'the Work, Life, and Character' of his friend,—the first page of which may well find place here. It is a pleasure to transcribe the graceful language in which he recalls the memory of his College days and of his intercourse (1853-4) with the subject of the present Memoir, who was at that time his private Tutor:—

'My first acquaintance with Dean Mansel was made twenty years ago³ at the University,—when *he* had everything to give, and *I* had everything to receive. As I think of him, his likeness seems to rise before me. In one of those picturesque and old-world Colleges,—in rooms which, if I remember rightly, on one side looked upon the collegiate quadrangle with its sober and meditative architecture, and on the other caught the play of light and shade cast by trees almost as venerable, on the garden grass;—in one of those rooms, whose walls were built up to the ceiling with books, which, nevertheless, overflowed on the floor, and were piled in masses of disorderly order upon chairs and tables;—might have been seen sitting day after day the late Dean, then my private Tutor, and the most successful teacher of his time in the University. Young men are no bad judges of the capabilities of a teacher; and those who sought the highest honours of the University in the Class schools thought themselves fortunate to secure instruction such as he gave,—transparently lucid, accurate, and without stint, flowing on through the whole morning continuously, making the most complicated questions clear.

'But if, as chanced sometimes with me, they returned later as guests in the winter evening to the cheery and old-fashioned hospitality of the Common Room, they might have seen the same man, the centre of conversation, full of anecdote and humour and wit, applying the resources of a prodigious memory and keen intellect to the genial intercourse of society.

'The life of old Oxford has nearly passed away. New ideas are now accepted; old traditions almost cease to have a part in the existence of the place; the very studies have greatly changed, and—whether for good or evil—except for the grey walls which seem to upbraid the altered conditions of thought around them, Oxford bids fair to represent modern Liberalism, rather than the "Church and State" doctrines of the early part of the century. But of that earlier creed, which was one characteristic of the University, Dean Mansel was an eminent type. Looked up to and trusted by his friends, he was viewed by his opponents as worthy of their highest antagonism; and whilst he reflected the qualities which the lovers of an older system have delighted to honour, he freely expressed opinions which modern Reformers select for their strongest condemnation.

'Such he was when I first knew him twenty years ago,—in the zenith of his teaching reputation, though on the point of withdrawing himself from it to a career even more worthy of his great abilities. . . . It was then that I formed an acquaintance which ripened into deep and sincere friendship: which grew closer and more varied as life went on: over which no shadow of variation ever passed; and which was abruptly snapped at the very time when it had become most highly prized.'⁴

While on this subject, the reader will peruse with interest the following modest record of the impressions retained by another of Mansel's pupils,⁵ of the benefit he derived from a very brief acquaintance with Mansel's teaching about this same time:—

'I gained greatly by those few weeks of his help; the more so, as I had got all my work up beforehand in my own way. From what I can remember, I would say that he handled metaphysical subjects with a wonderful ease. This appeared in him not by strong flights, but by always keeping where his pupil was; and taking, quite naturally, *his* point of view, even when that view was stupid or mistaken. He had also a beautiful uniformity of temper, which was all part of the same complete and calm possession both of himself and of his subject; and which made the force and rate of progress measured and deliberately slow at the time,

³ This was written in 1874-5.

⁴ *Introduction*, pp. v-vii.

⁵ The Rev. John Earle, Fellow of Oriel, Professor of Anglo-Saxon.

but the result considerable in the ultimate total. I seem to remember even now my frequent surprise at the striking of the hour. What with the occasional interlude of an amusing illustration, and his strong mind bearing one along, the wheels of thought worked with so little friction, that there was no fatigue to measure the time by.

Another friend contributes a sketch of the man as he was known (1842-54), and is still fondly remembered, by his contemporaries. It supplies some features scarcely brought out by other pens, and is sure to be perused with pleasure:—

'I first met Mansel in the year 1842, at the rooms of E. A. Freeman, the historian. He was still an Undergraduate,—in repute as a humourist, and aspirant to academic distinction. I remember, he struck me as a solid person, with a maturity of mental power beyond his years. Subsequently, when he had become one of the most eminent and successful private Tutors in the University, I was constantly in his company in the younger Common-room society of the day; where his geniality and flow of conversation, literary and jocose, made him a general favourite. We used to be astonished at his powers of memory, and his intimate acquaintance with the whole range of English literature, from Chaucer to Dickens. Poet or philosopher, novelist or chronicler,—he drew at will from all: and a quotation, with Mansel, was not a passage but a page.

'In 1849 he contested the Chair of Logic with the late Professor Wall, and was largely supported. The election rests with Convocation. I was able to render him some aid in his canvass. This service he never forgot, and from that time our acquaintance passed into a friendship which continued without interruption until his death. In the various political and academic contests of the succeeding years, we were much together. To these I allude only for the purpose of mentioning one characteristic of him, viz. his extreme kindliness and sweetness of disposition. In a period of controversy he opposed himself to parties and to principles,—never to persons. With all his epigrammatic power, I cannot recall a single ungenerous or ungente expression towards any opponent.

'One more phase in his character must be noticed,—his humbleness of mind. He was always ready to defer to others, and to weigh with patient attention the opinions even of those but little entitled to advance them. In no man could there be less of self-assertion. It was the same with him in conversation. He never talked for effect, or sought an audience for the wit he uttered. His most brilliant sayings were also the most unpremeditated.'

In the interval between the date of taking his degree (Easter 1843), and 1855, the year of his marriage,—in addition to all his other work, Mansel's pen was never idle. In 1847 appeared his little treatise '*On the Heads of Predicables*' (pp. 60):—and in 1849, his '*Artis Logicæ Rudimenta*,'—which, however, is nothing else but an enlarged and annotated edition of Aldrich's '*Logic*.' This production was received with much favour, as the want of such a work had been long felt. It reached a second edition in 1852,—a third in 1856,—a fourth in 1862. In the meantime he reviewed '*The Philosophy of Language*' in the '*North British Review*' for Nov. 1850;—and in the ensuing year (May 1851), '*Recent Extensions of Formal Logic*.'⁷ In 1851 he also published his '*Prolegomena Logica, a series of Psychological Essays introductory to the Science*.' It is in fact an enquiry into the Psychological character of Logical processes. Of this work a second edition appeared in 1860.

Lord John Russell's Commission, appointed (1850) 'to inquire into the

⁶ From the Rev. E. T. Turner, Fellow of Brasenose, Registrar of the University.—January 3rd, 1874.

⁷ Both are reprinted in Mansel's '*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews*' (t. 13), pp. 3-35; 39-76.

State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues, of the University of Oxford,' issued its Report in 1852. Mansel made this the occasion for his 'inimitable imitation' (as it has been wittily called) of Aristophanes,— '*Scenes from an unfinished Drama entitled PHRONTISTERION; or Oxford in the 19th Century.*' It is certainly the wittiest thing he ever wrote, and is too well known to require praise or comment. Very reasonably has it been included in the volume of Mansel's '*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews,*' edited by his friend Chandler in 1873, to which reference has been made already. The '*Phrontisterion*' stands last in the collection. In 1853 he addressed to Dr. Whewell a letter (dated April 12th) entitled '*The limits of Demonstrative Science considered*' (pp. 46):—and in the next year (1854) appeared his examination of Mr. Maurice's '*Theory of a Fixed State out of Time,*' in a letter to the friend of his boyhood, and late brother-fellow at S. John's, the Rev. Leopold J. Bernays. The pamphlet is entitled '*Man's Conception of Eternity;*' and, like the last-mentioned Letter, has been reprinted in the volume of '*Letters,*' &c., above mentioned. If I content myself with a bare enumeration of so many thoughtful productions of Mansel's pen, it is only because, first, the prescribed limits of such a biographical sketch as the present forbid the introduction of details; and next, because a discussion of his multitudinous contributions to Philosophical and Mental Science is at *any* time possible. The object I chiefly set before myself is, to exhibit and place on record that living image of *the man*, which a few years hence will be irrecoverable.

But no main incident in Mansel's life may be omitted; and this is the proper place for recording that at the first election to the Hebdomadal Council (Oct. 24th, 1854), he was returned at the head of the poll for his division (that of members of Convocation), though he was the junior in respect of standing, and of age, of those elected. It was a remarkable compliment,—paid to him spontaneously by the University; and as such, he felt it deeply. The other five names were,—James B. Mozley, Dr. Lightfoot, Richard Michell, Osborne Gordon, and Charles Marriott,— 'who ran a tie with Mark Pattison, but was subsequently returned by a majority over him.'⁸

The year 1855 brought with it the happiest event of Mansel's life. He was united (August 16th) to Charlotte Augusta, third daughter of the late Daniel Taylor, esq., of Clapham Common, Surrey. A few thoughtful words of his own, written at this period, are sure to be read with pleasure. We are every one of us sufficiently philosophical to enter into the sentiments he so gracefully delivers, though we might find it difficult to express our meaning with the same tenderness, truth, and beauty:—

'I have long since been aware that the reserved and meditative habits produced by a studious and solitary life are not favourable,—I do not say to the possession, but certainly to the exhibition,—of such qualities as are most attractive in winning attachment. No man, believe me, is more deeply to be pitied than one whose

* From the Registrar of the University (the Rev. E. T. Turner, Fellow of B.N.C.), who adds:—"18 seats were filled up, 6 in each

division of 'Heads,' 'Professors,' and 'Members of Convocation.' These, with the V.C. and Proctors, constitute the whole Council."

whole training is exclusively intellectual: who is practised, day by day, in laborious exertions of the thinking faculties, with no corresponding opportunities for the development of the feelings and affections, which were designed by GOD to bear their part in the formation of human character. Such training can but mar and mutilate the living soul of God's Creation, to put in its place a lifeless and distorted image of Man's fashioning; in parts overgrown and monstrous, in parts stunted and dried up . . . There is but one remedy for this. The affections must be restored to their proper place in the everyday life, and suffered to find their daily food and nourishment in those relations which GOD has designed for their development. I say "but one remedy"; for even the religious feelings are, in their influence upon the heart, moulded and modified by the mental character. . . . When we see how GOD has graciously availed Himself of human affection as the type and symbol of our relations towards Him: how the love of a Father towards his children is sanctified as the image of GOD's love to Man: how the Husband is bidden to love the Wife as CHRIST loved the Church:—we feel how much more fully and deeply these things speak to the heart of those whose human affections have been permitted to grow, and blossom, and bear fruit; who know how deep is their obligation of love and gratitude to that GOD who has given them so much to love on earth.'

Sentiments sweet and just,—sacred too,—as those which go before, gave blessed promise of the happiness with which he who penned them was prepared to invest his home. All who came in contact with him felt this influence. Servants were attracted by it; and some who remained in his household throughout the period of his married life, could testify to the blessing of serving such a Master. Greatly was he beloved by them, as indeed he was by all those who came within the sphere of his personal attraction. Truly, it was a bright and a peaceful home,—'every way pure and lovely,' as one remarks who knew it best. His gentleness, cheerfulness, quiet playfulness,—above all, his consistently religious life,—imparted a nameless charm to the atmosphere of his daily existence. Quiet fun too there was in abundance, and not unfrequently sparkling sallies of wit; but *this* characteristic, though it was what chiefly impressed and fascinated strangers, is observed to be the feature which does *not* predominate in the memory of those who knew him most intimately,—loved him most dearly,—lived with him longest.

These, when questioned, tell by preference of his deep humility, ever esteeming others better than himself: of his instinctive reaching out after the World to come. It was his delight to dwell on the intellectual progress which is in reserve for the soul hereafter: the enlarged powers which Man's future state will inevitably develop; and the prospect of having unfolded to him *then* so much of what he longs to know, but which at present is shrouded from his view,—shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Mansel at the time of his marriage entirely gave up reading with private pupils. Retaining his Tutorship at S. John's, he also now perforce relinquished residence in College for a home of his own in the 'High Street.' Should the day ever come,—(and it must be confessed that it is wondrous slow in coming),—when Englishmen will take as much interest as the people of Italy take in preserving the memory of the abodes of their great men, it will be acceptable that I should here record that Mr. and Mrs. Mansel at first occupied the house numbered '87' in High Street. Eventually, No. 86 became part of the same residence,

the two houses being indifferently numbered '87.'⁹ It may be added that, at S. John's, Mansel first lived in rooms on the first floor of the middle staircase on the south side of the first 'Quad,'—facing the Chapel door. Next, he occupied the rooms on the first floor,—entering from the passage between the 'Quads'; which rooms look into *both* Quadrangles. After resigning his Fellowship, he lectured as Tutor in the ground-floor rooms in the south-west corner of the first 'Quad,'—looking upon the terrace.¹

It should be stated that it was his election (May 17th, 1855) to the Readership in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in Magdalen College which made him feel at liberty to resign his Fellowship at S. John's, and to marry. The Prælector's stipend had been increased in the February of the same year from the old statutable payment to 250*l.* *per annum*. In 1859, he became the first 'Waynflete Professor' in the same department without election, thereby vacating his Prælectorship:² but it was not till the year 1862 that he began to receive the full Professorial stipend, namely, 600*l.* a year. In this place it may further be mentioned that on the ground of his being 'Waynflete Professor,' (under the Ordinance of 1860,) he was re-elected Professor-fellow of S. John's on the 8th April, 1864,—an event which afforded him the liveliest satisfaction.

In the beginning of the October term (Oct. 23rd, 1855), he delivered his inaugural Lecture as 'Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy,' in the ante-chapel of Magdalen College,³ in conformity with the condition imposed by the founder of that Lecture: its title, '*Psychology, the Test of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.*' It was immediately afterwards published.⁴ Professor Earle writes,—

'I remember, though not the particulars, yet the general effect of that Lecture quite distinctly now. It was an assertion of the reality and necessity of Psychology as a study and as a Science; and it was stated in such strong, clear, good English, and lighted up with such apposite illustrations, that it made the hearer feel as if the subject were altogether quite easy and familiar,—plain sailing, in short. He certainly had a wonderful power of presenting metaphysical arguments in such a manner as to enable his hearers not only to follow, but to have, at least for the time, a participation with himself, and enjoyment of the train of high thought which he so powerfully manifested.'⁵

In the ensuing year (1856), and in the same locality, Mansel delivered a second Lecture (May 20th), on '*The Philosophy of Kant,*' which was published at the time, and has since been reprinted in the volume so often referred to. He also wrote in 1857 the article entitled '*Metaphysics*' in the 8th edition of the '*Encyclopædia Britannica,*' which appeared in

⁹ It is at present a warehouse for the sale of *objets de luxe*.

¹ From Dr. Bellamy, President of S. John's College.

² In conformity with clause No. 20 of the College Ordinance of 1858.

³ A laughable incident occurred on the occasion referred to. The ante-chapel of Magdalen is always dark, and that afternoon happened to be exceptionally murky. Mansel could not see to read his manuscript. The President (Dr. Bulley) ordered candles,—which came. But *where* to place them? *Mundy* (to his unutterable disgust),—was directed by the President to *hold the candles*. . . . Happily

some other device was at last hit upon, or there is no knowing what might have been the consequences. [Mundy was the College porter, —rather a great man in his own account, and quite a character.]

⁴ Oxford: William Graham, High Street: Whittaker and Co., London, 1855, 8vo.—This inaugural Lecture has also been included (pp. 125-154) in the volume of Mansel's '*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews,*' edited by Professor Chandler in 1873.

⁵ From the Rev. John Earle, Fellow of Oriel, Professor of Anglo-Saxon—dated 'Swanwick Rectory, Bath, Jan. 7th, 1874.'

1862 as a treatise on '*Metaphysics, or the Philosophy of Consciousness, Phenomenal and Real*;'—and of which a second edition was called for in 1866. It has been declared by a competent judge to be "the best Manual on the subject in our language." In the same year (1857) he was appointed Bampton Lecturer for 1858. And now his hands were full of work indeed. The opportunity had at last presented itself for dealing a tremendous blow at the pretentious Deism of the day,—for exposing its essential imbecility, its revolting deformity,—and for practically reminding Oxford men of the half-forgotten lessons of their great teacher, Bp. Butler;—not to say, for achieving for himself a great reputation. So he girded himself up for the conflict for which he had been so long preparing, with a proud consciousness that his prowess would inevitably be crowned with success. Nor was he destined to be disappointed. In the ensuing Spring (viz. of 1858), he achieved a triumph seldom equalled and never surpassed by any Bampton Lecturer. 'From the pulpit of S. Mary's' (writes Lord Carnarvon),—

'He stepped at once into the foremost rank of modern Theological writers; and the classical Tutor, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, however eminent locally, became at once a power beyond the walls of the University. From this time he wielded an influence which he never lost; and which, had he lived, he would, I believe, have largely increased. But those Lectures were its origin. They passed through several editions; were repeatedly reviewed and canvassed; and became almost a text-book in the schools of the University.'⁶

The interest which Mansel's delivery of his Bampton Lectures excited in Oxford was extraordinary: the strangest feature of the case being, that those compositions were so entirely 'over the heads' of most of those who nevertheless every Sunday morning flocked to S. Mary's to hear them. The Undergraduates' gallery, which accommodates about half the congregation at S. Mary's, was always entirely filled with attentive and enthusiastic listeners; but it may be questioned if one in a hundred was able to follow the preacher. The young men knew, of course, in a general kind of way, what the champion of Orthodoxy was about. He was, single-handed, contending a host of unbelievers,—some, with unpronounceable names and unintelligible theories; and sending them flying before him like dust before the wind. And *that* was quite enough for *them*. It was a kind of gladiatorial exhibition which they were invited to witness: the unequal odds against 'the British lion' adding greatly to the zest of the entertainment; especially as the noble animal was always observed to remain master of the field in the end. But, for the space of an hour, there was sure to be some desperate hard fighting, during which they knew that Mansel would have to hit both straight and hard: and *that* they liked. It was only necessary to look at their Champion to be sure that *he* also sincerely relished his occupation; and this completed their satisfaction. So long as he was encountering his opponents' reasoning, his massive brow, expressive features, and earnest manner suggested the image of nothing so much as resolute intellectual conflict, combined with conscious intellectual superiority. But the turning-point was reached at last. He would suddenly erect his forefinger. This was

⁶ *Introduction*,—p. x.

the signal for the final decisive charge. Resistance from that moment was hopeless. Already were the enemy's ranks broken. It only remained to pursue the routed foe into some remote corner of Germany, and to pronounce the Benediction.

The object which Mansel set before himself in his '*Bampton Lectures*' was essentially that which Bp. Butler had in view when he wrote his immortal '*Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature*.' He exposes the worthlessness of the objections which have been urged against Christianity,—he does *not* undertake to prove that the Religion is true. He clears the ground for the production of the proper Evidences, and shows that Religion *may be* true notwithstanding the objections which have been brought against it. The exhibition in detail of the direct Evidences of Christianity he leaves to others. Mansel's method is to ascertain and assign '*the Limits of Religious Thought*.' He begins by proposing the question,—

'Does there exist in the human mind any direct faculty of religious knowledge, by which, in its speculative exercise, we are enabled to decide, independently of all external Revelation, what is the true nature of GOD, and the manner in which HE must manifest Himself to the world; and by which, in its critical exercise, we are entitled authoritatively to decide for, or against, the claims of any professed Revelation,—as containing a true, or a false, representation of the Divine Nature and Attributes!'

Mansel demonstrates (in his third Lecture) that no such faculty exists. His great achievement is the proof he furnishes (chiefly in that place) that 'the human mind inevitably, and by virtue of its essential constitution, finds itself involved in self-contradictions whenever it ventures on certain courses of speculation.' In the words of Canon Liddon (preaching on the morrow of the Dean's funeral,—Aug. 6th, 1871),—

'He insists that Reason, when cross-questioned, is bound on her own terms and in her own interest to make room for Revelation. The constant effort of Reason, especially when engaged in making war on Revelation, is to claim to reign over the whole field of possible religious thought and faith;—to have a sentence, whether of countenance or of disapproval, to utter upon every proposition which, upon whatever authority, can come before her. It is this claim which Mansel disputes. . . . He shows by a subtle and vigorous analysis that the human mind cannot of itself attain to any positive conception of the nature of an Absolute and Infinite Being: that the very fundamental laws of our mental consciousness, when closely examined, prevent this.'

But let us hear the Metaphysician's own account:—

'What then' (he asks) 'is the practical lesson which these Lectures are designed to teach concerning the right use of Reason in religious questions? and what are the just claims of a reasonable Faith, as distinguished from a blind credulity?'

'In the first place, it is obvious that, if there is any object whatever of which the human mind is unable to form a clear and distinct conception, the inability equally disqualifies us for proving or for disproving a given doctrine, in all cases in which such a conception is an indispensable condition of the argument. If, for example, we can form no positive notion of the Nature of GOD as an Infinite Being, we are not entitled either to demonstrate the mystery of the Trinity as a necessary property of that Nature, or to reject it as necessarily inconsistent therewith. Such mysteries clearly belong, not to Reason, but to Faith; and the preliminary inquiry which distinguishes a reasonable from an unreasonable belief, must be directed,—not to the premisses by which the doctrine can be

proved or disproved, as reasonable or unreasonable, but—to the nature of the authority on which it rests, as revealed or unrevealed.' (Preface, p. xi.)

The abandonment of the Philosophy of the Absolute inevitably conducts us to Mansel's favourite (and undeniable) position, that the distinctive character of religious truths,—beginning with Man's conception of GOD,—is '*regulative not speculative*.' In other words, *not* the satisfaction of the intellect,—(for *that* indeed is demonstrably impossible,)—but the moulding of the affections, the instruction of the heart, the schooling of the will, has clearly been the object in view in the Revelation which GOD has made to us concerning Himself.

The problem of the Divine Morality, on which Deists hold themselves at liberty freely to dogmatize, inevitably comes in for discussion in the '*Bampton Lectures*.' 'The human mind' (writes one) 'is competent to sit in *moral* and *spiritual* judgment on a professed Revelation; and to decide, if the case seem to require it, in the following tone:—This doctrine attributes to GOD that which we should all call harsh, cruel, or unjust, in Man. It is therefore intrinsically inadmissible.' One would have supposed that Butler's famous observations on the same subject had by this time been sufficiently long before the world to prevent the risk of serious misapprehension when reproduced in different language by such an one as Henry Mansel. But the fact proves to be otherwise. He remarks in the way of explanation:—

'It is a fact which experience forces upon us, and which it is useless, were it possible, to disguise,—that the representation of GOD after the model of the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving, is not sufficient to account for all the phenomena exhibited by the course of His natural Providence. The infliction of physical suffering,—the permission of moral evil,—the adversity of the good,—the prosperity of the wicked,—the crimes of the guilty involving the misery of the innocent,—the tardy appearance and partial distribution of moral and religious knowledge in the world,—these are facts which, no doubt, are reconcilable, we know not how, with the infinite Goodness of GOD; but which certainly are not to be explained on the supposition that its sole and sufficient type is to be found in the finite goodness of Man. What right then has the philosopher to assume that a criterion which admits of so many exceptions in the facts of Nature, may be applied without qualification or exception to the statements of Revelation?'—(Preface, pp. xiii, xiv.)

Mansel, in fact, has done for his own generation what Butler did for *his*: and this will some day be universally admitted. In the words of the late Arthur West Haddan,—

"We gladly recognise in Mr. Mansel's work another Chapter of Bishop Butler's great argument ably worked out,—a third Part of the Bishop's immortal work. We find there an Analogy between the phenomena of Philosophy and Theology, applied with a masterly hand both to demolish philosophical objections to the latter, and to establish in both the true limits of the sphere of Reason in dealing with them."^a

The publication of these Lectures on '*the Limits of Religious Thought*' produced an immense sensation,—not only in England, but also on the Continent and in America, where they were reprinted. Two editions were called for in 1858, and two more in 1859. A fifth edition appeared in 1867. The ferment they occasioned in the Theological as well as in

^a In Butler's words,—'Objections against Christianity, as distinguished from objections

against its Evidence, are frivolous.'
^b 'Remains,' p. 458.

the Philosophical world has not yet in fact wholly subsided. Their germ (as the Author states in his Preface) is contained in the great principle of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, viz. that '*the Unconditioned is incognisable and inconceivable* ; its notion being only negative of the Conditioned, which last can alone be positively known or conceived.' To writers of the Deistical school the Lecturer's application of this principle to Religion,—his merciless exposure of Man's inability to conceive the Absolute and the Infinite,—proved exasperating in a high degree. It was indeed to have been expected that an argument based on the demonstrable impotence of Thought would arouse the jealousy of professed thinkers. Some were heard to declare that to deny to Man a knowledge of the Infinite is to make Revelation itself impossible, and to leave no room for Evidences on which Reason can be legitimately employed. Mansel replied,—

'The objection would be pertinent, if I had ever maintained that Revelation is or can be a direct manifestation of the Infinite Nature of GOD. But I have constantly asserted the very reverse. In Revelation, as in Natural Religion, GOD is represented under finite conceptions, adapted to finite minds ; and the evidences on which the authority of Revelation rests are finite and comprehensible also.'—(*Preface*: pp. xvi-xvii.)

His assertion that Human Morality cannot, in its highest manifestation, be regarded as *a complete measure of the absolute goodness of GOD*, was denounced as 'destructive of healthful moral perception.' His claim that GOD, manifesting Himself to certain nations or individuals on particular occasions, might deliver to them particular precepts, requiring actions which would be immoral and vicious were it not for such precepts,—was repelled with horror and indignation. Upon this principle, (remarks one of his Critics) 'the deed which is criminal on earth may be praiseworthy in heaven,'—which, (as Mansel remarks), 'is to distort the whole doctrine, and to beg the whole question.' It was freely urged against the Lecturer that his book was 'an attack on the Divine Morality :—but, (as Copleston shrewdly remarked on a similar occasion,) offence was evidently taken '*not so much from a jealousy for the honour of GOD, to which it pretends, as from a jealousy for the honour of Man.*' This, in fact, was the occasion of all the outcry.

There is nothing new or strange in the position, that the adequate idea of GOD is unattainable by the human mind as now constituted. It is even one of the axioms of Catholic Theology that GOD, in the perfection of His essential Nature, is by Man '*unknowable.*' GOD is infinite : but a finite being cannot comprehend infinity. By no finite intelligence, wherever found, can GOD be known *as He essentially is.*—'Canst thou by searching find out GOD?' . . . In Hooker's words,—'Our soundest knowledge is, to know that we know Him not as indeed He is, *neither can know Him.*' [E. P. I. ii. 2.] We do but attain to an imperfect knowledge of His Nature through the analogy between human things and things Divine. In other words, 'the knowledge which Man in this life can have of the Creator is not a knowledge of the Divine Nature *as it is in itself* : but only of that Nature as imperfectly represented through analogous qualities in the creature.'

To assert, on the other hand, that GOD, because 'unknowable,' is *therefore* 'unrevealable;'—to pretend (with the Agnostics) that by an eternal necessity in Reason, as a logical consequence of the *finitude* of human power, Man's reason is incapable of apprehending any alleged Revelation of GOD,—natural or supernatural;—is to invent an impossibility in order to meet the requirements of Agnosticism. That GOD hath been revealed to Man in respect of those essential attributes of His which make Him unknowable,—is what no one pretends. It were a contradiction in terms to say so. But that GOD *is* revealable is certain,—for the sufficient reason that, in the Bible, *GOD is actually revealed*.

'On the whole,' writes Mansel in his Preface to the 4th Edition of his Lectures [Nov. 21st, 1859],—

'I have no reason to complain of my Critics. With a few exceptions, the tone of their observations has been candid, liberal, and intelligent; and in some instances more favourable than I could have ventured to expect. An argument so abstruse, and in some respects so controversial, must almost inevitably call forth a considerable amount of opposition; and such criticism is at least useful in stimulating further inquiry, and in pointing out to an Author those among his statements which appear most to require explanation or defence.'—(p. 5.)

Although therefore he altered nothing in his Lectures, yet in a valuable and very interesting Preface, of nearly 40 pages, he explained several matters to which exception had been taken by one or other of his anonymous Critics,—meeting their various objections, and effectually disposing of them. He adds in a Postscript,—

'It may perhaps be expected that I should say something in reply to the long and elaborate attack upon me which has recently been published under the sanction of the name and reputation of the Rev. F. D. Maurice. My reasons for declining to do so in this place, will, I think, be appreciated by those who are acquainted with Mr. Maurice's book. The language in which Mr. Maurice's remarks are conveyed, and the temper which they exhibit, are such as to place his work in a totally different class from the criticisms with which I have hitherto been dealing.'

Mansel refers such of his readers as desire to know more on this subject, to his own separate '*Examination of the Rev. F. D. Maurice's "Strictures on the Bampton Lectures of 1858,"*' which appeared simultaneously in the form of a bulky pamphlet. That he should have bestowed so much labour on those 480 pages of vituperation,—which he himself characterized as 'a tissue of continuous misrepresentation, without a parallel in recent literature,'—may reasonably excite surprise. But he considered it due to Mr. Maurice's respected name and high character that he should be replied to, though he deemed his criticism damaging only to the reputation of the Critic himself. It is not needful to dwell further on this controversy. Severer chastisement than that which Mansel regretfully³ administered to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, it would be hard to find in the annals of literary retribution. The sentence already pronounced upon the latter by a competent judge, (the Rev. James B. Mozley, D.D.) will be found at foot.⁴

³ See the *Postscript*,—p. 102. . . . We know on unimpeachable authority that against Dean Mansel, Mr. Maurice "had a special animosity." See the Abp. of York's Letter in the '*Times*' (3 Feb. 1885),—reprinted in the '*Guardian*' (4 Feb.),—p. 196.

⁴ "I do not envy you your task of reviewing Maurice in the '*Guardian*,' yet I have to do it in the '*Christian Remembrancer*.' It is a pity to see a man losing himself and becoming a ruin, from a radical mistake of thinking himself a Philosopher. Some of the

At the end of two years (viz. in 1861) a very different antagonist entered the lists with the Bampton Lecturer. Mr. Goldwin Smith, (Regius Professor of Modern History) in a Postscript⁸ to his '*Lectures on the Study of History*,'—(in which he had subscribed to the doctrine of Clarke as to the *identity* of Human and Divine Justice),—took vehement exception to Mansel's conclusion that 'Human morality, even in its highest elevation, is not identical with, nor adequate to measure, the Absolute Morality of GOD.'⁹ Because Mansel 'had asserted the *Absolute Nature* of GOD to be *inconceivable*,' the Professor charged him with having 'actually proved a *belief* in GOD to be *impossible*.' 'It is to blank materialism and empiricism that such reasonings inevitably lead. Morality, truth, GOD, are swept away.'¹⁰ 'If' (he writes) 'GOD is "inconceivable," I fail to apprehend how we can believe in Him.'—Mansel replies:—

'The only apparent force in your reasoning is due to a confusion between the *conception* of the relative and the *belief* in the absolute. I conceive GOD under certain relations, every one of which is a "notion" analogous to the notions which we form of other objects. The terms, "Father," "Ruler," "Judge,"—"Good," "Wise," "Just,"—all represent notions derived in the first instance from human relations, and applied to GOD, not as exactly expressing the perfection of His absolute nature, but as expressing the nearest approach to it which we are capable of receiving.'—(pp. 84 and 36.)

Mansel had laid it down, that—'the conceptions which we are compelled to adopt as the guides of our thoughts and actions now, may indeed, in the light of a higher Intelligence, be but partial truth, but cannot be total falsehood.'—On which, Goldwin Smith asks,—'Why not *totally* false as well as *partly* false?'¹¹ But, (Mansel replies,)—

'Why "partly false" at all? Does the assertion that certain judgments are but partial *truths*, necessarily imply that they are partial *falsehoods*? When S. Paul says,—"We know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away,"—I cannot understand him otherwise than as asserting that the knowledge which guides us in this life is but partial truth: and that it will give place to a more complete truth hereafter.'—(p. 42.)

Mansel concludes:—

'Be the difference between us what it may, I cannot think that it is sufficient to justify the use of such expressions as "blank materialism and empiricism,"—"morality, truth, GOD, are swept away,"—"belief in GOD is proved to be impossible,"—"the Mephistophelic language of the Arch-Pantheist,"—and the like. Nor do I believe that you would have employed such language, had not your judgment been warped by a foregone conclusion, indicated in the body of your Lectures,—a conclusion which, I venture to think, is neither warranted by the records of History, nor by the facts of Human Nature.

'You have adopted a historical theory, which virtually divides the thinking part of the world into two classes, the friends and the enemies of Progress; the one embodying the good, the other the evil principle in the history of mankind: the one generous, the other selfish: the one representing "the moral instincts of Man pressing onwards, in obedience to his conscience, towards the further

cut-up reviews did much good in this way. They put down a man at the outset. But Maurice has been petted and told he is a philosopher, till he naturally thinks he is one. And he has not a clear idea in his head. It is a reputation that, the instant it is touched, must go like a card-house." ('*Letters of the*

Rev. J. B. Mosley, D.D.—p. 222, Nov. 15, 1853, to Dean Church.)

⁸ pp. 77-92.

⁹ p. 77.

¹⁰ p. 84.

¹¹ p. 80.

knowledge of Religious Truth;" the other "the defenders of ecclesiastical interests," endeavouring "to save their threatened dominion" by "the civil sword," or by "intellectual intrigue and the power of sophistry."⁹ This is but a repetition of the old cry of Priestcraft,—a cry common among the demagogues of a former generation, but which I hardly expected to see revived by the philosophers of the present. It may serve a temporary purpose, in blackening the character of an opponent; but it will have no permanent effects in furthering the cause of Truth.—(pp. 46-48.)

To Mansel's '*Letter to Prof. Goldwin Smith concerning the Postscript to his Lectures on the study of History*,'¹ the Professor replied first by a leaflet of 4 pages (28th May), and in the ensuing October by a slender volume.² Nothing material was thereby added to what Mr. Goldwin Smith had said already; but there is a vast deal more of the same vehement (and as we think, mistaken) dogmatism. We learn that the Professor has very little respect for the authority of those great thinkers of a past generation (*Bishops* mostly) with whom Mansel had been at the pains to show that he was himself in accord. The Professor trusts nevertheless that he is,

'not wanting in respect for those who, by their eminent virtues, the cautious character of their theological convictions, and the coincidence of their political opinions with those of the First Minister, backed in many instances by assiduous and judicious solicitation, have been raised to the highest preferment in the English Church.'—(p. 23.)

But he considers that the authority of Butler 'has weighed like an incubus on the University of Oxford,'—

'where, through the weak side of his system, he has become the unhappy parent of a pedagogue philosophy which is always rapping people on the knuckles with the ferule of "analogous difficulties," instead of trying to solve the doubts and satisfying the moral instincts of mankind.'—(p. 75.)

We knew before that in the distinguished Professor's account, "Coleridge is the greatest of English Divines"³:—a *dictum*, by the way, which at once suggests the measure of his own Orthodoxy, and reveals the extent of his acquaintance with the resources of Anglican Divinity. Let me be permitted without offence to declare that the arrogance of Mr. Goldwin Smith's method, not to say the irreverence (I believe unintentional) of his tone, while it contrasts unfavourably with

⁹ pp. 60-61.

¹ pp. 30,—published 23rd May, 1861.

² *Rational Religion, and the Rationalistic Objections of the Bampton Lectures for 1858*,—1861, pp. 146.

³ '*Study of History*,'—p. 5. For the satisfaction of those persons (if any there be) who cherish the same exalted estimate of S. T. Coleridge (1772-1834) as a Divine, a letter of his is here subjoined. It was addressed to 'Hugh James Rose, esq., Uckfield,' and is dated 'Mudiford, Ch. Ch.,—25th Sept. 1816,'—at which date the writer had attained the mature age of 44:—

"Should it please the Almighty to restore me to an adequate state of health, and prolong my years enough, my aspirations are toward the concentrating my powers in 3 Works. The First,—for I am convinced that a true system of Philosophy (=the Science of Life) is *best* taught in Poetry, as well as most *safely*.—Seven Hymns, with a large preface, or prose commentary, to each:—1, to the Sun; 2,

Moon; 3, Earth; 4, Air; 5, Water; 6, Fire; 7, God.

"The Second Work, 5 Treatises on the Logos, or communicative and communicable Intellect, in God and Man. 1, Λογος προ-ωιδευτικός, or *Organum vere organum*.—2, Λογος αρχιτεκτονικός, or the principles of the Dynamic or Constructive Philosophy, as opposed to the Mechanic.—3, Commentary in detail on the Gospel of St. John,—or Λογος θεολογικός.—4, Λογος αγωνιστικός. Biography and Critique on the Systems of Jordano Bruno, Behmen, and Spinoza.—5, Λογος αλογος, or the Sources and Consequences of Modern *Unicism*, absurdly called 'Unitarianism.'

"The Third, an Epic Poem on the Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus."

That part of the *magnum opus* of 'the greatest of English Divines' which was to have consisted of 'a Commentary in detail on the Gospel of St. John,'—together with the treatise on Bruno, Behmen and Spinoza,—would have been a curiosity.

the grave dignity and pious earnestness of his opponent, altogether fails to conciliate acquiescence in his imperious decrees. In the discussion of subjects of such depth and difficulty as, (*first*), The absolute and essential nature of GOD, and whether or no it may be adequately conceived by Man: (*secondly*), The consequences of the Fall on the moral and intellectual constitution of a being originally created 'in the image of GOD,'⁴—and whether it be not reasonable to suspect that thereby *Man's estimate of the Divine Morality* became seriously impaired:—In the discussion of subjects profound and solemn as these, no progress will be made while sneers, taunts, and injurious innuendos are freely thrown out; as well as fatal inferences drawn from premisses which do not strictly warrant them.

Thus, it by no means follows that *Belief in GOD* is impossible because an *adequate Conception of GOD* is unattainable. Nor indeed would the same disastrous consequence follow, even if it were admitted that by Man's unassisted reason, *no conception at all* of GOD may be attained.—Again. It would not follow from the fact (*first*), That Adam's standard of morality *after* the Fall was not strictly identical with his standard of morality *before* the Fall; and (*secondly*), That the Human standard of morality at best can only be an imperfect image of the Divine;—that *therefore* there are 'three moralities' (p. 49).—Least of all may it be pretended, because GOD in the absolute perfection of His essential nature is by Man inconceivable, that *therefore* the Church may not warn her children against notions concerning the Godhead which she knows to be erroneous. The Church Catholic, (Professor Goldwin Smith notwithstanding [p. 90-1]), will to the end of time confess before men and Angels that 'we worship one GOD in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity:—FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST:—alike uncreate, incomprehensible, and eternal:—ALMIGHTY, GOD, and LORD:—co-eternal and co-equal:—not three GODS but one GOD.' And yet the wisest of her sons will not hesitate to proclaim 'that *we know Him not as indeed He is, neither can know Him;*' for that 'His glory is inexplicable, His greatness above our capacity and reach.'⁵

The controversy between Mansel and his Critics on which I have thought it my duty to bestow so many words, was (I believe) productive of good. Mr. Goldwin Smith, a religious man as well as a very able writer, urged his objections to Mansel's philosophy with vigour and clearness. He would himself be the first to admit that the Pampton Lecturer met those objections with philosophical precision and the calmest lucidity of statement. From an attentive perusal of the entire controversy,—(which was closed by a Second Letter from Mansel to the Professor of Modern History),—the thoughtful reader will understand a vast deal more about the matter in dispute than would have been possible from any amount of study of the '*Bampton Lectures*' alone.—Into Mansel's subsequent controversy with John Stuart Mill, I do not propose to enter. It would conduct us into an altogether foreign region. The

⁴ Gen. i. 26, 27. Consider the statements in Gen. v. 1, 3.

⁵ Hooker, '*Eccles. Pol.*'—I. ii. 2.

doctrine of *Personality* is the central position of the Philosophy of the author of the Bampton Lectures,—as it is of that of Bishop Butler. In the words of an excellent Critic,—

"This is the *sine quâ non* of a truly philosophical system. There can be no Christian philosophy, nor any other true philosophy, without it. It is the crucial test. This Personality is part and parcel of the *Freedom of the Will*, which is a positive fact of our consciousness,—a Freedom of the Will under the conditions imposed by the Divine Being. Just as this is the fundamental position of Dean Mansel, so the foundation of Mr. Mill, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and most of those who have opposed or travestied our author, is *Necessity*. One, is the watchword of Belief,—the other, of Scepticism and Materialism in all their Protean forms. Indeed, the logical consequence of Necessity is, as Sir William Hamilton has pointed out, nothing more nor less than *Atheism*. It is the virtual denial of the spiritual element as existing at all in Man: the lowering of him to the level of a brute."⁶

I cannot, however, pass on until I have invited attention to the solemn words with which our 'Christian Philosopher' concludes the Preface to the first edition of his Bampton Lectures; the words with which in fact he takes leave of the entire subject. He has been speaking of Sir William Hamilton's celebrated article on the Philosophy of the Unconditioned.⁷ 'But' (he adds),—

'If the best theoretical exposition of the limits of human thought is to be found in the writings of a Philosopher but recently removed from among us; it is in a work of more than a century old that we find the best instance of the acknowledgment of those limits in practice. *The Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and course of Nature*, furnishes an example of a profound and searching philosophical spirit, combined with a just perception of the bounds within which all human philosophy must be confined, to which, in the whole range of similar investigations, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a parallel. The Author of that work has been justly described as "one to whose deep sayings no thoughtful mind was ever yet introduced for the first time, without acknowledging the period an epoch in its intellectual history";⁸ and it may be added that the feeling of admiration thus excited will only be increased by a comparison of his writings with the pretentious failures of more ambitious thinkers. Connected as the present Author has been for many years with the studies of Oxford, of which those writings have long formed an important part, he feels that he would be wanting in his duty to the University to which he owes so much, were he to hesitate to declare, at this time, his deep-rooted and increasing conviction, that *sound Religious Philosophy will flourish or fade within her walls, according as she perseveres, or neglects, to study the works and cultivate the spirit of her great son and teacher, BISHOP BUTLER.*'

As a matter of fact, Butler's immortal Work has, of late years, been elbowed out from the Oxford *curriculum*,—in favour of a system of teaching which leads directly to Unbelief, if it does not actually profess it. Whatever plea may be urged for this retrograde course, it may not at all events be pretended that it is because Butler's philosophy has become '*obsolete*,—(whether 'half' or wholly).⁹ Never will Butler's '*Analogy*'

⁶ From an able article ('*Dean Mansel as a Christian Philosopher*') by Professor Burrows in the '*Church Quarterly*' [Oct. 1877,—p. 14]. See Mansel's letter to Lord Carnarvon, below, at p. 360.

⁷ See above, pp. 341-2.—Mansel points out that Sir William's practical conclusion,—("We are thus taught the salutary lesson, that the capacity of Thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence; and are warned from recognising the domain of our Knowledge as necessarily coextensive with the horizon of

our Faith,")—is identical with that which is constantly enforced throughout his Bampton Lectures.

⁸ W. A. Butler, '*Letters on the Development of Christian Doctrine.*'—p. 75.

⁹ The Rt. Hon. Joseph Napier, LL.D., in the Preface to his '*Lectures on Butler's Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature: delivered before the Members of the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association in connection with the United Church of England and Ireland.*' (Dublin,

become 'obsolete' until objections to Revealed Religion have become obsolete also.—And now, to proceed.

It has been objected to Mansel that he fails to meet the wants of those in this age who are trying to find some intermediate philosophical position between the Gnostic (or Rationalistic) and the Agnostic extremes. It is only to be found, (Mansel would insist) in the Divinely revealed Religion of CHRIST, which addresses itself to Man's Spiritual Intelligence,—an entirely moral faculty; involving moral trust, and claiming moral and spiritual discernment. The supposed necessity of subsiding into the religious negations of Materialism and Agnosticism,—(merely because the Infinite is incomprehensible),—disappears. But our philosopher, presuming this to be a thing sufficiently known, spends his great strength in cutting the ground from under the Deist, the Pantheist, the Atheist, by showing that their systems are simply self-contradictory and irrational.

In general, the Christian Apologist is apt to assume that Rational Deism is almost, if not quite, impregnable. He fancies that he can always fall back on it with perfect safety. Mansel, (like Butler,) not only saw that such an assumption is unfounded, but he had the honesty and boldness to state the objections to Deism in a very powerful way. This part of his Lectures has been a storehouse from which Atheists have borrowed their weapons. (The circumstance is calamitous; but it is as unavoidable as that poisons should be obtainable at an apothecary's shop.) On the whole, the Reason cannot by any effort establish any doctrine which will satisfy the cravings of mankind. Deists maintain that they *do* succeed: but Mansel, (and Butler too), point out that the all-wise, omnipotent, and benevolent Being assumed—(not really proved)—by Deists, is a fictitious being: none of these attributes being apparent in the World or in History.

If Reason fails, as it clearly does, to furnish an object which can be adored and loved, we are thrown back on the consideration of the evidences of existing Religions; which evidences are to be judged just as we should judge any other evidences to historic fact. In Mansel's judgment, the evidences for Christianity, (and Miracles are only one of them), notwithstanding objections candidly admitted, prove its Divine origin: prove, that is, that it is an emanation from the same person or thing (call it what you will) that created and sustains the Universe. Every objection,—moral, metaphysical, or what not,—that can be urged against Christian Theology, can be urged with equal, if not with greater force, against any scheme that men seek to put in its place.¹

1864, pp. 325), writes as follows:—"Since the last of these Lectures was delivered, I have seen an instructive example of the way in which Butler is occasionally dealt with. In a very recent and ingenious publication of Professor Goldwin Smith, in reply to Mr. Mansel of Oxford, the learned writer refers to a passage in Mr. Mansel's Preface, in which he assures Oxford,"—[and then follows the words of counsel already quoted] "Professor Smith, amongst other comments on this, says,—'They counsel her ill, even for her safety, who bid

her bind herself to the stake of a philosophy now *half obsolete* in the middle of a rising tide." (pp. 77, 78.) Dr. Napier's searching criticism of Professor Smith which follows (pp. iv-vii) aptly illustrates the unskilful handling which Butler is experiencing at the hands of the men of the present generation.

¹ This and the preceding paragraph are derived from correspondence with Mansel's friend,—Henry W. Chandler, Fellow of Pembroke College and Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.

The foundations of a Religious Philosophy are to be discovered in the facts of our spiritual constitution. The great characteristic of Man is that *he is endowed with Moral and Religious feelings*. As a matter of fact, (and it must be in virtue of his spiritual nature,) Man *does* know GOD. More than *that*. In order to eternal life, he *must* know Him. 'This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, whom Thou hast sent.'² But then, this Scriptural sense of 'Knowledge' is found to differ materially from the philosophical meaning of the same word. It is a popular expression,—denoting something *experimental*, not something *abstract*.³ Thus, there is all the difference in the world between the moral and spiritual knowledge of GOD here spoken of,—(which Mansel not only recognizes but insists upon,)—and that intellectual ability to grasp the *Divine Infinity*, which he as strenuously denies. GOD is not *only* an uncreated, eternal, and infinite or incomprehensible Being. If He were this and nothing more, perforce we could never 'know' GOD. But, as a matter of fact, it is not as such that GOD hath revealed Himself to Man. When Moses, the 'man of GOD,' made petition to the Almighty that He would show him *His 'Glory,'*—for all reply, he was told,—'I will make all *My Goodness* pass before thee.'⁴ And accordingly, on the morrow, 'The LORD descended . . . and stood with him there, and proclaimed the Name of the LORD . . . The LORD, the LORD GOD, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth : keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin,' and so forth.⁵ In other words, Almighty GOD revealed to Moses *certain of His moral attributes*. The same peculiarity of the Divine method is equally apparent in the Gospel. One of the Disciples having requested that He would show them THE FATHER, our SAVIOUR made answer,—'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not *known* Me, Philip? *He that hath seen Me, hath seen THE FATHER.*'⁶ These words must needs be true, because it is our LORD who spoke them : yet is it evident that they may not be *literally* understood. How then shall we explain them? They must clearly be taken to imply, that to Man, as a *moral* being, GOD reveals Himself chiefly in respect of His *moral* perfections.

Then further, though it be true that it is our spiritual intelligence, in and through which we have a practical knowledge of GOD in His relation to ourselves,—(which it is evident is the only relation in which we can either require or expect to know Him),—yet is it to be remembered that this is strictly a *moral* faculty. Hence that famous saying of our LORD, —'If any one *desire* [ἐάν τις θέλῃ] to do His will, *he shall know* of the doctrine, whether it be of GOD.'⁷

No doubt, there is a school in these days which is prepared to deny the existence of such things as 'Spirit,' 'Duty,' 'Moral Government,' 'Religion.' Resolute observers of external Nature announce themselves incapable of supposing any spiritual reality,—whatever in short cannot be

² S. John xvii. 3.

³ Consider Exod. vi. 3, 7 : vii. 5, 17 : viii. 22 : ix. 29 : x. 2 : xxix. 46, &c. &c.

⁴ Exod. xxxiii. 22, 29.

⁵ Exod. xxxiv. 5, 6, 7.

⁶ S. John xiv. 8, 9.

⁷ S. John vii. 17.—Note, that θέλω = 'velim,' not 'volo.'

seen and touched,—verified by the five senses. These are the ‘Agnostics.’ We are sincerely sorry for them. But then, these persons may not claim Mansel for their own,—seeing that he, more emphatically than any, has disclaimed and discredited *them*.

In conclusion, the Reader cannot be too plainly reminded that while the Author of the Bampton Lectures denies Man’s ability by his own unassisted reason to find out GOD, he insists that, *from GOD’S Revelation of Himself in the Scriptures*, Man has been favoured with a vast amount of direct information concerning the great CREATOR, which he is fully competent, *if he be willing*, to embrace with both the arms of his heart: and which, having himself embraced, he is bound to communicate to others. Mansel does not dwell on this. His one object is to convince as many as it may concern, that the Philosophy of Rationalism, traced upwards to its highest principles, finds no legitimate resting-place from which to commence its deduction of religious consequences. This was the only thing he had to prove, and he has satisfactorily proved it.

It belongs to a separate enquiry to vindicate the appeal to Scripture;—and to ascertain the nature and office of Faith;—and to insist that it is the province of *Tradition* (rightly understood) to formulate Doctrine;—and to explain that the Creeds of the Church (which, as all men know, are not *derived from Scripture*) are emphatically the voice of Tradition, proclaiming the necessary outlines of Divine Truth. It was clearly no part of the Lecturer’s business to enlarge on such subjects. Had he proceeded to point out that it is the office of the Church, by virtue of her inherent prerogative, to guide her children,—(as it was promised her that she should be herself guided,)—‘into all the Truth’:⁸ (meaning by ‘Truth,’ the highest Truth of all,—the knowledge of Him ‘whom to know, is life:’—the knowledge of GOD and of His attributes,—of His mind and will:)—had Mansel done *this*, who sees not that the Philosopher and Metaphysician would have forsaken his own proper province for that of the Theologian and Divine? To state the case in other words, and to put this entire matter more briefly:—The Bampton Lectures are destructive, not constructive, in their character and intention. They may be thought to require a supplement: and it is not unlikely that their Author, had he lived, would have furnished it, by insisting (in some separate Lectures) that Belief in a Revelation, and Faith in a personal GOD,—besides the freedom of the Human Will to embrace the first and to exercise the second,—are demonstrably essential parts of one and the same Divine scheme; are one and all undeniable *facts*. But it may not be objected against the Bampton Lectures that they fail to achieve *that* which never formed part of their lawful scope and intended purpose. . . . In the meantime, evidence is not wanting that those powerful discourses have been the means, in many instances, of settling the faith of the wavering; and leading back the minds of not a few who had wandered from the safe paths, into the miserable labyrinth of doubt and misbelief.—And now,—(asking pardon for what may be regarded by some as a digression,)—I will hasten forward.

⁸ εἰς πᾶσαν τὴν ἀλήθειαν. S. John xvi. 13.

Besides his laborious controversial Replies to Critics already enumerated, Mansel, on being appointed 'Select Preacher,' viz. from October 1860 till June 1862,⁹ availed himself of the opportunity to give breadth and symmetry to his philosophical system by enlarging on certain departments of his great subject which he had before but slightly treated. His Sermons at this time bear the following titles:—'*Faith and Sight*,'—'*Faith and Reason*,'—'*Moral Sense in Theology*,'—and '*Man's Relation to GOD*.' It is thought that the publication of certain of these at the present time, might be serviceable to the cause of Truth; and usefully supplement the teaching of his 'Bampton Lectures.'

Various other literary efforts occupied his time at this busy period of his life. In 1859, conjointly with Professor John Veitch, he edited Sir William Hamilton's '*Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*,' in 4 volumes. He further published (in Bentley's 'Quarterly Review') a paper on '*Modern German Philosophy*.'¹ In 1861 appeared his masterly article '*on Miracles as Evidences of Christianity*' in the volume of Theological Essays entitled '*Aids to Faith*,'—put forth as a counterpoise to the shock which the public conscience had sustained by the recent publication of '*Essays and Reviews*.'

In 1863, he preached at S. Mary's, Oxford, the second of a course of Lenten Sermons, afterwards published.² Founding his discourse on Genesis i. 2, he argued that THE SPIRIT is a Divine Person, to be worshipped and glorified. Those Lenten Sermons were an experiment, originally set on foot by Bp. Wilberforce in 1857,—and attended with such marked success—(the Preachers were in fact the most eminent Divines of the day)—that the practice was imitated in every direction, and has since come to be regarded as an institution.³ In the same year (1863) Mansel contributed a Critical Dissertation to a publication of the Rt. Hon. Joseph Napier, LL.D., on Miracles.⁴ The same prolific pen is found writing a delightful article on '*Sensation Novels*' for the April number of the 'Quarterly Review;' and in the ensuing July number, another essay, on '*Modern Spiritualism*.' It was also in 1863 that he yielded to the urgent appeal made to him that he should take part in the '*Speaker's Commentary*.' In July 1864, he contributed to the 'Quarterly Review' an article on '*Free thinking,—its History and Tendencies*.' So continuous a strain on his powers was attended by its inevitable result. It was plain that he must take rest. All saw it: his friends anxiously urged it: the physicians pronounced it absolutely necessary.

He left Oxford with Mrs. Mansel for the Continent just before the Easter of 1865, and travelled in Italy for nearly three months. Their

⁹ He was again appointed 'Select Preacher' from October 1869 till June 1871.

¹ This has been reprinted in '*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews*,' p. 189.

² In 1865, his Lenten sermon at S. Mary's was on '*The Conflict with Sin in a money-getting age*': in 1866, he preached (from 1 S. John iii. 8) on '*The Conflict and Defeat in Eden*':—in 1868, his subject was '*The personal Responsibility of Man, as individually dealt with by GOD*.'

³ See above, pp. 252-3.

⁴ '*The Miracles. Butler's argument on Miracles, explained and defended; with observations on Hume, Baden Powell, and J. S. Mill. To which is added a Critical Dissertation, by the Rev. H. L. Mansel, &c.*—Dublin.—Mansel's contribution to this work ('*Critical Explanation of the Argument of Butler*') re-appeared in 1864, in Napier's '*Lectures on Butler's Analogy*,'—(Dublin, pp. 326,) as an '*Appendix to Lecture IV*,'—pp. 229 to 235. See above, p. 347, note (9).

visit to Rome was a special gratification to him. His way was, at first, for several mornings to rise early, and wander forth quite alone,—living over the Past among the ancient ruins of the city. After a time, he seemed to have taken his fill and to be satisfied: "whereupon" (says his wife) "we visited the sights together. But we were not long in Rome." He returned in the middle of June, refreshed; but was informed of a work by Mr. John Stuart Mill, which he was requested to notice. He replied in the '*Contemporary*,'⁶—republishing his Articles in 1866 in a separate volume, entitled '*The Philosophy of the Conditioned*,' comprising some '*Remarks on Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy, and on J. S. Mill's examination of that Philosophy*.' The benefit of his foreign travel was in great measure undone by his thus descending at once into the arena of intellectual strife. His whole life was one of conflict.

Only incidentally hitherto, has anything been said concerning Mansel's Wit. So remarkable a feature may not be passed by with a passing allusion only. He stood alone among the men of his time for the brilliancy of his epigrams,—repartees,—puns,—witty sayings. Wit in him was something all distinct from *humour*,—delightful, (suppose,) as Sydney Smith's. Further yet was it removed from that irresistible drollery which depends for its success on exuberant animal spirits,—laughs immoderately at its own jokes,—and at last sends you to bed with aching sides and eyes blinded with pleasant tears. Neither again was it as a *raconteur* that Mansel was famous: meaning thereby that delightful conversational faculty,—(it must have been pre-eminently conspicuous in Sir Walter Scott),—which is ever illustrating the matter in hand by first-rate anecdotes, or by reproducing the brilliant sayings of famous men. Least of all was there in Mansel any of that sarcastic bitterness which makes certain utterers of *bon-mots* as much the terror as the admiration of society. He was never known to say a cruel thing of anybody. Sarcasm was not one of his weapons. He was always good-natured, always good-tempered. His wit was purely intellectual; and its principal charm was that it was so spontaneous,—so keen,—so uncommon,—above all, so unpremeditated.

It is related of the poet Cowper,—(the circumstance was told me by one of the poet's friends,)—that those who used to watch him with affectionate interest, *knew* that he was about to be unusually entertaining, several moments before he opened his lips to speak. The same thing (as many have remarked) was in a high degree true of Mansel. The severe cast of his habitual cogitations had resulted in imparting to his features an expression of profound thoughtfulness. But this would relax in a moment,—vanish like a wreath of mist before the sun. Painfully alive to the ridiculous, it was natural to him to introduce into a grave discussion some apt quotation or remark which would provoke a burst of general merriment; the sure prelude to which, was an expression of face which

⁶ Jan. 1866, p. 31-59, and Feb. p. 185-219. —In the May number of the '*Contemporary Review*' (p. 1-18) appeared an article by him entitled '*Philosophy and Theology*':—and in the September number of 1867 (p. 18-31) '*Supplementary Remarks on Mr. Mill's*

Criticism of Sir William Hamilton: in a Letter to the Editor of the C. R.' (See '*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews*,' p. 339-60). —His Lecture '*on Utility as a ground of Moral obligation*' was delivered in Magdalen College, May and, 1866. (*Ibid.*, p. 363-78.)

betrayed the approach of the coming surprise. His features,—his whole manner, showed that he was ready to say something supremely droll. One of his schoolfellows remarks,—‘His humour was irrepressible, and the coming joke was to be seen spreading gradually over his face.’ The quick eye of Samuel Wilberforce, Bp. of Winchester, was not slow to recognize this peculiarity in Mansel. ‘It is coming,’—he once exclaimed, when the other’s conversation suddenly came to a pause. ‘I always know that look! If you will wait a minute, you will be rewarded with something delicious.’—It should be added that he was also the most *appreciative* companion one ever met with. One has seen him so convulsed by some droll story told in his hearing as to suggest the apprehension that he was going to have a fit.

Difficult it is to know how to begin, when one tries to recall specimen sayings which shall adequately illustrate what goes before. The reason is, because no attempt was ever made to collect the scintillations of his genius and to commit them to writing. They were in fact too many to write down. ‘He was *always* saying good things,’—as his friend Chandler remarks. At the end of little more than a decade of years, when his friends are called upon to render help, they are always observed in effect to make the same reply:—

‘Living for so many years in the midst of those witty sayings, I am sorry to tell you that I took no note of them at the time; and now, scarcely one of them can I remember.’

It is but fair to add that, by dint of pressure,—especially when two or three of Mansel’s intimates are brought together,—you are pretty sure to elicit *something* worth hearing. The matter of regret is that the sum of what can be now recovered is so slight. What need to add that every several gem, divested of its *setting*, no longer sparkles as at the first? It was not only the suddenness of the saying,—but its aptness to what had just gone before,—which delighted. Divorced from its context it loses more than half its charm. Perforce also what is written down, and has to be read out of a printed book, is so utterly unlike what was brilliantly and effectively spoken: came all alive, so to speak, from the brain which gave it birth, and was attended by the joyous laughter of appreciative friends whom it always took by surprise.

For, as already hinted, his wit was without premeditation. Take at random a few samples. Mansel was dining with T. F. Dallin. There was written on the bill-of-fare, ‘Cutlets à la *Reforme*.’ ‘Oh, Mansel,’ (said some one), ‘*you* cannot eat Reform cutlets.’ Dallin (by way of apology) pointed out that this was ‘differently spelt. It has an *e* at the end.’ ‘Aye,’ exclaimed Mansel: ‘but *Reform* often ends in *émeute*,’—(which he took care to mispronounce ‘*e mute*’).—A suggestion having been hazarded that Robert Lowe had lately been writing in the ‘*Times*,’ his eye began to twinkle. ‘To be sure’ (he said) ‘the paper of late has been more *low* than *dacent*.’—He was dining in vacation with the present writer in Oriel Common Room, when a joint of lamb was being hacked at by the College ‘Dean,’ who to his other accomplishments did *not* add

that of adroit carving. A pool of brown gravy as large as a saucer speedily adorned the table-cloth, which provoked the ejaculation,—‘Filthy mess!’ ‘Not exactly,’ (rejoined the wit), ‘but it is *lamb-on-table* certainly.’

It was noticeable on such occasions that he did not talk for effect. He was evidently satisfied with the entertainment he was affording to his neighbour. Of course, the joke was generally inquired after, and reproduced for the benefit of the rest: but *Mansel* was not the one to repeat it. His wit cost him no effort. He *could not help* being witty,—and was as brilliant before *two* as before *twenty*. Thus, his friend Professor Chandler relates that, on their way through ‘the Schools,’ one afternoon, ‘just as we came in sight of the Clarendon building, I observed—“Somebody told me the other day that the statue there” (pointing to the figure in the niche) “has no back to it; is in fact a mere shell; a front and nothing more.” “You mean” (rejoined Mansel) “that it is *the Hyde* without *the Clarendon*.”—The same friend was once out driving with Mansel and other people,—including a little girl; who suddenly exclaimed (*à propos* of a donkey by the roadside),—‘Look at that donkey! he has got his head into a barrel and can’t get it out.’ Mansel was heard to murmur softly to himself,—‘Then it will be a case of *asphyxia*.’—One whom he was showing round S. Paul’s, complained of the heathenish character of the monuments. ‘Just look at *that* now,’—(pointing to a huge figure of Neptune). ‘What has *that* got to do with Christianity?’ ‘*Tridentine* Christianity perhaps,’ suggested Mansel.

Not unfrequently his wit was of a higher order: was distinctly *wit*. Thus, walking round ‘the Parks’ with Dr. Evans (now Master of Pembroke) when Gladstone’s Bill for disendowing the Irish Church was in progress,—‘I cannot understand’ (Mansel broke out) ‘how he can possibly reconcile his conscience to such wholesale robbery.’—‘He pleads,’ was the reply, ‘that he is acting on conviction.’—‘O, then I see how it is,’ instantly rejoined Mansel, raising his forefinger as if in order to add point to the antithesis. ‘The ordinary process has been reversed. Commonly, you know, conviction follows robbery. In this case, it seems that *Robbery follows Conviction*.’—His sister relates that one Sunday evening, Chandler having touched the piano, was requested to sing,—which he declined to do. Another person urged him,—‘If you can think of nothing else, sing us “the old hundredth.”’ ‘No, no: I should only murder it.’ This produced a third entreaty and a more resolute refusal; whereupon Mansel came to his friend’s rescue; remarking that,—‘Chandler naturally hesitates about *murdering all people that on earth do dwell*.’

Only once more. It was a severe day at the end of March, and some one inopportunistically reminded the company of the saying that ‘March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb.’ ‘Umph,’ (ejaculated the wit),—‘It’s *cold* lamb, though!’

Inasmuch as his sayings were habitually addressed to Academic hearers, certain of them may be thought to require a word of explanation when submitted to the general public. It is presumed however that the

few which follow will readily find an interpreter, if needed. Dr. Moore, Principal of S. Edmund Hall, writes,—

'The last time I dined with him, some one at table was describing a peculiar habit attributed to a certain famous African traveller; viz. that if he ever did put on a clean shirt, he put it on over the old one; so that, by the end of a visit, he had on three or four, one over the other. "In fact," (remarked Mansel), "it was a kind of *Sorites* of shirts, though it could not be described as a *Goletian Sorites*."

The conditions of bestowing the degree of Doctor in Divinity had degenerated into a senseless form,—which was felt to be discreditable to the University. (The Candidate had to read aloud a few lines of Greek: and report tells strange stories as to how the lack of the necessary lore, even for *that*, was sometimes remedied.) A proposal was at last introduced in Council to substitute two Theological Dissertations, as the preliminary requirement. While the discussion was proceeding, Mansel wrote and passed to his neighbour,—

'The degree of "D.D."
'Tis proposed to convey
To an "A double S"
By a double *Ess-ay*.'

Scarcely less neat, though slightly inferior, is the same epigram as it is believed to have at first fallen from his pen:

'The title "D.D." 'tis proposed to convey:
Its value we leave you to guess.
The work to be done is,—a double S. A.:
Its author,—an "A double S."

Great offence was occasioned by certain graduates of the University of Dublin, who on obtaining the 'ad eundem' Oxford degree, proceeded at once to flaunt in public their Oxford hoods as if they had been veritable graduates of Oxford University. This led, eventually, to the abolition of 'ad eundem' Degrees: but at first, *the fees* were revised,—which occasioned the following:—

'When Alma Mater her kind heart enlarges,
Charges her graduates,—graduates her charges,—
What safer rule can guide th' accountant's pen
Than that of doublin fees for Dublin men?'

On another occasion, it was proposed by the Council to lower the fees upon degrees conferred by 'accumulation.' Mansel wrote,—

'Oxford, beware of over-cheap degrees,
Nor too much lower "Accumulation" fees:
Lest—unlike Goldsmith's "land to ills a prey,"—
New should "accumulate," and *Wealth* "decay."

The undergraduates having complained (not without reason) of the ugliness of their 'gown,' the authorities,—hoping that if the men's costume were made less unbecoming, they would manifest less disinclination to wear it,—entertained the proposal for a change. Mansel was ready with an epigram:—

'Our gownsmen complain ugly garments oppress them,
We feel for their wrongs, and propose to *re-dress* them.'

He was riding with Professor Wall over 'Port-meadow.' 'I observe' said the other, (pointing to a flock of geese on the wing and screaming,) 'those geese always rise in that way as soon as we come in sight.' 'Naturally' (rejoined Mansel). 'They have a *keen* vision.'⁶—A philosophical friend, during a constitutional in Magdalen Walks, remarked on the extraordinary clamour of the jack-daws, in the Grove: adding,—'I wonder what they are talking about?' '*Caws* I suppose,'—replied Mansel.—Only one more Academical *bon-mot*. While Mr. Gathorne Hardy's Election Committee were examining the list of Voters, they came across the name of '*Field-Flowers*.' 'That man' (exclaimed Mansel) 'was born to be either *ploughed* or *plucked*.'

A large proportion of his remembered epigrams were elicited by the political events of the day. And this may be a fit opportunity for adverting to the strength of his political opinions. He was to the backbone a Conservative,—a Conservative of the best type: had been so from the beginning,—remained so, unchanged to the end. You were always sure of Mansel. Nothing knew he of half-heartedness, or of a disposition to trim with the times. He was thorough. His politics were a part of his Religion. At the Election of 1865, when Mr. Gathorne Hardy was elected to represent Oxford University in the place of Mr. Gladstone, Mansel was the most conspicuous member of his Committee. It was not to be expected that one with such facility for epigram would let that season of political excitement (and the many which followed) pass, without directing at something or somebody, as occasion served, the shafts of his ever-ready wit. The following rhymes are remembered out of scores which have perished. The first speaks for itself:—

'When the versatile Prelate of Oxford's famed city
Spied the name of the chairman of Hardy's Committee,
Said Samuel (from Samson his metaphor takin'),—
"You have plough'd with my heifer,—that is my Archdeacon."⁷
'But when Samuel himself leaves his friends in the lurch
To vote with the foes of the State and the Church,
We see with regret, (for the spectacle shocks one),
That Dissenters can plough with Episcopal "*Oxon*,"'

On the introduction of the Liberal Reform Bill, Mr. Gladstone repeatedly declared that the Government would stand or fall by the fate of that measure. When carried at the second reading by a majority of only five in a very large House, it was evident that the Bill though actually carried was virtually lost. Pressed on this point, the Minister repeated his former language about 'standing or falling with the Bill'; and added, —'But, sir, we are of opinion that the Bill still stands.' Mansel immediately wrote:—

'Upon the Bill we staked our all:
With it to stand, with it to fall.
But now a different course we see:
The Bill may lie,—and so may we.'

About the same time Ministers, though they suffered repeated defeats, pertinaciously stuck to office. Mansel was heard to remark that—'Although

⁶ *χην* (pronounced *keen*) is the Greek for 'goose.'
⁷ The Ven. Archdeacon Clerke of Ch. Ch.

the Ministry evidently possessed in an eminent degree the Christian virtue of *Patience*, they had yet to learn the grace of *Resignation*.'

It will readily be understood that wit so versatile, prolific, and ready, did not by any means stand on ceremony, or confine itself to set occasions. In public and when on his mettle, Mansel was truly brilliant. At a dinner-table no man could be more entertaining. His witty sayings were without number. Some one asked who had succeeded Dr. Mackarness at Honiton,—‘Is that a question?’ exclaimed Mansel. ‘*Saddler* of course after *make-harness*.’—The conversation happening to turn on ghosts,—‘You know, I suppose, how to distinguish a real ghost from a false one?’ Nobody knew. ‘O then I’ll tell you. *When you see a ghost*, look steadily at him: next, put your forefinger to your eye, thus’—(applying the extremity of his finger to that part of the organ which is nearest the ear,)—‘and work your eye about, this way and that way. If you perceive that the ghost remains stationary,—well, it’s a very serious business indeed. But if, on the contrary, you notice that he moves about *with* your eye,—why then, *it’s all my eye*.’—Dogmatism was mentioned. ‘Dogmatism’ (exclaimed Mansel) ‘is *puppyism* full grown.’—Something was said about the spelling of difficult names. Mansel (turning sharp round to the present writer)—‘You know, of course, how the Chinese Ambassador spells his name?’ ‘Haven’t the faintest notion. Tell us.’ For all reply, he made a *click* with his tongue,—produced a faint grunt,—and breathed a low whistle. The triliteral had been produced in a second, but in such a style that no one,—(except perhaps Mr. Corney Grain),—could have approached it.—‘The turf’ having cropped up as a topic, Mansel gravely told us of a country squire who was the happy owner of three horses. ‘The first he called ‘Saltfish,’ because it was a capital horse for a *fast day*: the second ‘Naples,’ because it was a *beautiful bay*: the third ‘Morning Star,’ because it was a *roarer*.—Another sporting man of his acquaintance drove tandem and called the leader ‘*Xerxes*.’ We were invited to guess the name of his wheeler. (It was ‘*Arter-xerxes*,’ of course.)

But when alone with those he knew and loved best, Mansel would sometimes give way to the impulse of the moment,—perpetrate the most atrocious puns imaginable on anything and anybody,—no matter *what* came in his way. He was simply irrepressible. If his wife at last said playfully,—‘No, Henry, I won’t have these puns,’—*that* was the surest way to set him off on a fresh flight of absurdity. His friend Professor Chandler writes of him :—

‘He was one of the most cheerful of men; and though I knew him for so many years, I hardly remember to have seen him angry: sulky he *never* was. On the very rare occasions on which I have seen him put out, the thing hardly lasted a minute: some droll image suggested itself to his mind, and his frown vanished in a smile and a joke. One day, we were in his garden, and about to seat ourselves at a table there. The birds had defiled the table, and Mansel stood frowning in disgust. “Here,” (he called out in a vexed voice to a servant,) “come and clean up this”—(but already had his face assumed a bright smile and his voice completely altered)—“this *birdliness*, lor” (said he, turning to me) “I suppose one could hardly call it *beastliness*.”

'At all times he was "light-armed with quips, antitheses, and puns." Some of the best and some of the most atrocious of puns did he make. Occasionally, when we were alone, he got into a sort of humour of absurdity, and then he would persist in playing on every remark one could utter. Capital epigrams in Latin and in English he was continually writing. . . . He was great at guessing riddles, and not infrequently hit upon better answers than the real ones, for he had as nimble and merry a mind as any man I ever knew. . . . Once, when he had what I should call one of his merry fits of absurdity on him, the conversation happened to turn on the rationalisation of classic myths. He found instantly some ridiculous reason for every one I could mention. "Well," I said at last, "what do you say to Scylla and her dogs?"—"O" (said Mansel, affecting a momentary stammer) "it only means that some woman had a pain in her *bow-vowels*."

An illustration presents itself of a statement which immediately precedes. Someone asked him,—'Why is a wife like a patten?' (expecting the stupid answer,—'Because she is a *clog*!') Mansel rejoined immediately,—'Because she *elevates the soul*' . . . (He was delivering his own blissful experience.)

The same devoted friend (above quoted) has jotted down a few more random recollections which shall be given in his own words. They are of unequal interest, but they will all be read with pleasure:—

'Those who only know Dr. Mansel from his books, can form no adequate idea of the man as he actually was. A hard-headed disputant,—a rigid theologian,—a strong party man: yes, he was, in some sense, all these; but *before* all these he was a man of very strong feelings and affections, and even his keen mind saw things, and very often persons, through a kindly mist. The Faith in which he had been taught to believe as a child, he held to all his life through, with a really child-like feeling. The College where he was educated, and all that belonged to it, he loved most warmly and heartily. Great was his delight when he was re-elected fellow of S. John's after his marriage. The writers of whom he was most fond,—Sir Walter Scott for instance or Miss Austin,—he would defend against all comers. If I attacked Scott, (as I often did, though he knew I was only half, if half, in earnest,) he would launch forth into an eloquent eulogium of his favourite. It was just the same with his friends: their defects were in his eyes eccentricities, for which he had a thousand witty excuses. More than once I have heard him declare that he really must get himself put on the list of voters for the City of Oxford, (this was when he lived in the High Street), in order that he might vote for Charles Neate,—Neate being a Radical and Mansel a staunch Tory. Nevertheless he would have liked to vote for Neate, (he said,) "because he was an honest man, and a man he liked."^a

'He had a wonderfully accurate and tenacious memory. He knew most of the best passages of the best English, Latin, and Greek poets by heart. It seemed as if he had merely to read a thing with attention, to retain it for an indefinite time. While reading, he made no notes,—as note-taking is commonly understood: but when he had done, he would take off his spectacles, or push them back, and then set to work with a pencil. Passages that he wished to remember he marked by dashing his pencil down the margin, and noting the page and the substance of the thing on the fly-leaf or cover. Beyond this, I never saw him take a note:

^a No one who knew, could fail to love and honour, Charles Neate,—M.P. for the city of Oxford from 1863 to 1868, and Fellow of Oriel for 31 years. Several incidental notices of this dear friend and brother-Fellow, in the present volume, may be discovered by reference to the *Index*.

Charles,—fifth of the eleven children of the Rev. Thomas Neate, Rector of Alvescot (near Faringdon, Berks.), and Catharine his wife,—was born at Adstock, Bucks., 13th June 1806.

He was a truly single-hearted, upright, and most amiable man; ever the champion of the weaker cause, and the eager defender of the

injured or oppressed: sincerely pious, but abhorring the outward show of piety: a faithful layman and confessor—in days when confessorship was rare. Oriel never had a more loyal or dutiful son than he. His great abilities, varied attainments, and elegant scholarship, can scarcely be said to have enjoyed the reward they deserved. He carried with him to the grave (7th Feb. 1879) the affectionate regrets of the University and of the City,—heartily beloved as well as respected, irrespectively of politics or party. He sleeps in the Churchyard of Alvescot, Oxfordshire.

‘vast memory did the rest. If any one was at hand, he would from time to time express his assent or dissent from what he was reading. A warm summer’s afternoon comes back to me as I write this. He held in his hand some German theological work (I forget which,)—and from time to time uttered in a tone of deep contempt “Bosh,” till at last he could stand it no longer. “What do you think,” (he cried out) “of a man who argues in this way?” and then came a rapid translation of the offending passage, and an indignant refutation of its reasoning.

‘Before writing anything, he would sit quite still without speaking a word for an hour together or more. Having got his matter into order in his mind, he wrote it out right off, almost without a correction. He was very particular about punctuation,—which he never would leave to the printer. Many a time have I heard him find fault with printers’ stops. He was no bibliomaniac, though he quite understood and even tolerated that harmless form of lunacy. He always preferred a well-bound and clean copy of a book to a ragged and poor copy; but never indulged in large-paper, expensive bindings, or similar vanities. When he bought a book, it was in order to read it. He disliked getting rid of books, and used to declare that he had hardly ever parted with a volume without immediately wanting it back again. He was one of those rare men to whom you might lend a book safely: he knew how to handle it.

‘I do not think that he either positively liked or disliked music: he was however always fond of Scotch and Cavalier ballads, and old English songs. As far as mere feeling went, he was at heart a Cavalier; and though his loyalty was unimpeachable, he had I think a secret love for the Stuarts.

‘Like myself, he was fond of going to see conjurors. I remember spending a very pleasant evening with him at the Egyptian Hall where he was as delighted as the youngest child in the room, with Stodare’s marvellous sleight of hand. Indoor games of all sorts he entered into with great zeal, but I never saw cards played in the house,—except once. We were sitting one evening in rather a gloomy condition. He was not quite well; tired, and unable (or at least unwilling) to read. Thinking that amusement would be good for him, I proposed a game of single-dummy whist. “I would play if it would amuse him,” said the other person present, (who had been brought up to think card-playing a frivolous pastime,) “only it is impossible, because there is not such a thing as a pack of cards in the house.” At this, I noticed a droll twinkle in Mansel’s eye; so I said, “But you would play if cards could be had?” “Certainly.” Whereupon Mansel, with a most comical face, left the room, and presently returned with a box in which were whist-counters and two packs of almost unused cards. He was playfully attacked for his concealment of these contraband articles, and after a humorous and successful defence, we sat down and played such games of whist as have, I should think, rarely been played before. Mansel laughed so much, that when I left them he was quite another man from what he had been at the commencement of the evening. In fact, he liked *all* innocent amusements.

‘A man’s private and home life is, in my opinion, a thing too sacred to be exposed to public gaze; but this I may say, (I hope without offence,) that I cannot imagine any one to have been more completely happy in all such relations than he was. Bright and good everywhere, he was at his best in his own house; where his happiness was not interrupted by even a passing cloud. So it was, and so it ought to have been, for he was a good and true man in all the relations of life.

‘Of my friend, as a friend, I have said nothing. I cannot. He has been dead some years, yet his loss is as fresh to me as though it had happened only yesterday. Every day, I see and hear him in fancy; for, go where I will, there is something to remind me of *him*. It is bad enough to have lost him; but I cannot put on paper, for the gratification of strangers, a statement of the greatness of my loss.’

Such words kindle expiring memories and summon back vanished scenes. All that has been said about his domestic happiness,—the unruffled serenity and undimmed brightness of his home,—is true to the life. One also recalls with pleasure his playfulness with children, and his

willing condescension to their measure of intelligence. He was for a few days the guest of the late Archd. Rose at Houghton Conquest Rectory. The morning was cold and inclement, and the children of the family, attracted by his playful wit, were heard appealing to him as follows:— 'What do you think uncle said just now? He said "It's a *raw* day—as the lion said to the bear." Now, shouldn't you call that a very bad pun?' 'O quite horrid.' 'Look here, he *meant* it for *raw*, but he pronounced it *roar*.' 'O yes,' (laughing) 'I *quite* understand.' . . . After examining Bp. Berkeley's MSS. (which was the object of his visit) he was found at the piano in the drawing-room, surrounded by the same little troop,—singing with much unction, and attempting to play 'Three little kittens had lost their mittens.'

The loveliest feature of his character, beyond question, was his profound humility,—added to his simple childlike piety. Having thoroughly convinced himself,—(as every thoughtful man may, who will but honestly take the necessary pains,)—that the Bible must needs be, what it claims to be, namely, the very Word of GOD,—he prostrated his Reason before it; accepted all its wondrous revelations with a most unquestioning faith. 'The Resurrection of CHRIST' (he used to say) 'is *the* great Miracle. Once establish, once grant *that*, and all other Miracles follow. Nothing is difficult after *that*!' And the Resurrection of our LORD 'on the third day,' at least, is a thing established,—established by an amount of 'infallible proof' without a parallel.—Mansel's prevailing thought, when he spoke about the mysterious parts of Scripture, was the accession of light to be enjoyed by faithful men hereafter; whereby the hidden things of GOD will become not only intelligible, but even easy to be apprehended. It may be allowable to introduce in this place one of his letters to the Earl of Carnarvon. It was written from Oxford, 25th Feb. 1866:—

'My dear Lord Carnarvon,—I send you a sermon of Pusey's* in which I think you will be interested, both on its own account, and because it touches on a question in which you have lately taken part, and helps to expose the real shallowness of the objections which lie at the bottom of the opposition against you. There is a little note of mine at the end of the sermon, which arose from a conversation I had with Pusey the day after it was preached. I believe that the real basis of the whole controversy against the prevalent Materialism of the present day lies in the question of the *Human Will*. Once concede that the will of Man is free; and no Philosophy, say what it may of fixed laws, can ever really upset the truths dictated by man's religious instincts. This is why I look on the philosophy of such people as Mr. Mill as so utterly mischievous; because the question of *Free will*, or *No free will*, is really the question of *Belief* or *No belief*. If I am a person capable, within certain limits, of influencing the phenomena of Nature by my personal will, I can believe in a Personal GOD who can influence them still more. If I am a thing subject to purely material laws, the sooner I go the way of other things the better. If I am merely a part of the Universe, I am content to be resolved, as soon as may be, into the gases which pervade the Universe. My free will is the only thing which makes me better than a gas.'

* 'The Miracles of Prayer,—preached before the University on Septuagesima Sunday, 1866,' pp. 35.—Mansel's letter is found at p. 33 of the discourse.

This Sermon, with the note at the end, effectually disposes of Prof. Tyndall's alleged difficulties. Strange, that men should not see that the *fixedness* of which they speak is in

the *Law*: not in the occasions when its operation will be manifested. 'We do not ask the chemist to violate the laws of Chemistry, but to produce a particular result in accordance with those laws. Do we necessarily do more than this, when we pray that God will remove from us a disease?'—(p. 35.)

The remark may be hazarded in this place that should the day ever come for collecting Dean Mansel's letters, with a view to compiling a more full and particular biographical notice than the present, difficulty will be experienced in recovering adequate specimens of his correspondence. The reason for this opinion will be apparent to every one acquainted with the nature of College life. Living within a few minutes' walk of one another,—able to meet, nay, meeting every day,—resident members of the same University seldom or never *write* to one another. A short playful note, confidential (if that were possible) to a fault:—a few enigmatical words scrawled on the scrap of paper nearest at hand:—a challenge to take a walk,—to partake of a meal,—or to meet a friend:—such frail relics of happy days which fled all too quickly, are all that most of us have to show of our College intimacies with men who have since made themselves and Oxford famous. . . . As to friends at a distance, Mansel always preferred inducing them to visit him at his own house, to opening his intellectual views and the feelings of his heart in correspondence. The depth and reality of the man made him somewhat averse to expressing himself in these respects upon paper. A letter, he held to be too limited an area for the discussion of a mental problem. At the same time, his genuineness of soul made him shrink from the very appearance of overstating (though *that* was impossible) the intensity of his regard for his friends, or the earnestness of his moral and religious convictions.—It may be added that the Dean kept no Diary; and observed the practice of preserving only such letters as related to business matters, or were immediately connected with any inquiry he had in hand.

It seems worth recording that he used to begin his work in the morning, scarcely ever later than 6.30. Often he was in his study by 5.30 a.m. His fire was laid overnight, and he lighted it himself, when he pleased. He never sat up late to work. . . . Once, seeing him heavy and troubled with a mental problem which eluded him in its issue, his wife suggested to him that he should 'defer the matter for a time: on returning to the subject, perhaps the difficulty would disappear.' A day or two after, he told her that *in the night* all had become plain to him. When he awoke in the morning, it was as if the mist had cleared away. The difficulty was surmounted.

At the close of the year 1866, Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, announced to Mansel his intention of submitting his name to Her Majesty for the Regius Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford; which had been rendered vacant (30th November 1866) by the lamented death of Dr. Shirley,—at the early age of thirty-eight. Connected with the Chair is a Canonry and residence at Christ Church,—whither in due course Mr. and Mrs. Mansel removed, and the Professor entered eagerly on the duties of his office. There were not wanting some (as usual on such occasions) to intimate that the Philosopher and Metaphysician would be out of place in the domain of Ecclesiastical History; and that political favour had placed him in a sphere alien to his ordinary pursuits. The men who so spoke were not aware that, though the accidents of Mansel's literary life had given pre-eminence to his Philosophical

tastes, his earliest predilections had been in favour of Theological study; that he had never ceased to cultivate Divinity *as a Science*; and that there are vast provinces of Ecclesiastical History which can only be successfully occupied by one who is thoroughly versed in ancient and modern Philosophy.

Be this as it may, the practical refutation of adverse opinion, by whomsoever entertained, proved complete. Mansel held the Chair for barely two years, (viz. from Jan. 1867 until Oct. 1868), but it was a period long enough to enable him to outlive detraction and to leave his mark for good behind him. In the Lent Term of 1868, he delivered before the University a course of Lectures on the Gnostic Heresies; which (worked up and enlarged) he seems to have designed ultimately for publication. The MSS. of those Lectures, at all events, after due deliberation were thought valuable even in their present state, and were found to be in a sufficiently finished condition to warrant their appearing as a posthumous work. The Bp. of Durham, (then Dr. Lightfoot, Canon of S. Paul's,) undertook the labour of editing them; while Lord Carnarvon contributed that sketch of the Dean's '*Work, Life, and Character*,' to which reference has been made already. Certainly no work of equal interest on the '*Gnostic Heresies of the First and Second centuries*,' has hitherto appeared in the English Language.

It should have been sooner mentioned that Dr. Jeune, Master of Pembroke, on being appointed to the See of Peterborough in 1864, selected Mansel to be his examining Chaplain. It was at his Consecration (S. Peter's Day 1864) that Mansel preached a sermon which was subsequently published, and well merits attentive perusal,—'*The Witness of the Church to the Promise of CHRIST'S Coming*.' His work at Peterborough, where he held an honorary Canonry until his death, terminated a few months before his connection with Christ Church was ended, by the Bishop's lamented decease. In the Sermon which he preached on this latter occasion, Mansel pays an eloquent (and well-merited) tribute to the Bishop's steadfast sincerity of purpose,—his integrity and faithfulness in the discharge of his solemn trust.¹

The same year (1868) which brought to a close his connection with Bishop Jeune, witnessed Mansel's transference from Christ Church to the Deanery of S. Paul's. The proposal to present his name to Her Majesty was conveyed in most kind terms by Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, and was at once gratefully accepted. No man ever loved Oxford more ardently than did Henry Mansel, but the course of recent events within the University had been supremely distasteful and distressing to him. He entertained the gravest apprehensions for the future of Oxford and of the Church. My friend Henry Deane (of S. John's) writes,—

'Mansel's last advice to me was,—“Prepare to defend the Existence of GOD and the Free-will of Man. Those are the points of controversy upon which the world is turning at present.” He lent me some books on these subjects, and also (much to my surprise) gave me some most valuable advice as to the best

¹ Mansel's is the former of '*Two Sermons preached in Peterborough Cathedral, Aug. 30, 1868*,' &c.—Parker, pp. 24.

books to be read in connection with Old Testament Criticism. This must have been in 1870.¹

Not least, the daily pressure of University business, even more than his actual Professorial duties, was telling seriously on his health. All who within the last 30 or 40 years have resided continuously in Oxford, and have endeavoured to lead a studious life there, know something about this matter to their cost. But *his* was a peculiarly busy existence; in the midst of which, he was always eagerly reaching out for a season of leisure—which was destined never to arrive. He cherished the expectation that the position thus offered him in London would leave a margin of leisure for carrying out his many literary engagements with less interruption and pressure. Not that, at first, he experienced such a result; but it was hoped that at least the change of occupation might prove a benefit. Much had to be done at St. Paul's. The time was come for commuting the Estates of the Cathedral: and it was no light enterprise to calculate and weigh the claims of the various interests which were concerned in the vast machinery connected with the great Church of the metropolis. This was nearly completed at the time of his death; and it was on the basis of his calculations that the liberal arrangements of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were subsequently effected.

The only relaxation which he allowed himself during his residence in London was a six weeks' holiday at Cosgrove Hall, the residence of his brother-in-law. On the first of these occasions (July 1869), the village being but 50 miles from London, Mrs. Mansel suggested to her husband that they should drive down in an open carriage (by way of Dunstable), taking the journey in two stages. They started early on a delicious July morning, in order to enjoy the charm of the fresh country air almost before the dew was off the ground; breakfasting at Barnet. It proved a drive of intense enjoyment to him. He recognized at every instant some old familiar sight,—village or landscape which he had not seen since the boyish days when he used to travel along that same road by coach: and he delighted himself with recognizing the once familiar, now half-forgotten surnames, which occasionally met his eye. But though he had left London for rest, he did not find it. Scarcely a week passed without his being recalled to London on business connected with the Cathedral. Nor, while he was at the Hall, was he able to shake himself free from occupation. Every spare moment he devoted to the work which he had commenced in 1863, for the Speaker's Commentary. A portion of his original task he had been constrained to relinquish, but the first two Gospels he was persuaded to retain. Ever punctual in matters of business, and conscientious in the discharge of whatever obligations he incurred, it was a matter of real concern to him that he had been unable to fulfil his engagement to complete this work at an earlier period. It now fairly blocked the way, and prevented him from doing anything else. This debt, he felt, must be discharged first.

Meanwhile the proposed decoration of his Cathedral largely interested as well as occupied him. On succeeding to the Deanery, he had deter-

¹ To myself,—Feb. 14, 1885.

mined with the other members of the Chapter, to make a fresh effort towards achieving this object,—(it had been a favourite aspiration with the great architect himself),—and he was greatly encouraged by the response the appeal had met with. Over 35,000*l.* was subscribed almost within a year. But he was not destined to see even the commencement of the work of adorning the interior of S. Paul's.

The last act permitted him in connection with the proposed improvements, was to authorize the removal of the organ from the North-west bay to the entrance of the Choir, and to place the morning (or North) chapel in the hands of the work-people for renovation. Little can he have imagined that within a brief space, the window of that same chapel would contain a stained glass memorial to himself!³ . . . Having seen these arrangements commenced, the Dean and Mrs. Mansel left London as they had done in previous years,—reaching Cosgrove Hall on Saturday, the 15th July, 1871. His intention was to return to the Deanery from time to time, in order to superintend the progress of the Cathedral work.

It was remarked that he seemed more oppressed with weariness than on former occasions; but it was hoped that the quiet of his old home, and the refreshment of horse exercise (which he greatly enjoyed), would be attended by its usual salutary effect. Nor indeed was there any apparent reason for apprehending any other issue.

At the end of one short fortnight, every scheme for the future,—all earthly hopes and fears, all earthly joys and sorrows,—were for ever hushed to rest. But the reader will perhaps share the belief of one of Mansel's friends, that half—it may be *wholly*—unconsciously, a secret presentiment was conveyed to his inmost soul that something solemn was impending. It is impossible to recall an utterance of his to his Wife at this time,—‘You have made me *so* happy!’—without connecting it with what so speedily followed, and regarding it as the language of valedictory love. . . . After Mrs. Milman's interment in S. Paul's, about a month before, he is remembered to have exclaimed,—‘Whose turn will it be next?’ . . . Another slight incident to be presently recorded suggests the same suspicion.

It should be mentioned that at this juncture he paid a two-days' visit to Oxford in order to be present at the Magdalen College ‘gaudy.’ Several persons remarked that when called upon after the dinner to respond to a toast on that occasion, he surpassed himself. Old friends rejoicing to welcome him back, observed with satisfaction that much of the old weary look had passed away. One who was present writes as follows:—

‘The last occasion of our meeting was the Magdalen Commemoration, on S. Mary Magdalen's Day (Saturday, 22nd July), 1871. The Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of S. Paul's were the principal guests. Both spoke effectively; but the latter, it was observed, was fluent and felicitous beyond his wont. Even after the polished oratory of Wilberforce, Mansel appeared at no disadvantage; and

³ That memorial window, representing the incredulity of S. Thomas, was unveiled on S. Paul's Day, 1879. The inscription is by Dr. Hensley, Archdeacon of Middlesex:—*In D. O. M. gloriam et in recordationem Henrici Longueville Mansel S. T. P. decani hujus ecclesie mdccclxxviii—lxxxi viri ornati pietate erga Deum integri*

tate morum hilaritate indolis | eruditione propemodum universa memoria tenacissima | dialectici historici theologi scriptoris optime meriti de indagantibus qui sint in rebus divinis fidei limites qui rationi humane assignandi natus mdccclxxviii decessit mdccclxxxi.

while he touched with pathos on the prospects of the Church and with humour on the policy of the Government, little did any one imagine that his voice would never again be heard in Oxford.⁴

He returned to Cosgrove on the Monday. Mrs. Mansel noticed that throughout the week he was exceedingly thoughtful, which slightly troubled her. He seemed very low,—for which there was no apparent cause. He occupied himself daily with his Commentary on S. Matthew's Gospel. On Friday he took with his wife the Sunday walk which he had always taken, as a child, with his Father and Mother after Divine Service. 'And *that* was our *last* walk!' . . . He had already mentioned,—(it was indeed a matter to which he had often before adverted),—that he desired to sleep in death with his Parents; and now, (on their way from the Hall to the Vicarage,) as they passed the spot where his Father lies buried,—'*That's* where I meant,' he said, pointing to the spot. . . . On the morrow, in the forenoon, he wrote the concluding words of his Commentary, and in the afternoon added something to his '*Fragment*' on Bp. Berkeley.⁵ He was looking forward to a visit to London on Chapter business on the ensuing Monday: and knowing how entirely this would occupy him, he seemed bent on making all possible progress with his literary undertakings *now*. But *that* was destined to be his last day's work. The next day was Sunday.

He attended Divine Service both morning and afternoon; and, according to his wont, retired early to rest. He had said his private prayers: had laid himself down on his bed: had spoken a few loving words: and was silent. He may have fallen asleep. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, his wife thought she heard him breathe uneasily, and spoke to him. Obtaining no reply, she rose instantly, procured a light, and found,—that his spirit had departed . . . A surgeon was instantly sent for, who explained that instantaneous dissolution had been occasioned by the rupture of a small blood-vessel at the base of the brain. His change had come without the slightest warning. There had not been a moment's consciousness that he was passing out of Time into Eternity.

Thus, on the night of Sunday, 30th July 1871, at the comparatively early age of 51,—a shorter term of years even than had been allotted to his Father,—HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL entered into rest. On the morrow, the mournful strains of the organ, and the tolling of the great bell of S. Paul's, conveyed the first intelligence of the event to thousands in the metropolis; and on the ensuing Saturday he was laid, as he desired, near his Father, in the quiet corner of Cosgrove Churchyard where his ancestors for more than two centuries had been interred before him, and where his Mother has since been laid. Over his own last resting-place, his Wife was careful to cause to be inscribed his own favourite text:—'*Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face: Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.*'

Affecting it is, in connection with what goes immediately before, to

⁴ From the Rev. E. T. Turner,—Fellow of B.N.C., Registrar of the University,—Jan. 3rd, 1874.

⁵ It was to have been a contribution to the

'*Q. Review*,' on the occasion of Prof. Fraser's edition of Berkeley's *Collected Works*,—4 vols. 8vo. 1871. See '*Lectures, Letters and Reviews*,' p. 381-91.

recall certain words which Mansel wrote in 1859. Some have asked (he says)—‘What, upon these principles, will be the character of our Knowledge in a Future State?’

‘I am content to reply, *I do not know*. My conclusions, such as they are, are deduced from certain facts of human consciousness in this present life. To what extent those facts will remain, and how they will modify our knowledge, in a future life;—what is the exact nature of the change implied by the Apostle’s distinction between seeing “through a glass darkly” and “face to face;”—is a question which I do not find answered in Scripture, and which I am unable to answer without. *I am content to believe that we shall have that kind and degree of Knowledge which is best for us.*”

How deeply the loss of such an one as Henry Mansel was deplored by as many as had known and loved him, need not be told. His friend and patron, Lord Carnarvon, expressed the sentiment of many hearts when he thus addressed his Widow:—

‘Time, as it has rolled on, has made me only feel the loss of his friendship more and more severely; and, over and over again, I find myself going back in memory to things that he said or did, or in which we were both engaged. It was one of those true friendships which grew with every year that passed over them, and which have not ceased with life.’

Let it be declared in conclusion concerning the Theologian, Metaphysician, and Philosopher, whose earthly career has thus been traced in outline,—that although he will be chiefly remembered by posterity for the profundity of his intellect,—as by his contemporaries he was chiefly noted for the brilliancy of his wit;—yet, by those who knew him best, he will, while memory lasts, be held in reverence chiefly for his simple Piety,—his unfeigned Humility,—the unquenchable ardour of his childlike Faith. The great lesson of his life was the use which he made of his opportunities: his devotion to his Master’s service: the unflagging zeal with which he toiled on to the very edge of darkness. His summons came to him at last suddenly,—as he hoped it would come; but it found the ‘good and faithful servant’ with ‘his loins girded about and his light burning;’ and himself ‘like unto a man that waiteth for his Lord.’

“No life spent in CHRIST’s service, however short,”—(to take leave of him with a few beautiful words of his own),—“is really incomplete: no good work done in His Name and for His sake, can be broken off and come utterly to an end. The seed that is hidden from our sight is growing secretly in the ground: the life that is taken away from the eyes of men is even now fulfilling its purpose in the great invisible scheme of GOD’s providence and grace. The disappointed hopes,—the unaccomplished purposes,—the half-wrought works of Faith and Love which the hand of death has severed in the midst,—are not things of earthly origin, to perish where they have their birth. Those works are done in a strength which cometh not of Man, but of GOD. They go back to Him from whom they came, and for whom they were done.”⁷ And those purposes shall yet obtain accomplishment; and those hopes shall yet enjoy fruition. Is it not written,—“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy”?

⁷ Preface to the 10th ed. of ‘Hampton Lectures’ (footnote [p] abridged).

⁸ To Mrs. Mansel,—*Paxton Park, Dulver-*

ton,—March 9th, 1885.

⁹ Sermon on the Death of Bp. Jeune, (p. 14.)—quoted above.



William Jacobson.

18 WILLIAM JACOBSON

THE SINGLE-MINDED BISHOP.

[A.D. 1800-1864.]

I AM about to draw the portrait, and to give the principal incidents in the life of WILLIAM JACOBSON, Bishop of the Diocese of Chester, and previously Bishop of Chester, from 1842 to 1864. I want of course to prefix, in a few words, his name, as he is here styled,—“The *single-minded* Bishop.” Had there existed in the language a word expressive of his character, I should have termed him “single-minded.” But there exists no such single word. . . . It was before he became a Bishop, however,—at Oxford it was, and in connection with the University,—but, for almost thirty-and-twenty years [1842-64], I closely knew William Jacobson. From 1830 to 1864, he was one of the most ardent of advocates of the cause of the Church. He had a marked individuality of ideas and character which would cause his memory to linger on to the end with an abiding reverence. And I be thought pre-emptory if I avoid, in my portrait, the main features of his life. I cherish the affectionate hope that the image of the man I loved will long outlive the memory of the present generation?

The story of his early life has never yet been correctly related. He was a son of Church-of-England parents, William Jacobson and Jane Clarkson, at Great Yarmouth, on the 18th July, 1803. His father was cut off at the age of twenty-five, while he was but chief clerk to a firm of mercantile stationers. It was a time of great political excitement and alarm, in consequence of Bonaparte's threatened invasion, which was expected would take effect on the Norfolk coast near Yarmouth. The Jacobsons were an enthusiastic volunteer, who, having, for security, sent his wife to London with her infant son, attended a church parade in November, 1803, and got drenched. He was the only Officer who went to sea in the defence of the lungs with congestion set in on Thursday, and a few days after (Nov. 20th, 1803), he expired. Mrs. Jacobson arrived in time to see him alive. “My father,” the first person to say, “was as much killed by Napoleon as if he had been shot in the heat of battle.” He died in the performance of his duty, and with a stern sense that he was fulfilling it.

Mrs. Jacobson, at the end of eight years' widowhood, contracted a second marriage—with a dissenter: in consequence of which, little

1 Archdeacon (now Dean) Darby, to whom I am indebted for these early details,—relates, that on writing a paragraph in ‘*the Spectator*’ to the effect that he was the son of a Dissenter,

the Bishop remarked to him, “that in the way contemporary history is written. My father lived and died a lay member of the Church of England.”



Miss M. G. G. G.

(x). WILLIAM JACOBSON:

THE SINGLE-MINDED BISHOP.

[A. D. 1808—1884.]

I AM next to draw the portrait, and to relate the principal incidents in the life of WILLIAM JACOBSON, D.D.,—the learned, faithful, and pious Bishop of Chester from 1865 to 1884. For want of an apter epithet, he is here styled,—“The *single-minded* Bishop.” Had there existed in the language a word expressive of the “un-self-asserting,” “un-self-conscious” character, I should have availed myself of it. But there exists no such single word. . . . It was before he became a Bishop, however,—at Oxford it was, and in connection with the University,—that, for about three-and-twenty years [1842-65], I chiefly knew William Jacobson. From 1830 to 1865, his was one of the most familiar of academic forms; and he had a marked individuality of address and character which will cause his memory to linger on to the end, with all who ever knew him. Shall I be thought presumptuous if I avow that by the picture I am about to draw, I cherish the affectionate hope that the image of the man I loved will long outlive the memory of the present generation?

The story of his early life has never yet been correctly related. He was born of Church-of-England parents, (William Jacobson and Judith Clarke),—at Great Yarmouth, on the 18th July, 1803. His father was cut off at the age of twenty-five, while he was but chief clerk to a firm of Yarmouth shipowners. It was a time of great public excitement and alarm, in consequence of Bonaparte’s threatened invasion, which it was expected would take effect on the Norfolk coast near Yarmouth. William Jacobson was an enthusiastic volunteer, who, having for security sent his wife to London with her infant son, attended a church parade in November, when all got drenched. He was the only Officer who went to church. Inflammation of the lungs with congestion set in on Thursday, and a few days after (Nov. 20th, 1803), he expired. Mrs. Jacobson arrived too late to see him alive. “My father,” (the Bishop used to say,) “was as much killed by Napoleon as if he had been shot on the field of battle.”¹ He died in the performance of his duty, and with a stern sense that he was fulfilling it.

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¹ Archdeacon (now Dean) Darby,—to whom I am indebted for these early details,—relates, that on seeing a paragraph in ‘*the Spectator*’ to the effect that he was the son of a Dissenter,

the Bishop remarked to him,—“*That* is the way contemporary history is written! My father lived and died a lay member of the Church of England.”

William was conducted to 'Chapel,' and brought up in the ways of Non-conformity. Those ways proved utterly abhorrent to him from the first. He inherited the sentiment of loyalty to the Church of his baptism from his Father,—for whose memory he cherished through life (it was characteristic of him) a most dutiful reverence, always keeping his striking miniature in a drawer at his side. "He spoke to me of him with animation in 1882,"—writes one of his nephews,²—"at my last visit to Deeside, before his health failed." . . . "I never saw my Father," (he remarked to Dean Howson). "I lost him when I was only four months old. But when I found that he used to write his name with a capital B in the middle of it, I adopted the same practice." It was the only outward and visible thing in which he could imitate his father, whom he revered so greatly, and to whom he yearned with all the dutifulness of his nature. Those who attributed his practice in this respect to whim or caprice, knew nothing of the man.

His step-father placed him, while yet a little child, under the tuition of the Rev. William Walford, minister of the New Meeting, Great Yarmouth,—a man of ability and learning. I presume it was on Mr. Walford's removal to Homerton College (about the end of the year 1813), that William Jacobson "was transferred as a boarder to a private school kept by Mr. J. S. Brewer, (father of the late Professor J. S. Brewer), in Calvert Street, Norwich."

"During his stay there" (writes a correspondent of the '*Guardian*'³) "we inhabited the same dormitory. Professor Brewer was at school with him: I believe they were always friendly. Jacobson was considered at the Calvert Street School, a clever and promising boy. One of Mr. Brewer's daughters told me that after attaining distinction at Oxford, he paid a visit to his old master, who had then removed to Eaton, near Norwich."

Thus grounded in the rudiments of scholarship, at the age of sixteen William Jacobson was sent to the Nonconformist College at Homerton, in Middlesex,⁴—it is believed in the October of 1819. The College was at that time under the principalship of the learned and excellent Dr. Pye Smith. "Dissenter as he was," (writes Canon Hopwood,⁵) "a man might be thankful to have been under Pye Smith. I remember, when I was preparing for Orders under Mr. Slade of Bolton in this county, one of the books he desired me to read and digest was Pye Smith's '*Scripture Testimony to the Messiah*.'" At Homerton he again became the pupil of his former instructor, the Rev. W. Walford, who was now Classical and Resident Tutor of the College, and who speaks of him as "a very amiable and intelligent youth."⁶ Here he remained for two years: by which time, the bent of his disposition and the excellence of his abilities became so conspicuous, that the learned Principal strongly recommended the youth to go up to Oxford. I suspect that a formidable financial obstacle stood in the way of effect being given to this project. But he went from Homer-

² Francis Turner Palgrave, esq.

³ Mr. Jas. C. Barnham,—Aug. 7, 1884.

⁴ Thirty-seven years ago, four of the Non-conformist Colleges in London (of which Homerton was one) were amalgamated in 'New College,' S. John's Wood, N.W.

⁵ Letter to myself,—Winwick, 31st July, 1884.

⁶ From the '*Autobiography of Rev. W. Walford*,'—(1851), p. 161:—'*A short Biography of Robert Hall, D.D.*,'—(1879), pp. x-xi:—and MS. letter of Mr. W. Farrer (Secretary) to the Rev. Dr. Newth, Principal of New College. The last named gentleman has kindly supplied me with most of the details in the text.

ton to Glasgow University, where at that time Sir Daniel K. Sandford was professor of Greek. Jacobson's name occurs among the students in the Greek Class in the College session 1822-23: but in no other year or class. Here he made excellent progress,—carrying off many of the prizes. Very gratefully used he to relate how, throughout his period of residence at Glasgow, Mrs. Sterling, (a name which requires no comment of mine,) “was a Mother” to him.

Now at last, (namely, in 1823, being in his 20th year,) he was enabled to follow Pye Smith's advice and his own strong inclinations. He went up to Oxford, entering himself (for economical reasons) at S. Edmund Hall, then under the principalship of Dr. Anthony Grayson. His autograph appears on the day of his admission (3rd May),—‘*Gulielmus Jacobson*’: but he did not begin to reside till the October term. Thenceforward, his very modest ‘batells’ (e.g. 1s. 3d. on Christmas Day) show that he was at the Hall a continuous resident (except for a few days in January) till the 3rd July, 1824; that is, throughout the Christmas and Easter vacations. How self-denying a life he led there, and how assiduously he applied himself to the work of the place, no one who ever knew William Jacobson will require to be told. A most precious season truly for self-culture he must have found it. The blessedness of such calm studious days spent under the shelter of a College,—in perfect quiet and without care,—no faithful heart can ever forget. But to have at last obtained a foothold in Oxford, was far more than this to the man of whom I am writing. He had been disciplined in the school of adversity: had known what it is to struggle against hindrances, discouragement, difficulties. When now, at early morning, he listened to the sweet chime of the countless bells of Oxford, and looked on the calm umbrageous precinct of S. Peter's-in-the-East, it must have been to him like a vision of opening Paradise.

Professor Sandford had furnished him with an introduction to two Oxford ‘dons.’ One of these paid no attention to the friendless young man. Not so the other. The hard-worked Tutor of Christ Church was kind to him from the first, grew interested in him, and—“I can give you sometimes half-an-hour's coaching at night, if you will come to me after ten o'clock.” It was the beginning of Jacobson's life-long friendship with the admirable Charles Thomas Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury,—a friendship which proved one of the choicest blessings of his life. His path was as yet sufficiently arduous: but he was endowed with excellent abilities, a resolute will, great strength and steadfastness of purpose. Fired also he was by a holy ambition, and animated by the loftiest principle. Such a youth is sure to succeed in a place like Oxford.

In the second year of his undergraduateship (1824) being requested by a college acquaintance, the scion of an ancient Devonshire family,—(George, eldest son of George Sydenham Fursdon, esq. of Fursdon),—to become his tutor, Jacobson found himself in due course invited down to the family seat in Devonshire; where a warm friendship sprang up between him and his pupil's father. This gentleman, who was a person of fine understanding and cultivated taste, found in the Oxford under-

graduate a thoroughly congenial companion. He delighted much in the youth's society: persuaded him, when the tutorial engagement was ended, often to repeat his visit: offered him more than words of kindness and encouragement; and corresponded with him for many years (1824-1835). It is remembered that after the first evening, one of the party remarked of their new guest,—“*That man will become a Bishop.*” In a wood near the house, Jacobson is known to have engraved with his knife on the bark of a large beech tree, Homer's line,—*οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιῆδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.* Those beautiful Greek characters are still distinguishable, and are cherished by the family to this hour as a memorial of the loved and attached friend of other days.⁷

He was again resident at S. Edmund Hall from January 8th, 1825, till May 6th,—having been elected on the 5th to a scholarship at Lincoln College. Notwithstanding the timely helps thus afforded him, this period of Jacobson's life was one of considerable anxiety. The strictest economy and severest self-denial, unaided, will not discharge an undergraduate's college bills. He was in the meantime working to the utmost of his power, and beyond his strength. “You will imagine” (he wrote to his friend Mr. Fursdon) “that I shall have all the advantage which ‘*cramming*’ can give a man, when I tell you that,

“I go to Mr. Longley for nearly two hours once a week;—to a friend at Jesus (who was in the first Class last Michaelmas) every day;—and to another at Pembroke who is reading with Cramer, and goes up with me, most probably on the very same day,—viz. *Jeune*.

“Mr. Longley has examined me throughout my Aristophanes, and says that I may safely lay *that* by, for it is quite in my favour. I now take Thucydides,—put my difficulties, and construe the hardest parts which he selects. With Evans and Jeune, I work Aristotle; and with the latter, Latin and Greek composition. Thus you see I am pretty well occupied; and when I tell you that I am looked on in College as a sort of oracle in the way of Divinity, you will consider my hands pretty well filled.

“It will give you some notion of the state to which I am reduced if I tell you that the other morning I was roused by a man who wanted *Moloch and his worship* explained; and had scarcely recomposed myself for another nap, when a man came to dun me for *all that I could tell him about the Shekinah*. You may guess that I thought it high time to rise at once.”⁸

At the ensuing Easter (1827), after which he was to have gone into the Schools, Jacobson had a sharp fit of illness. He shall tell the tale himself:—

“I was doing very well, as I thought, and making fair use of the Easter vacation; but sitting in a very complicated draught gave me rheumatick face-ache. Then, I had toothache simple. Then, a sort of bastard quinsy. Finally, a large sulky abscess which, after wearing me almost to a shadow, broke last evening. I am not yet emancipated from poultices, and shall be long before I resume the enjoyment of solids; but my name is put at the end of the list, and I shall make fight for my degree and any thing that chooses to come with it,—although for the last fortnight I have had my neck swaddled in linseed, and done nothing but sputter and groan incessantly all day. The horrors of my nights were worse, for I never slept. My confinement was cheered by the extreme kindness of friends of all orders and degrees. They came constantly, in gowns of all dimensions and descriptions: Mr. Longley in the pride of his velvet, and the Rev. Charles Rose,

⁷ From the Rev. Edward Fursdon,—October 1827.

⁸ From ‘*Lincoln Coll.*’—Nov. 18, 1826.’

who struck my poor little landlady with such awe, that I had a difficulty in getting her to show herself again after his first call."⁹

The sequel was disappointing, but might have been attended by a more calamitous result than a place in the Second Class :—

"I was in the Schools the last four days of last week. My *vivid voce* came on Saturday. Having never sate up for above an hour together without lying down, till I found myself in the Schools, the writing for about seven hours the three preceding days had so worn me out, that I went into *hysterics* in the middle of my Rhetorick. I have heard since that the placing my name cost the Examiners no little discussion, and that all my papers, &c. were quite up to the mark for the First Class. It was my Aristotle which pulled me down. However, after all my illness, and not seeing any of my books hardly for six weeks, I am very thankful to have done so well.—One of my Examiners has told me that I am to dine with him as soon as B.A. sleeves shall make me admissible to the high table at Balliol; and I had my fill of compliments for my History and Poets. After all, I suppose no fine showy book ever went out in smoke like my eight plays of Aristophanes. Dornford did indeed pay me the compliment of putting me on twice; but neither passage admitted of any thing like display. I was only enabled to struggle through Saturday by being twice drenched with æther . . . The reaction on Sunday was dreadful. The Exeter examination begins on Wednesday the 20th."¹

That one so heavily 'weighted' would be unsuccessful in competing for the Exeter Fellowship, might have been foreseen. But Jacobson had reasonably hoped for a First Class in *Literis humanioribus*,—(to which Francis Jeune, Herman Merivale and William Sewell now found themselves promoted,)—and his friends had confidently expected it. The Class List is probably as fair a test as the wit of man could devise; but it is certainly sometimes a fallacious one. Jacobson at once took his B.A. degree, and accepted the office of tutor to the two sons, (Charles and Francis,) of an excellent Irish gentleman, Mr. Peter La Touche, nephew to Mr. La Touche, of Bellevue, in county Wicklow.

"The country here," (he wrote to his friend, Mr. Fursdon), "is extremely beautiful: in fact it presents, I think, a most delicious compound of Devonshire and the Western Highlands. The Mountains indeed are not very high, but they are picturesque in the extreme,—'great Sugar-Loaf' indeed has some pretensions, and I envy those who saw him last summer when the peat on one entire side was in a blaze. We are rustivating in the very first style of the art. 'The Cottage,' by some admirable management, holds, along with its morsel of a lodge, Mrs. La Touche, nine of the children, a French and an English Governess, with no end of servants of all sexes and ages. My three pupils and I expatiate in a strange place adjoining the Rectory, (which is called 'the Glebe House.') It has only one room on a floor, like the abode of Dumbiedikes. Here we read and sleep. (The boys call it 'the Mansion.') We are fed at 'the Cottage,' which is a very pretty place, and immediately adjoins the Church,—a very respectable edifice with a Gothic tower, built by this family a generation or two back. The munificence is merely commemorated by their arms being on the Tower, with the date beneath, and,—*Out of Thine own do I give unto Thee, O my God.*' The morning congregation was a very good one last Sunday; and so large a proportion of it consisted of the lower orders, that I could not help thinking how your heart would have leapt at the sight. They have a weekly collection during the Psalm before Sermon, which is the substitute for Poors' rates . . . At one thing I am not a little amazed,—the perverse arrangement of having the Morning Service at 12, and the Evening at half-past-six o'clock. Close by us is 'Belle-vue,' a seat of an elder branch of the La Touches, which well deserves its name. The house, garden, and grounds all have my unqualified admiration. The glass-houses for plants form quite a little village . . .

⁹ Linc. Coll.,—May 18, 1827.

¹ To G. S. Fursdon, esq.,—from Lincoln Coll., June 12th, 1827.

"I was put at my ease the instant I arrived here, and I trust I am properly thankful to the kindness of Providence in awarding me so comfortable a provision for the present. My pupils are Charles,—12 years old last Christmas, quick and eager to learn:—Frank,—11 years, very fidgetty. This latter gentleman is hampering away at the '*Delectus*.' Charles has begun Greek, and reads Cornelius Nepos. They are both suffering from an unqualified holiday of two months. William, who is to keep terms at Dublin, I have not yet seen. He is not to reside in the College. Mrs. La Touche's horror of the ingenious youth of Trinity College is at least equal to yours."²

The year which he spent with that family at Delgany Cottage he ever after recalled in grateful and affectionate terms. He owed the introduction to his friend Longley. Alexander Knox, in a letter of that date, refers to Bishop Jacobson, then but four-and-twenty, as "a very remarkable young man, distinguished as having just gained a prize at Oxford, and with a singular appreciation of Theological science." To Bishop Jebb, on Christmas Day 1827, Knox wrote as follows:—

"There is a very sensible young gentleman at present in this house. He is a Mr. Jacobson, a B.A. of Lincoln. In one of his first conversations with me, he asked me if I knew the '*Appendix*' to your Sermons; pronouncing upon it at the same time, as intelligent an eulogium as I had perhaps heard from any one. I have got my friend K—— to lend him your '*Sacred Literature*,' which he had heard of, and desired to read. He is now reading it, and speaks of it in very high terms. I mention all this, to submit to you a thought of his, namely, that it were desirable the '*Appendix*' should be published in a small volume by itself, in order to give it the widest possible circulation,—which he considers the present time renders expedient: the Truth, which he thinks therein irrefragably established, being the specific antidote to the loose opinions and tendencies of so many *soi-disant* churchmen of the present day.

"Through the same young gentleman, I have become acquainted with a volume of Sermons, published at Oxford (where they were preached) by a Dr. Shuttleworth. Mr. Jacobson has read three of them to me."³

Long after, Bishop Jacobson was known frequently to recur to his conversations with Alexander Knox, (who lived at Bellevue,) as having been singularly productive of fruit to himself. Knox must have been an admirable person certainly. His three volumes of '*Remains*' occupied a conspicuous place in Jacobson's library, and were often taken down from his shelf in illustration of something in his lectures. At the end of 55 years (in conversation with Archdeacon [now Dean] Darby, his examining Chaplain,) the Bishop expressed his deep regret that he had not corresponded with Alexander Knox,—as Knox suggested he should do on his return to Oxford: "adding with much fervour,—'Indeed if by God's mercy I am admitted to Paradise, I shall be ashamed to meet Knox.' . . . The way in which he spoke carried with it the truest expression of regret, humility, and faith. The sentence placed before my mind in the strongest light the unclouded and certain hope of intercourse in the unseen World."⁴—It should be added that Alexander Knox died in 1831. To proceed however.

On returning to Oxford in 1829, he again sat for an Exeter Fellowship,

² The writer's address was—'*Peter La Touche, esq., jun., The Cottage, Delgany, Ireland*,'—Aug. 1st, 1827.

³ '*Thirty years' Correspondence between Bp. (Jebb) of Limerick, and A. Knox*' (1834):—ii. 561.—For this, and much other help, I am indebted to the Rev. James Carson, curate of

Winwick, Newton-le-Willows. By the way, why is no Memoir of Knox extant?

⁴ From a letter to myself,—July 31st, 1884. [After taking extraordinary pains to ascertain the exact date of A. K.'s birth, I have only now (Feb. 1886) learned from one of the family that it was 'probably in 1757.']

and this time (June 30th) was successful. His singularly accurate and tasteful, if not brilliant scholarship, well merited success. But William Jacobson possessed besides, and in a very eminent degree, the qualifications—moral and intellectual—which fit a man to hold a College fellowship with advantage to the society and to himself. "It was *my* casting vote" (writes an old friend of his (and of mine), the late Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck,⁵ Vicar of Long Wittenham,) "that brought him from Lincoln to Exeter:—

"As the only fellow with whom he was personally acquainted, I was deputed to announce to him his success. I found the scholar of Lincoln in his bed-room shaving; and had some difficulty in convincing him that I was in earnest, when I urged him to hasten his toilette and come with all speed to the Chapel of Exeter College,—where the Rector and Fellows were assembled, waiting to admit him."

It was indeed a joyous surprise. Writing next day to his friend Mr. Fursdon, because he 'knew of no one on whose hearty congratulations he might more securely reckon,'—

"I am so happy" (he said) "that I have scarcely known how to behave since the event. The great object of all my hopes, domestication in Oxford, has come at last, under circumstances of which I could never have dared to dream, and the cordiality of congratulation is great indeed."

In the letter already quoted, Mr. Clutterbuck proceeds,—“When, at the end of 54 years, (namely in November 1883,) I visited William Jacobson in his Episcopal palace, he remarked to me with infinite kindness of manner,—‘Never shall I forget your look of recognition as I entered the Chapel, when I was elected Fellow of Exeter.’” The men’s ages were now respectively 81 and 80. So indelibly do such incidents of the early life impress themselves on the Academic memory! But Jacobson was of a singularly faithful, grateful, *constant* disposition. . . . Shortly before he died, on being asked by Canon Gray “Which of his Colleges, (S. Edmund Hall, Lincoln, Exeter, Magdalen Hall, Christ Church), he regarded as specially his own?”—Jacobson made the characteristic reply, —“I was very happy on the day when I was elected a Fellow of Exeter.”

The Exeter Fellowship did not however at once relieve him from the sense of pecuniary anxiety. He wrote to his friend Mr. Fursdon,—

“I shall have no income from the College for the first year: and I have not yet recovered the effects of being left to struggle through the last year and-a-half of my undergraduateship as I could. So that I am not altogether free from apprehension for my first year. I have however so much to be thankful for, that I do my best to think little of contingent difficulties.”⁶

Jacobson now took his M.A. degree, and resumed for the moment his engagement with the La Touche family; having already, (in 1829,) gained the Ellerton Theological prize. The subject of his essay was—“*The causes of the persecution to which the Christians were subject in the first centuries of Christianity.*” In order to recite that composition in the Divinity School, he had been obliged, in fact, to defer the work of his second day’s examination at Exeter (June 23rd). Writing for this prize at Dublin, aided by the resources of Trinity College library, he remarks to the same friend,—

⁵ Letter to myself,—3 Aug. 1884.

⁶ Treborth, Bangor,—Sept. 7th, 1829.

"Whether I succeed or not, I owe the venerable tutor of Magdalen much: for he has been the means of introducing me to the writers of the first three centuries; and between reading two or three of them, and index-hunting them all, I have acquired a valuable stock of knowledge with which I shall be well contented."

In those few words Jacobson has faithfully stated the true benefit and peculiar value of such "Prizes." They furnish *occasions* for learned research: set more than one intelligent youth on a resolute course of laborious inquiry which would never else have been enterprised: and the impulse so given, not unfrequently, is known to last on to the end of life. In Jacobson's case, however, as the reader is aware, this was not by any means the man's earliest introduction to such studies. He had been all along an assiduous and thoughtful student in Divinity: had given *his heart* to that grandest of pursuits from the first; and had found out that it is the only one capable of satisfying the highest cravings,—moral, intellectual, spiritual,—of an immortal being. Ordained Deacon in 1830 (June 6th), Jacobson at once accepted a curacy under Archdeacon Clerke, who was at that time vicar of S. Mary Magdalene's in Oxford. But his first essay in the Ministry was at Long Wittenham in Berkshire, during the summer Vacation of 1830; where he gained the good will of all by his unremitting exertions, and especially by his generosity to the sick poor. There it was that he preached his first sermon. In October he returned to Oxford, and entered on his duties under Archd. Clerke. He was ordained Priest in 1831. In the ensuing year (1832) he was offered the Vice-Principalship of Magdalen Hall,—which some may require to be informed is now (through the munificence of a merchant-Prince) 'Hertford College.' But before proceeding further with the story of Jacobson's Oxford life, our attention is invited in another direction.

The Regius Professor of Divinity at the period we speak of [1829-36] was Dr. Edward Burton,—an accomplished and amiable scholar as well as a learned and judicious Divine: '*vir si quis alius de bonis literis, de Academiâ nostrâ, de Ecclesiâ Anglicanâ optime meritus.*' Between him and Jacobson (whose words those are) there existed a warm friendship. '*Cujus et memoriae dulcedine*' (he proceeds) '*et desiderii acerbitate imbutus esse animus meus nunquam desinet.*' I quote from the 'Monitum' prefixed to the 2nd edition of his '*Patres Apostolici*,'—a work undertaken at Dr. Burton's suggestion. The learned are aware of the scantiness of manuscript authority under which the text of Clemens Romanus, Ignatius and Polycarp labours: in order however to collate those MSS., such as they are, Jacobson availed himself of several Long Vacations to visit the libraries of Florence, Rome, Paris, Vienna. It was, I believe, in the July of 1832, that he first set out, taking the Rhine, Switzerland, Milan, Verona, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna on his way. "At Florence" (he tells his friend Mr. Fursdon) "I remained 3 weeks, leading a very methodical and joyous life: 3 hours every day over a MS. in the Laurentian library, and 2 in the Gallery and among the pictures of the Pitti palace alternately. I spent two evenings on 'the top of Fiesole,' enjoying the Val d'Arno and an Italian twilight."

¹ 3 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin,—March 5th, 1839.

"My work at Florence was easier than I expected, and having a fragment of Polycarp in the Vatican to salve my conscience with, I proceeded with the courier through Sienna and Bolsena to Rome. Here I spent 10 entire days; moving about most assiduously while daylight lasted, and studying the antiquities in books, every evening. I never enjoyed any fraction of my existence half so much. An American Episcopalian Divine, a naval officer deep in Oriental Studies, and an old fellow from the banks of the Tigris, who wore a dress of purple and a beard down to his waist, conspired in giving me the most fearful accounts of Angelo Mai's jealousy and uncourteousness; besides assuring me that he was absent from Rome, and the Library closed. Now, the fact was that he was on the spot, and extremely civil and good humoured. Jesuit, Canon of S. Peter's, and really eminent in the literary world as he is, he behaved far better than, I fear, the Dons of our English Libraries—(e.g. he who took objection to 'Jacobson's ladies')—would, to a foreigner who spoke the language so vilely, and wore such 'a shocking bad hat' as I did.

"I cannot tell you how I enjoyed S. Peter's: its amazing size lost in the perfection of its proportions; its profuse and elaborate ornament blending it to uniform and majestic beauty. I spent many a rapt hour there, and saw it, from the subterranean Church where you tread on pavement laid down by Constantine, to the ball which crowns the Cupola;—the ascent wonderfully easy;—the views beautiful,—Soracte,—Præneste,—mountains studded with Frascati, Albano, &c., and the Mediterranean in the distance."

"I hope to be in Oxford,"—(so ends the letter, which is dated 'Turin, Oct. 2nd, 1832,')—"by the 13th, and am not at all easy about the duties of my new station; being deeply impressed with the 'collective wisdom of ages' embodied in the Yankee adage,—'The higher a monkey climbs, the more he shows his tail.' My best compliments to the Ladies."

The elevated position thus picturesquely anticipated was the Vice-Principalship of Magdalen Hall, already mentioned; on the active duties of which Jacobson was about to enter. With characteristic conscientiousness he had stipulated with the excellent Principal, Dr. Macbride, that he should be allowed to rescue the Hall from its ancient evil repute of being a refuge for the idle and incompetent. Accordingly, he at once set about doing his very best for every man who came to the Hall. This proved a most laborious work. But his lectures were highly popular with the cleverer sort: while the dull and backward found as much pains taken with their wretched exercises as if the fortunes of the place depended wholly on *them*. I have heard his Aristophanes lecture especially vaunted as a masterpiece of wit and learning. But let an old and honoured member of the Hall be invited to give us his own personal recollections of those days:—

"Jacobson came more nearly than any one else with whom I have been associated, up to my ideal standard of what a College 'Tutor' ought to be. He was a good *Lecturer* too. The classical scholars invariably acknowledged the obligation they were under to him for such successes as they gained; while to the pass-men he was invaluable. He could in a very short time impart to one who had never grasped it before, an appreciation of the structure of Latin sentences. By his own preciseness in the use of the English vocabulary and strict incisive criticism, he managed to elicit fairly good translations of Greek and Latin authors from pupils of very ordinary ability. He could also handle a class, including men of the less industrious sort, with great skill and tact,—securing attention all round. The idler was sure to find himself unexpectedly 'dropped upon.' When unable to answer a question, if not an old offender, he was rebuked by a good-natured sarcasm, often sufficiently humorous to elicit a laugh at his

* To G. S. Fursdon, esq., Fursdon, Collumpton, Devon.

expense from all the rest. But an incorrigible would complain that Jacobson had 'come down on him like a thousand of bricks.' He was prompt and punctual in every thing himself, and he expected others to be the same.

"As soon as a class had assembled for lecture, he glanced round the room, and if any one was absent, (which was not often the case, for we all knew his rules,) he rang his bell for the servant at once:—'Tell Mr. so-and-so he ought to be here.' It was the same with Chapel. You might miss *once* in a week, but not oftener. The second time, you were sent for and told that it must not happen again; and *you knew that it must not*. Offences were not allowed to accumulate. Every thing was dealt with immediately. But with all his strictness there was no hard or dry austerity. Every rebuke which he administered was just, and all he said came as from a friend,—almost as from a father.

"Jacobson's great success however as a Tutor, and that which secured him more than popularity,—the *love* of all who were under him,—consisted in the systematic and persistent efforts which he made to improve and to benefit every one who came under him. He closely observed the habits of each new comer: seemed to form an intuitive estimate of a young man's character; and at once by some overt act made him feel he was his friend. All confessed his kindly influence throughout their undergraduate career; and few failed to experience some attention from him afterwards,—as the offer of a desirable Curacy or Tutorship, or an introduction to a friend who might be useful to him. I once heard a man say, after some conference of a personal character,—'I believe Jacobson knows more about me than I know of myself;' and I am sure there was no member of the Hall needing counsel or advice, who would not in the first instance have applied to the Vice-Principal.

"A characteristic anecdote will best show how he would sometimes combine pleasantry with discipline. An undergraduate, who wanted to go hunting on a certain morning, not feeling by any means sure that the Vice-Principal would excuse him from his lectures on that ground, sent in an '*ager*.' Soon after the clock had struck, taking it for granted that Jacobson must be safely ensconced with his first class, down he came in 'pink and tops,' and stood about the Lodge waiting for his horse. It happened however that the Vice-Principal, after setting his class to work, had gone across to his house to fetch a book; and, returning, encountered the sick man, booted and spurred. 'Good morning, I am glad to see you are better.'—'Thank you, sir, I thought a ride would do me good.'—'So it will; but just come here a minute; I want to speak to you.' So saying Jacobson hurried across the quadrangle, with his usual short quick step; and before the huntsman who followed him perceived what he was about, he found himself in the Hall, where a class was writing Latin prose. In a moment Jacobson had put a '*Spectator*' into his hand, and, pointing to a marked passage,—'Just translate that into Latin for me; you will enjoy your ride all the better afterwards.' There was no resisting; the man had to do it. But such was the dexterity and good humour with which the task was imposed, that the victim himself,—while confessing that he had met with more than his match,—was willing to regard the entire transaction as nothing more than an excellent practical joke of the Vice-Principal at his expense."

No one can be surprised to hear that Dr. Longley gave Jacobson the option of an under-mastership at Harrow (1836); or that Jacobson was disposed to accept the offer. But his friend's promotion to the see of Ripon at this very time deprived the position of at least half its attractiveness in his eyes. Thereupon, Jacobson was urged to offer himself as Longley's successor at Harrow; but the preferred candidate was Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the late learned and pious Bishop of Lincoln. In the estimation of a competent judge, Jacobson would have made a successful schoolmaster.

"In Arnold's days he went to examine at Rugby. The examiner in Modern History had not mastered his subject, but drew his questions from a book before

* From the Rev. G. S. Ward, Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College,—late Magdalen Hall.

him; until Jacobson could bear it no longer, broke in, and took the boys through their work in a most brilliant manner. The examination over, Arnold offered the future Bishop a Mastership under him, saying, 'I see that you understand the young animal.'"¹

The visit to Rome above recorded, Jacobson reckoned (as well he might) among the most precious incidents of his life. Writing from Vienna to the same friend, two years after, (Sept. 1st, 1834), he recalls with delight "those ten days of enjoyment,—greater, I do believe, than ever fell to my lot before, and certainly unequalled since."

I must not fail to mention that notwithstanding the engrossing labours of the Hall,—of which practically he was at once Principal, Dean, Tutor, Chaplain, and Treasurer,—Jacobson was all along a thoughtful and laborious student in Divinity. His learned familiarity with the Book of Common Prayer was truly extraordinary. He had been a most conscientious and reverent reader of the Bible. With the writings of Christian antiquity he had formed a considerable acquaintance, and had read to good purpose a vast amount of Anglican divinity besides. The name of his chief guide in Sacred Science, who was also his attached friend, has been already mentioned; and we have seen with what assiduity he was thus early in life engaged upon what proved his principal literary undertaking. Before his marriage, however, (viz., so early as 1835) he produced his elaborate edition of Nowell's '*Catechism*'—a book which ought to be in the hands of every English clergyman.² This was, in fact, his earliest literary effort.

"I have just completed it," (he wrote to Mr. Fursdon from 'Magdalen Hall, April 16th, 1835,')—"by way of feeler to my *Apostolicals*, which I propose to stay at home this summer and print. Whether the world, in its present state of excitement, or at any time, will care very much for a sort of critical edition of the worthy '*Dean of Poicles*,' is another matter."

It was, I believe, the occasion of his marriage which induced him seriously to contemplate such a severance from Oxford as the removal to Harrow would have entailed; for in 1836 (June 23rd) he became united to Eleanor Jane, youngest of the six accomplished daughters of Dawson Turner, esq., banker, of Yarmouth; a gentleman of fine taste, first-rate scholarship, and high education, who is probably best known as an antiquary and botanist. Two of Jacobson's brothers-in-law were the late Sir William Hooker and Sir Francis Palgrave. But it was in truth a rare and delightful household, of which the brightest ornament was Mrs. Turner herself.

Supremely happy in his choice, Jacobson conducted his bride to Oxford; passing the ensuing Long Vacation at the neighbouring village of Begbroke,—the parish clerk of which used to delight in recording that *three* of his Curates had been promoted to the Episcopal bench. He took charge of the parish for the present excellent Bp. of S. Albans, who was

¹ From Canon Gray. (I think it right to say that, at a friend's suggestion, I have substituted 'Jacobson' for 'Arnold' (in line 1), presuming that 'Arnold' must needs be a slip of the pen.)

[Dr. W. A. Greenhill writes: 'From my personal knowledge of Rugby and Arnold and

Jacobson, I feel quite sure that Canon Gray did not make any mistake, but meant what he wrote, viz. 'Arnold.'"]

² '*Catechismus, sive prima Institutio disciplinæ Pietatis Christianæ Latine explicata*,—Auctore Alexandro Nowell:—ed. nova, Oxon. 1844:—pp. xxxix, [9] and 194.

at that time Curate to the non-resident Rector. He was busy all this time with his '*Patres Apostolici*,' and used to walk into Oxford almost daily, in order to prosecute his researches at the Bodleian.

His labours saw the light in July 1838, and following as they did within three years his edition of Nowell's '*Catechism*,' Jacobson became at once recognized as a Divine of high promise, and in the account of all was a man destined for distinction. A second Edition appeared in 1840,—a third, in 1847,—a fourth, in 1863. To this work in fact Jacobson probably owed his subsequent promotion. He once showed me a letter, —(very honourable it was to the writer),—in which his patron, Lord John Russell, spoke of the delight and refreshment which the Epistles of Ignatius had been to him amid the cares of office. It was a pleasure to read such words. His edition of Nowell also (1835) reached a second edition in 1844; in the Preface to which,—(a very interesting and instructive piece of writing, by the way, which deserves to be attentively read,)—Jacobson states that he was "indebted for the use of the MS. to the kindness of his father-in-law."³ Mr. Turner's library, in fact, abounded in such rarities, and most kind and liberal he was in communicating them.

Jacobson henceforth steadily devoted himself to University and collegiate work in Oxford, until his removal to Chester in 1865. He was appointed 'Public Orator' on the resignation of Dr. Cramer in 1842:—Select Preacher, in 1833 and 42, and again in 1869; but on this last occasion he did not preach,—resigning at the end of the first year.

So conscious was he, however, of the necessity of imparting a sanctifying influence to secular pursuits,—or rather, so anxious was he to leaven his tutorial labours with ministerial work,—that in 1839 he accepted at the hands of Archdeacon Clerke (whose donative it was) the perpetual curacy of Iffley, near Oxford. There was no residence, and the endowment was but 39*l.* a year; but he worked the parish assiduously, and in visiting a case of typhus caught the fever himself.

It was a great relief when, in 1848, he found himself appointed to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, with which a Canonry and canonical residence at Christ Church are connected. He now also succeeded Dr. Hampden in the rectory of Ewelme, with which the professorship had been further endowed by King James I. Jacobson had in the meantime left his mark for good on the Hall, where he numbered among his pupils Sir George Dasent and Mr. Delane, Nicholas Woodard and Edward Lowe, Bishops MacDougall and Ryan; Manuel Johnson (Radcliffe Observer) and Henry Hubert Cornish (the late admirable and lamented Principal of New Inn Hall); the eccentric 'Hawker of Morwenstow,' Canon Trevor, Prebendary Bowles of Chichester, John Earle (Professor of Anglo-Saxon), and many other men of worth and distinction. He certainly enjoyed in a very high degree the happy faculty of attaching men to himself. I have never known a member of Magdalen Hall (1832-48) who did not speak of the Vice-Principal with

³ p. xix (sic).

affection approaching to enthusiasm. He resided throughout much of this period in the little red-brick house in New College-lane,—the only house which was available, for it commanded the quadrangle and nearly faced the lodge. How Jacobson and his wife contrived to live there with six little children, was a problem which no one could ever solve. As the wit remarked, when the guests at Holland House were ordered to “make room for Luttrell” at an already over-crowded table,—“It must be *made*, for it does not *exist*.” . . . They subsequently inhabited the adjoining house, which stands back a little from the lane.⁴

Besides the works already mentioned, I know of no literary efforts of his belonging to this period except the volume of village ‘*Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Iffley, Oxon.*’ which he printed “as a parting token of goodwill to his late parishioners.” They were published “in the hope that the sale of the volume might possibly benefit the Iffley Parochial Schools.” This little work reached a second edition in 1846. An Ordination sermon (‘*Clerical Duties*’) preached at Christ Church, December 20, 1835, and published by Bishop Bagot’s desire,—and another sermon on the Queen’s Accession, (‘*Truth and Peace*’) preached at S. Mary’s in 1847,—are his only other efforts previous to his elevation to the Chair of Divinity in 1848; an appointment which he owed to the good opinion of Lord John Russell, who was Prime Minister from 1846 to 1852.

The happiest period of Dr. Jacobson’s life was that on which he entered (May 4th, 1848), when he and his admirable wife transferred their little brood of six children from New College-lane to the canonical residence in Christ Church. By the way, he was the last Regius Professor of Divinity save one, (viz. the present Dean of Canterbury,) who resided in the house which for so many years had been assigned to the occupant of the Divinity Chair; that, namely, on the east side of the quadrangle adjoining the gateway which leads to the Hall. It was the only Canon’s residence wholly unfurnished with a garden, and is now devoted to collegiate purposes. The changes which it has in consequence undergone have rendered the interior scarcely recognisable; but the library, in which not a few generations of divinity students have passed so many profitable hours, was on your right as you entered,—extending through the building, and furnished with two windows at either extremity. The Professor’s public lectures were (and are) delivered in the Latin Chapel of the Cathedral; but his library used to be the scene of his private teaching,—which we prized far more highly.

It is remarked by Canon Farrar of Durham that Jacobson never received due praise for his Lectures as Regius Professor of Divinity. His *public* lectures were in truth too valuable to be popular. “They were ‘a mere list of books’ in the account of some,—while a wag actually estimated *the weight* of the books he recommended to be read as ‘five and-a-half tons.’ But the more thoughtful of his auditory,—certainly the more advanced,—judged of them very differently.” The friend already quoted proceeds,—

“I heard and carefully analysed his compulsory course, at a time when, having

⁴ Once the residence of Halley, the astronomer: quite recently, inhabited by Prof. Donkin.

been appointed to Durham, I asked leave to attend the lectures of various Professors that I might see their mode of teaching. My conviction is that Jacobson's lectures were of the greatest importance, and would have ranked in the highest class of excellence had they been delivered as a course on *Theologische Encyclopædie* in a German University. But in fact those twelve terminal lectures were a very small part of what he did. He always gave in addition, at least three lectures weekly."

The minuteness, extent, and accuracy of Jacobson's knowledge, whatever the subject of his lectures might be, was extraordinary. His favourite theme was the 'Book of Common Prayer.' On such occasions he was highly communicative and perfectly delightful: expressing his individual opinion and personal sentiments, without reserve. An interleaved copy of the 'Scotch book' (1637),—annotated throughout by himself,—was his text-book and repertory of references. He bequeathed that precious tome to Archdeacon (since Dean) Darby. Next to the largeness of his knowledge, his singular fairness,—the absence in him of prejudice and partisanship,—was what used to strike us most. And his was honestly acquired knowledge,—the result of patient reading, original research, much thought, and sound judgment. He could always find what he wanted in a moment: and in the course of a single lecture, it was marvellous how many books with which we were wholly unacquainted he would produce, as well from his own shelves as from "Allestree,"—which is the designation of an interesting little library left to Christ Church by the famous Divine whose name it bears (1618-80), for the use of his successors in the Divinity Chair.⁵ It was a great help *to be shown* (as well as to hear about) the præ-Reformation Service books: to have the place pointed out to one where the germ of a Collect is to be found; or to have one's attention directed to an important rubric in some forgotten 'Use'; or to be shown *in situ* the places in Hermann of Cologne's '*Consultatio*,' from which our Reformers obtained their hints. Jacobson in fact revived,—but with infinitely improved appliances, and far greater knowledge of the subject,—the system of teaching which Bishop Lloyd had so successfully initiated, (I mean with so much good fruit,) in 1827.

Second in interest to Jacobson's P. B. lectures, but in no other respect inferior to them, were his readings (so to describe them) in Routh's '*Opuscula*.' A treatise of Hippolytus or of Tertullian,—the Canons of the early Councils,—a Synodical Epistle;—I should find it hard to describe the advantage it was, under his guidance, to acquaint oneself with such choice samples of Patristic Antiquity. He had the subject at his fingers' ends. There was no time wasted. But O how fast the hour seemed to slip away! And O—at the end of forty years—for one of those hours back again!

It should be recorded to his praise that he would take as much pains with a class consisting of two or three men as if twenty had been present: was always cheerful, always indulgent, always evidently fond of his work;

⁵ With characteristic modesty and faithfulness, Dr Jacobson arranged, labelled, and laboriously catalogued the curious tomes in that library,—with every one of which he was himself thoroughly familiar.—In a letter of his to his friend Mr. Fursdon ('*Dublin*, March

5th, 1829'), I find as follows:—"We remained at Bellevue in Wicklow for about a month; during part of which time, I catalogued the Library,—'*corium non animam mutant*,' &c. I was as busy as once at Fursdon, though not so agreeably assisted."

never anxious to get rid of us. Singularly indicative of his conscientiousness and kindness was his occasional practice of privately reading one of his public lectures to a single candidate who had unavoidably been absent and missed it;—rather than wink at the man's irregularity on the one hand, or suffer him to be disappointed of his certificate, on the other.

Many a slumbering memory is awakened in the case of ancient pupils, when the death is announced of such an one as the subject of the present Memoir. The following "little incident, which shows alike his humility and his kindly interest in those he had to do with at Oxford," is sent me by a stranger:⁶—"At the end of his Prayer-Book Lectures which I attended in 1858, he called me up to him,—(or came up to me, I forget which,)—and said 'May I thank you for your attention to my Lectures? It is such a help to a Lecturer to see some closely following him.'—Yes, the anecdote is characteristic,—and honourable to both parties. I incline to think that Dr. Jacobson came up to Mr. Bullock; looked quietly—kindly—at him for an instant; and then said the words recorded, giving him an honest, hearty squeeze of the hand.

Any one coming to a private lecture a little before the time, was pretty sure to find him standing at his upright desk absorbed in study; the floor strewn with toys, and Burton, his favourite child, (if one child could be called a favourite where all were so fondly loved,) crying "Woh!" to a little wooden horse. Two volumes of Augustine set on end were observed to afford commodious stabling; while '*Lamb on the Articles*' left nothing to be desired in the way of roof. "Now you must go, sir!"—and the bell was rung for the maid. But unless my memory deceives me, Burton sometimes made terms on parole to sit quiet behind a screen: informing his father, when lecture was over and he emerged from obscurity, that tide what tide *he* would never be "a divinity man." The dear child sleeps in Ewelme Churchyard. The roses are fresh on his little grave to this hour. His death, (September 20th, 1856,) when he was not quite eight years old, was a heavy blow indeed to the parents. . . . How fond Jacobson was of that droll little creature! I think I see him reading aloud to me a letter of Burton's, fresh from Ewelme,—(and such a letter!) . . . "Just look,"—(pointing to an extraordinary hieroglyphic),—"instead of signing his name, the child has tried to draw a little figure of a man,—as *you* do!" . . . It was a very gentle and warm heart indeed which was concealed beneath that somewhat abrupt manner and blunt address.

While on this head, I may as well record two kindred sorrows which belonged to the preceding year—viz., the loss of Mary, the first-born of his ten children [Feb. 28th, 1839—April 11th, 1855], one of the most perfect little beings I ever knew; and of Grace, the fifth child, who followed her sister within a few weeks (June 30th, 1855), being then just ten years old. They sleep side by side under the black-and-white marble pavement of the Cathedral,—"lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death," (as the brief Latin epitaph records,) "not divided." These events cast

⁶ Rev. G. T. Sullock, of Rownhams parsonage, Southampton.

sombre shadows over a pathway else bright with promise. Besides Burton, three more children,—Katharine, Longley, and Robert,—were born to him at this time,—namely, in 1850, 1852, and 1855 respectively. Notwithstanding the many sorrows of the period, I incline to believe that the years at Christ Church were, on the whole, the happiest season of William Jacobson's life.

The pleasant rectory of Ewelme, which is within easy distance of Oxford, ought never to have been alienated from the Regius Professorship of Divinity. Its severance was one of Mr. Gladstone's misdeeds,—effected under circumstances (I forbear to reproduce them) which made it peculiarly offensive to the University, as well as damaging to himself. Jacobson pleaded earnestly against the measure, and resented it with something of bitterness. It was wholly uncalled for. During half the year, Ewelme used to afford the occupant of the Divinity Chair a precious opportunity for pastoral ministrations and the exercise of his sacred office. It provided him and his family with a delightful retreat from the incessant harass of academic life; and in the summer season proved no ordinary solace and advantage to the Professor, for he conveyed his books to Ewelme, and was able to make uninterrupted progress with whatever work he happened to have in hand. Of course an admirable colleague (Rev. T. H. Gillam),⁷ with a liberal stipend, resided at Ewelme continuously; and the charitable demands of the place of whatever kind the Rector insisted on making exclusively his own concern. The Church abounds in historical interest, and there is a quaint picturesque Hospital there, in the poor occupants of which Jacobson greatly delighted. That ancient foundation retains some curious archives, and is yearly visited by the Regius Professor of Medicine, its master. Dr. Kidd, who held the office long since, once conducted me thither with him. A more old-world institution never was witnessed. The "Visitation," (a thing not easily to be forgotten,) lasted a whole day. We stopped to dine at Benson, on our way back—(it was a tradition): and reached Oxford at 10 p.m.:—Ewelme itself being but 14 miles from Oxford, and Benson between 11 and 12.

Dr. Jacobson was at this time engaged on his edition of the Works of Bishop Sanderson, which appeared in six volumes in 1854. A more admirable specimen of exact and faithful editorship does not exist. This undertaking had been on his hands for many years, and must have cost him no ordinary amount of conscientious labour:—witness the list of "*Words, rare, or used in a peculiar sense,*" in the Index. Readers of Sanderson know his practice of quoting short Latin sayings, without dropping a hint as to their authorship or origin. In tracing these back to their sources, Jacobson was indefatigable. The *residuum*, when his task was wellnigh completed, he communicated to his friends, invoking their help. A bit of paper inscribed with twenty-five of these in his beautiful writing still lies in the copy of Sanderson he gave me; as, *Cedat necessitudo necessitati: Regium est, quum recte feceris, audire male: Velint, nolint, fratres sunt: Tot Domini quot vitia*,—and so forth. He often remarked to me that, in his judgment, Sanderson had a truer insight

⁷ Subsequently chaplain to the bishop, and Vicar of Weaverham, Cheshire. See below, p. 392.

into the mind of S. Paul than any other commentator. I will but add of my own, that there always seemed to me to be considerable affinity of disposition between Sanderson and his Editor: deriving my impressions of Sanderson from Izaak Walton's life,—my estimate of Jacobson, chiefly from my intercourse with him during his Christ Church days. While busy with Sanderson's personal history, Jacobson visited Lincolnshire (September, 1853), and was introduced to many interesting relics of the Bishop; also "a court dress of very rich flowered white silk, worn by his wife."

Two years before bringing out this edition of Sanderson's '*Works*,' namely, in June, 1852, Dr. Jacobson published his valuable edition of the '*Paraphrase and Annotations*' upon S. Paul's Epistles, popularly known as "Fell's." In fact the printer has actually marked every sheet "Fell, &c.,"—though, as the editor explains in his Preface, there is good reason for doubting whether that learned prelate had anything to do with the performance. This only emerged in the course of editorial investigation. The Paraphrase seems in fact to have been the production of different hands, and chiefly of Obadiah Walker, a Papist. But however it may have originated,—by whomsoever it may have been reduced to its actual state,—the Paraphrase is admirable, and the book a very useful book indeed.

No one seems to be aware that in 1858 Dr. Jacobson also conducted through the University Press an edition of Routh's '*Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Opuscula praeicipua quaedam*.' The proof-sheets, elaborately corrected throughout, I often saw in his hands, and can testify to the drudgery he must have undergone in consequence of the many little editorial oversights of the venerable President of Magdalen. When at last the Editor presented me with a copy ('*Amico amicus*, Octob. 14, 1858'), I discovered that the two volumes absolutely contain *no record whatever* of the self-denying labour he had bestowed upon them. It is as characteristic an anecdote of the man as any I could relate. He was certainly one of the most humble-minded persons I ever knew; absolutely devoid of conceit, self-seeking, or self-sufficiency.

Another incident of the same kind presents itself. Many years ago, he entertained the design of putting forth a Latin version of our English Book of Common Prayer. He had often casually mentioned the undertaking to me; asking me once what I considered to be the best word for "dominions."⁸ That the design had been abandoned I knew; but I seem to have been mistaken in supposing that it was the appearance of a similar attempt by two Fellows of University College (Canons Bright and Medd) which had been the occasion why no more was said about it. His Chaplain now writes:—

"I was talking with him on the best Latin rendering of 'Godfathers and Godmothers' (*patrinus* and *matrina*, or *susceptor* and *susceptrix*, or whatever it might be); and after bringing down, *more suo*, books bearing on the point, he opened a drawer in his writing-table and produced an interleaved Prayer-book with his own MS. translation of it, not quite complete. It had been begun with a view to its publication by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge;

⁸ '*Dominiorum*' is found in his MS.

but through some misunderstanding, (I saw Bishop Wilberforce's attempt at explanation), Dr. Biber, whose name you may remember, had undertaken the same work; and it ended in *neither* being adopted by the Society. I expressed my surprise at a work of so much labour having been laid aside, unmentioned by him for years; and a few days afterwards he brought it out again, saying—'Well, Gray, is this to be for the fire, or for you?' . . . I had it bound in vellum in two volumes, and it is now the much-valued centre of the Liturgical shelf in my small library."

Dr. Jacobson's appointment by Lord Palmerston to the bishopric of Chester (June 23rd, 1865) was a painful severance to many besides myself. He had been continuously resident in the University ever since his undergraduate days. To those who loved him, (and those loved him most who knew him best), he had become a necessary part of the place,—an essential element in their own daily life. He too was quickly made to feel that he was entering on an entirely new phase of existence. Perforce he must henceforth bid adieu to those studious habits which had been the 'crown and joy' of the last five-and-thirty years: must become, to a great extent, a man of action. I remember saying to him,—(the only spiteful thing I ever said),—'At all events, young man, *now* you will be *forced* to give an opinion,—about once a day.' . . . I cannot forget the good-natured laugh with which he gave another turn to the conversation.

Having reached the close of an important chapter in his life (so to speak,) I may here refer to certain other features of Dr. Jacobson's character. That which chiefly presents itself to the memory is his unswerving sincerity, truthfulness, and high sense of honour. His was essentially an upright, earnest, GOD-fearing life. "If" (writes a friend already quoted⁹) "there was one trait in Jacobson's character which more than another won for him the respect of his contemporaries, it was his *integrity*." It should have been related in an earlier page that the first money he was able to scrape together by strict frugality at Oxford, he sent to Homerton, the Independent College where as a youth he had studied for two years, in order to reimburse that Institution for whatever his two years of residence might be considered to have cost it. The trait is highly characteristic. The students at such Colleges are educated gratuitously,—which made this a debt of honour.

In connection with what precedes, Jacobson's *faithfulness to his friends* deserves more than passing notice. Would it be truer to say that this was the result of his many-sidedness,—which was ever ready to discern points of affinity in seemingly alien natures? Or, was it not rather a consequence of the generosity of his disposition, that,—his heart once interested in another's favour,—he was straightway prepared to make gracious allowance, and to recognise points of contact in the least promising quarters? and thus, was made to seem,—perhaps, actually to *be*,—many-sided? Certainly, so cloudy and confused a Christian as the Rev. F. D. Maurice, (however amiable and accomplished,) one would have expected to find scarcely endurable by a man of such severe and exact orthodoxy as William Jacobson. Yet, from the published Correspondence of the former, it is proved that between him and Jacobson there

⁹ Professor Farrar of Durham.

had been the closest intimacy. The generous warmth of Jacobson's letters to the friend of his youth is very striking.¹ Their acquaintance may have originated in F. D. M.'s father being an Unitarian minister, near Lowestoft: but it will have been cemented by Mrs. Sterling's warm regard for Maurice, who in after times became John Sterling's brother-in-law.—In like manner, that eccentric individual, the Rev. Robert S. Hawker of Morwenstow, *seemed* Jacobson's very opposite. There was a considerable bond between them, notwithstanding: how cemented, I know not.—The strong attachment which subsisted between him and Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, is thought to have begun under the roof of Mr. Sterling,—father of Colonel and of the Rev. John Sterling. It was strengthened at Bonn, where Jacobson spent the summer of 1834, and constantly met Captain Campbell at the house of a lady whose elder daughter married Mr. John Sterling,—the younger daughter becoming the wife of Frederick Maurice. This connection drew the reserved Divine and the dashing Officer into friendly relations which lasted till the end of life. At Oxford and at Ewelme it was truly refreshing to see the warm-hearted simple-minded old soldier again and again turn up unexpectedly: kind to the dear wife,—kind to the dear children,—but most unmistakably enjoying, above all things, a long confidential *tête-à-tête* with his host; a revival of old memories, lasting well into the night. Sir Colin died in 1863. I noticed in the papers that Jacobson was one of those who followed him to his grave in Westminster Abbey.

"Of his extreme tenderness of heart" (writes one who knew him later on in life): "there can be no doubt; and this is a point which certainly did not strike every one at first. He was sometimes blunt and abrupt; and the delays and reserve often made restless people impatient. But all who were in frequent and close intercourse with him became aware of his sensitive and thoughtful kindness. This fact could easily be illustrated by many examples: but it is better thus to state it simply and strongly."

On the other hand, it should be recorded that the prevailing impression concerning Dr. Jacobson in Oxford was derived from a surface view of his character. He was esteemed the very impersonation of prudence and reserve. Men said,—"*If you want to have a secret kept, tell it to Jacobson.*" He was accounted (but untruly accounted) a man from whom you could never extract an opinion. When he had nothing to say, he would be silent. Bp. Butler would have greatly commended him for this, and reckoned it a prime note of wisdom; but then Bp. Butler does not accurately represent the average University man. Yes: to a superficial observer, Dr. Jacobson seemed prudent to a fault.

I more than suspect that those who knew him most intimately will bear me witness that it was his severely judicial temperament which indisposed him to take a side, and throw in his lot with a party. It was this habit of mind which carried him safely through that severe religious crisis of which he witnessed the commencement at Oxford, and long outlived the close. I have dwelt so largely elsewhere³ on the great religious movement of 1833-45, that nothing shall be added on the subject here. Not

¹ I owe to the friendship of Prebendary Cowley Powles the following references to the '*Life of F. D. Maurice*' (1884),—pp. 99, 123, 131, 179, 336: but especially pp. 111 and 113.

² Dean Howson,—'*Guardian*,' 27 Aug. 1884.

³ The reference is to pp. 102-5: 107-13: 138: 161-66: 215-19.

that Jacobson lacked generous sympathy with the leading spirits of that period, or failed to appreciate the greatness of the work they were seeking to achieve for the Church of England. They were, in fact, his personal friends and familiars. But he intuitively detected and dreaded the dangerous tendency of the later Tractarian teaching, and would not in any way identify himself with the party. Throughout the Tractarian controversy, he neither wrote a pamphlet, nor signed any one of the Addresses or Petitions which were cropping up at every instant. Anglican to the backbone, he was all the time resolutely building himself up in the teaching of the Church of his baptism, and steadily pursuing his own career of unobtrusive usefulness.

Such a course, as might have been expected, procured for him the usual epithets of being a "safe" and "cautious" man; as if "caution" were not the part of wisdom, or as if "safety" were not the dearest aspiration of every Christian heart! This method of his exposed him also to not a little good-humoured raillery. "You are a dangerous man, Jacobson! You are a dangerous man!"—Hurrell Froude used to exclaim, pointing at him with his thin forefinger. The reader will readily believe that Jacobson himself was not unconscious of the reputation he enjoyed in the University for excessive prudence, reticence, discretion. At a great convivial gathering of old members of Exeter College, at which Samuel Wilberforce was a conspicuous guest, some burning question of the day having been started,—*"My lord,"* exclaimed some one at table (addressing the Bishop), *"What do you think Jacobson says?"* *"Oh!"* cried the Bishop, turning up the whites of his eyes with mock solemnity, as if meekly resigning himself to the coming horrors,—*"I am never surprised at anything he says!"* . . . The merriment which this elicited from the assembled guests, so tickled Jacobson, that he came across to my rooms and told me the story next morning himself.

I will not deny that he sometimes seemed to carry his prudential reticence too far. For example, breakfasting with him one morning, (June 23rd, 1865), I asked 'If it was known yet who was to go to Chester?' *"Premature!"* in a reproachful voice, was all I got for my pains. He stirred up his tea vigorously, and there was a dead silence. (The see had not been long vacant.) On my way back to my rooms, half-an-hour after, I met Dr. Jelf in Peckwater, who spoke to me about 'the news,' supposing that, of course, I knew it already. It was obvious to run back and reproach the future Bishop of Chester. We had a curious scene together. . . . But I am bound to add that he never refused to give me his opinion, or left me in doubt as to what his opinion was, if he saw that I really wanted it; though he sometimes kept me an inconveniently long time waiting.

"Two things" (writes Dean Darby) *"combined to make him backward to give an opinion: first,—Care never to urge any one's conscience: secondly,—An intense dislike to being quoted; with a humorous feeling that few people quoted others with that accuracy which he deemed indispensable. When he felt complete confidence in the person who asked his opinion, he gave it,—provided the person had a right to have it."*

This, as I have said, was also my own experience. I am disposed

however to attribute his habitual reticence, reserve, caution, (call it what you will,) in part at least, to the peculiar circumstances of his early history. He had been thrown back upon himself,—(so to express the matter,)—from the beginning : had lacked early sympathy : at the outset of his career, had been constrained to fight the battle of life entirely alone : of necessity had been self-dependent, self-reliant. He thought ten times before he committed himself to expressing an opinion. A single characteristic reply of his, in illustration of the matter in hand, will be a sufficient sample of a class of *mots* which abounded anciently at Oxford in connection with “dear old Jacobson” :—

“I cannot refrain” (writes the friend to whom the present volume is dedicated) “from giving you one story which my brother,—(at Aigburth, which, till the severance of the diocese, was in the diocese of Chester,)—told me. He was dining with the Bishop within a day or two (if not on the day) when the Bennett judgment was pronounced, and—not unnaturally—inquired, ‘My lord, what do you think of the judgment?’ . . . ‘I think it has been a very long time in coming out,’—was the only satisfaction he got.”

The administration of a diocese is certainly one of the most laborious and engrossing of undertakings. It literally leaves a man time for nothing else. “My dear Burgon,”—(exclaimed Dr. Moberly, the late Bishop of Salisbury, when I visited my old friend shortly before his death ; and he put on the drollest look of gravity in order to give due emphasis to the sentiment) ;—“The modern idea of a Bishop seems to be, *that of a man in a continual state of perspiration.*” . . . “Ah, *there* are the dear old books,” I exclaimed, on entering Jacobson’s library at Deeside in 1874. “Don’t talk of the books,” he rejoined quickly and sadly, “I can never find time to open one of them now.” But he rose at once, as if instinctively, to the requirements of the Episcopal office ; giving himself up to his new work with his usual conscientious devotion to whatever he knew was his duty. Nor did he fail (the reader may be sure) to acquaint himself with the books in the Cathedral library which had belonged to his illustrious predecessor, Bp. Pearson. More than once did he tell me of a copy of the lexicon of Hesychius, on the title-page of which Pearson has written,—‘*Hesychiū integrū primo perlegi, MDCLV, Oct. XV.*’—‘*Iterum MDCLXVII, Mart. XXVI.*’ The idea of going right through the same copy of Hesychius ‘*iterum,*’ evidently tickled Jacobson,—devoted student and scholar as he was.

Room shall be found in this place for a specimen of Jacobson’s familiar epistolary style : chiefly because it aptly illustrates his disposition and the tone of his mind. But it also belongs to the first days of his episcopate, and it accompanied the first thing he published after his removal to Chester, viz. an admirable sermon on ‘*The Cattle Plague,*’—preached in the Cathedral on Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1866.

“My dear Burgon,—When I was leaving my family yesterday to come to Warrington, where I write this, Katie was vehemently declaring that she *must* send you a copy of a little Sermon. It ought never to have been printed, but the people here were uncontrollable. Not that I should ever have thought of bringing it under *your* eyes.

“I know you have plenty to do with your time without my encroaching on it. But it will always be a very great pleasure to me to hear from you. And I will

now ask you two questions, by way of doing something towards securing a sight of your hand-writing:—

"1°. Do you know a really good private Tutor, to whom a young man might be sent for a year, previously to entering at Oxford! . . .

"2°. Are you aware of the '*Churching of Women*' ever being absolutely refused in case of the child's illegitimacy? I have known the practice of using the Office in such cases in the absence of the congregation, where, ordinarily, the Churching took place in the Service before the General Thanksgiving,—as marking the difference between a lawful Wife and an unmarried Mother.

"In too many cases of illegitimate births the unhappy Mother makes no application for admission to return thanks. When the application *is* made, I do not see how, under present state of Discipline, a clergyman is warranted in withholding all opportunity for the acknowledgment of GOD'S Mercy,—on the part of one who may be presumed to be penitent from the very fact of her asking for it.—Always, my dear Burgon, most sincerely yours,

WILLIAM CHESTER.

"Chester, March 21, 1866.

"You will remember my present homeless, and consequently bookless, condition, as some excuse for my troubling you."

His succession to the See proved a great epoch in its history. His active influence for good was felt instantly, and was universally acknowledged. "Did you ever,"—(writes the present Dean of Chester, then Archdeacon Darby,)—"hear of the Bishop, with that devotion to duty which was so intense, and so utterly without show, going to visit the Cholera huts in the suburbs of Liverpool (1866)?"

"The carriage in which he was, was pelted with mud by the Orange mob, because 'sisters' were in charge of the huts. He never spoke one word of annoyance, 'It is all in the day's work,'—'We must take it as it comes.' When the Archdeacon of Liverpool asked the Clergy of Liverpool to express their disapproval, some of the Orange hue said that they really could not do so. The Archdeacon wisely said, if there was a dissentient voice he would withdraw his request, and withdraw it he did. But when the Bishop met the same Orange persons, his hand was as freely and cordially extended to them as to any other."

In 1870, he established in the Chester Diocese a '*Diocesan Conference*,'—one of the earliest assemblies of the kind. At the commencement of the undertaking, (writes Mr. Gamon his secretary), "he insisted on addressing all the circulars to Clergy and Laity with his own hand, in order to show his personal interest in the enterprise." A revival of Ruridecanal action throughout the diocese had preceded: and a '*Finance Association*' took its rise (in 1873) as a direct result. A movement followed for establishing a diocesan '*House of Mercy*,' and for promoting purity of life. At the Bishop's suggestion a '*Diocesan Fund for the augmentation of inadequately endowed Benefices*' was founded as early as 1870, whereby 93,250*l.* was contributed to the endowment of small livings in the diocese. To this fund he was himself a yearly contributor of 100*l.* Under the same fostering care the number of parish churches in the Chester diocese increased in fifteen years from 365 to 430,—a growth almost without a parallel. In fact it was this, together with the rapid increase of population, which rendered a separate diocesan organisation for the Lancashire side a matter of urgency. The diocese of Liverpool (created in 1880) was the consequence. Due in a great degree to the princely munificence and unflinching zeal of Mr. John Torr, it was also in its actual form the result of Bishop Jacobson's wise counsels and matured experience. The first founded diocese of the four for which the Bishopsrics Bill of 1878 made

provision, its speedy formation was largely due to the personal encouragement which the Bishop of Chester gave to the movement, (though he was never enthusiastic about it,) and to the example set by his munificent contribution (viz. 1000*l.*) towards the endowment. "His consent could never be obtained to the creation of a see for Liverpool, if incorporation with the Isle of Man, in the prospect of annexing its episcopal revenues, were the condition. He regarded *that* marriage as of evil omen, in which the husband counts the wife's dowry as a chief attraction."⁴

While speaking of the good work achieved for the Northern Province during the episcopate of Bp. Jacobson, a scheme for "*Training for Holy Orders by Lectures and Parochial work in Liverpool, in connexion with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge,*" which was organized in 1872,—claims honourable notice. In his Charge of 1874, the Bishop announced that "during the last two years attempts had been deliberately and vigorously made" in this direction. Courses of Lectures had been established on subjects most likely to be interesting and useful to Candidates for admission to Holy Orders: and a great variety of work for Lay Readers had been abundantly provided. In his Charge of November 1877, he rejoiced in the very satisfactory progress which had attended the undertaking. As a matter of fact, up to March 1878, 33 members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had gone up to Liverpool as Lay Helpers for longer or shorter periods: of whom 8 were ordained to Curacies in Liverpool, and 2 to Curacies in other parts of the Chester diocese. It cannot be doubted that the scheme was a wise one. The zeal of our people for promoting good work is only to be known by submitting to them schemes of virtuous enterprise, and earnestly inviting their cooperation: and an appeal to the youth of our Universities was never yet known to fail in obtaining a generous response.

His triennial '*Charges*,' of which he delivered five,⁵ are among the most interesting and valuable compositions of the kind I ever read: especially, I think, his Charge at his primary Visitation, October 1868,—which, more than the others, recalls his Prayer-book teaching: e.g. pages 10 and 27-8, and the notes E to K in the Appendix. The remarks on '*Ritualism*' (pp. 29-35),—on the '*LORD'S Supper*' (pp. 35-9),—on the '*Athanasian Creed*' (pp. 39-44),—and on '*Woman's work*' (pp. 44-6),—are singularly admirable and important. When he points out, as a thing to be regretted, the looseness of "the heading of one of the Columns in our Register Book of Baptisms, where we have '*By whom the Ceremony was performed*,' instead of what we ought to have had,—'*By whom the Sacrament was administered*,'"⁶—he reminds one of a style of remark peculiarly his own. When he cites Daniel Wilson, Bp. of Calcutta, as an authority for holding that "to teach Christianity without Catechisms Forms, and Creeds is impossible,"⁷—he illustrates his singular adroitness, in quoting with effect very weighty sayings from somewhat unexpected quarters.

⁴ From Archd. Bardsley. See below, p. 401, note (3).

⁵ Oct. 1868-71: Nov. 1874-7-8a.

⁶ p. 14.

⁷ '*Charges*,' 1874,—p. 18.

In accordance, it is thought, with the counsel of Abp. Longley, Bp. Jacobson used always to give,—or rather, to *intend* to give,—the same Confirmation Address. But variations gradually made their way into it, until, (in the words of his Chaplain), “one wondered how long it had retained its personal identity.”

Every one who has tried to draw Bishop Jacobson's character is observed to use strictly similar, even identical, expressions. One of his Chaplains^a considered “that the prosperity and peace of the diocese throughout his time were owing mainly to the firm belief which prevailed universally that he would most surely do justice and judgment to every one.” And so he did. He was no ‘respector of persons.’ He was also the last to heed the popular outcry *ad leones*, raised by a party in the Church against an unpopular section of it, however uncongenial to himself the method of that section might happen to be,—however offensive their attitude and bearing. Thus, he had scarcely held office for twelve months, when 128 of the Clergy of Chester and its neighbourhood memorialized him on the subject of ‘Ritualism.’ He replied, that no good could result from any exertion of authority which could not be sustained by Law: that local circumstances admitted of various degrees of embellishment in the public Services, so long as they were not employed to symbolize doctrines repudiated by the Church of England; and that, while he had no sympathy with ceremonial innovations, if the Law was to be invoked for the suppression of errors on the side of excess, it must be expected that strict conformity to the Rubric would be insisted upon, wherever variations or omissions in any of the Offices of the Church had come to have the sanction of custom. In other words, he reminded the most violent of the opponents of ‘Ritualism,’ that even-handed justice might possibly have something reproachful to say to certain of themselves. Truth constrains me to record that the Bishop's indulgence towards the law-breakers of the Romanizing party was by them in certain instances shamefully ill requited. I am aware of only one occasion when a firm reminder to the offending Clerk of his Ordination vow (“reverently to obey his Ordinary,” &c.), was attended by the wished-for result.

The habit of his mind was to balance with judicial severity Scripture against Scripture. “We all do that,”—I shall be told. Yes, but he did it more than most men. His words, and the way he spoke them, often struck me very forcibly. “They don't find *that* in the Bible,” he would exclaim, with a little shake of his head. Speaking of vows of celibacy,—“*That* is wanting to be wiser than GOD.” Once, when I had been talking about *that* unworthy view of the Holy Eucharist which,—on the plea that our SAVIOUR said also, ‘I am *the Vine*,’ ‘*the Way*,’ ‘*the Door*,’ will see no mystery in the words of Consecration,—“Those men,” he exclaimed impatiently, “do not attend to what S. Paul says about ‘*not considering the LORD'S Body*.’”

He was singularly jealous of any thing that trenched upon the doctrine of the Intermediate State. Bishop Walsham How relates that “when ‘*Church Hymns*’ was being prepared by the ‘Society for Promoting

^a Canon Gray.

Christian Knowledge,' the Bishop, as one of the Episcopal referees, pronounced strongly against the fifth verse of Bishop Wordsworth's noble hymn, '*Hark! the sound of holy voices*,' as ignoring it. The Bishop of Lincoln was asked to allow the omission of this verse; but this he declined to do, explaining it as a vision of heavenly bliss, not intended to contradict the doctrine of the Intermediate State. I then (as one of the compilers of the hymn-book) saw Bishop Jacobson and asked him to waive his objection, giving him the author's explanation. His answer was simply,—'I will do nothing to obscure the doctrine of an Intermediate State.'⁹—He alludes to this matter in one of his Charges:—

"Clearly understood, distinctly held," (he says) "this article of our belief—('He descended into hell')—of course shuts out the notion that the instant a Christian soul leaves the body it passes at once to Heaven, that is, to its 'perfect consummation and bliss,' the beatific vision. A notion widely prevalent amongst us, fostered by the ill-considered and unguarded language of hymns otherwise deservedly popular; but, for all its prevalence, as unfounded as was that of the immediate proximity of the Last Day in the lifetime of the Apostles."

Jacobson made the doctrine of the Intermediate State the subject of a sermon published in 1872,—an interesting, but singularly guarded utterance. His Examining Chaplain relates that,—“when some of us were talking before him of a catch-penny book called '*The Door ajar*,' (professing to give glimpses of those in the other world,)—he broke into our conversation, saying, 'I firmly believe that *that* door is hermetically sealed.'” Dean Howson relates that “if there was an Offertory without a Communion, he always, (in reading the Prayer for the Church Militant), used the full prescribed phrase—'*alms and oblations*.'—He rigorously stood at the North end of the Holy Table (which he always named thus) during consecration at the Eucharist. In speaking of this subject, he was scrupulous to employ the customary word 'Administration' instead of the exceptional word 'Celebration';—and in his consumption of any remaining part of the consecrated elements at the close, he stood and never knelt. . . . He used to insist that the surplice is essentially a *vestis talaris*. . . . When he edited the Liturgical Fragments of Bishop Sanderson and Bishop Wren,¹ it was hoped that the volume would have a copious preface. This hope was disappointed. Such notes, however, of Bishop Jacobson's as are given in the book are highly useful and significant.” . . . So far, the late Dean of Chester.

Let me not fail to give prominence to one feature of my friend's character which was as striking as any that can be named. I refer to his *firmness*. Early in his Oxford career, examining at Rugby, it fell to him to set a paper on the Epistle to the Romans. Bunsen went to his room overnight and begged to see it, and was greatly interested. For this paper some of the senior boys had made very careful preparation. When, in the morning, he asked for the boys' answers at the appointed time, a universal groan arose, with such a petition for half-an-hour more, that he could not refuse. Arnold thought this would interfere with the solemn meeting of the Governors, due soon after; waxed angry, and took no

⁹ '*Guardian*,'—Aug. 13, 1884.

¹ See below, page 393.

pains to hide his displeasure. But Jacobson was firm on the boys' behalf, and won the day. They were allowed the time they asked for. Soon afterwards, Arnold wrote to Jacobson to offer him a mastership at Rugby. His Chaplain writes,—

"Slow as he was in balancing the claims of duties upon him, when once he had made up his mind, he was inflexible. There were once many applicants for the Curacy of Ewelme; and having weeded them down to two, he weighed with himself the merits of these two through a long morning. Just as he had addressed a letter offering the Curacy to one, the door-bell rang and the other appeared. 'Many men,' (he remarked when relating the incident), 'would have taken this as a sign to correct the choice.' 'And perhaps,' (I replied,) 'they would not have been wrong.' 'But,' (he went on,) 'I did not think so, and having signed and sealed the letter I felt bound to send it, and I never repented it.' It was sent to the good Gillam."

"I remember his coming down one morning and saying to us, (his Examining Chaplains), of a Candidate for Holy Orders,—'I have been lying awake through the night sorely exercised in my mind about young ———.' It was hard work indeed to persuade him most reluctantly to consent to the young man's rejection. But when the Candidate, on its announcement by one of the Chaplains, made his way to appeal to the Bishop in his garden, he was summarily dismissed with a few decisive words, giving him no idea of the earnestness with which his judge had just been pleading his cause. He might as well have appealed to the garden-wall.

"There were however very few failures in the Chester Examinations. A preliminary examination by one of the Chaplains staved off the very doubtful, and worse than doubtful, cases. The Bishop liked to see *all* the Papers himself, and when notes were compared, his judgment was almost always found to be the most lenient. 'I think, my lord, that this is as bad a paper as can be.' 'O no indeed,—indeed I have seen worse.'—When it was pressed upon him that a Candidate needed something like a severe admonition, I suspect that he usually gave one of the 'soft rebukes, in blessings ended'; turning at last to something noteworthy in the Book of Common Prayer." . . . So far, Canon Gray.

TRUTH,—if the man's character must be expressed in a single word,—TRUTH was the quality which chiefly coloured all Dr. Jacobson's words and actions: was the very mainspring, so to express oneself, which actuated everything he thought, or said, or did. Out of this strong root may be said to have grown all those many acts and habits which so much endeared him to all who knew him. Striking it is in his latest Charge (1877) to meet with words apt as the following. (They relate to the duty of "contending earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the Saints," and enforce *Truth* as the only possible basis of Unity):—

"Let us never forget that the holy bond of Peace, and Faith, and Charity, has the holy bond of *Truth* for its basis. The 'Spirit of Truth' stands foremost in our intercession for the universal Church: it comes before 'the spirit of Unity and Concord.' '*Agreement in the truth of Gods Holy Word*' is the only safe and sure stepping-stone to bring in 'Unity and Godly love.'"—(p. 35.) . . . [The italics and marks of quotation, are mine.]

Of Bp. Jacobson's admirable triennial '*Charges*,' I have already spoken briefly. They abound in weighty passages which forcibly recall their author. Devoutly is it to be wished that the Clergy of other dioceses besides his own would lay to heart his remarks on the shortening of the

² See above, p. 382, note (7).

Services according to the '*Act of Uniformity Amendment Act*, 1872. They occur in his last Charge to his undivided diocese in 1877:—

"The Bill" (says the Bishop) "*is only permissive in principle and in details, and I should myself shrink from the omission of a Lesson or a Canticle.* It may be doubted whether, in adopting the provisions of the Act of Parliament as largely and as uniformly as some have done, the Clergy have not outstripped the wishes of the Laity. Our brothers and sisters in humbler life, who cannot take their part in public worship without some effort and preparation, find it hardly worth while to leave their homes and go to Church for less time than an unabridged service occupies."

He published besides, in 1872, a sermon on '*Cathedral Restoration*,' and another on '*Deaconesses and their Work*,'—'preached at the Recognition' ('observe,' writes his Chaplain, 'the caution of this word!') 'of a Deaconess, in the Church of S. Thomas, Eccleston, S. Helen's.' His sermon on '*the Intermediate State*,' (which reached a fourth edition in 1881),—and another, preached at the Institution of the Rector of Nantwich,—together with his valuable Speech in the Convocation of York (Feb. 21st) '*On the Athanasian Creed*,'—all three belong to this same year, 1872.

I have further to record that in 1874 Jacobson edited some very interesting '*Fragmentary Illustrations of the History of the Book of Common Prayer, from manuscript sources*;' the actual Authors being respectively 'Bishop Sanderson [pp. 3-40] and Bishop Wren [pp. 45-109].' These fill a hundred pages,—to which are prefixed barely eight pages (pp. v-xii) of introductory matter by the Editor. We desiderate more. Nay, more is absolutely required. Those precious fragmentary remains of two illustrious xviith century Divines are almost an enigma as they stand;—an enigma which the provincial imprint, (for the little volume was printed at Chester), helps to account for, but does not entirely solve. It is to be presumed that the Editor was too busy to illustrate and comment upon these liturgical curiosities.

Of far greater value and importance are the '*Annotations on the Acts of the Apostles*' which Bp. Jacobson contributed to the '*Speaker's Commentary*.' The volume in which they are found did not appear till 1880,—but, (as any one may see at a glance,) they are the leisurely work of a much earlier period of W. J.'s life. They had *grown* on his hands, and are the thoughtful jottings of many years. I learn that he used to carry those Notes with him to and from Ewelme, in the pleasant days of 1848-65;—think them over,—add to them. The result is that they are a genuine contribution to our existing materials for a critical study of the Acts: frequently supplying what is not to be met with elsewhere.—And here I must turn away from this dear friend as a student. It is as the earnest and anxious administrator of a somewhat neglected Northern Diocese that he will henceforth come before us.

It is proper however in this place to mention that the Bishopric of Winchester, soon after it had become vacant by the calamitous death of Samuel Wilberforce (19th July, 1873), was offered to William Jacobson. From a comparison of dates, it is found that the moment was one of

singular bitterness to him. He had recently, (viz. on the 22nd July,) lost his daughter Eleanor,—born Dec. 11th, 1841 . . . “Within three weeks of the voidance of the see,” (writes a friend),³—

“I called upon the Bishop at Harrogate, with a present of the celebrated Whitley black cherries. His pen was in his hand, but he gave me that peculiar nod with his eye, (if I may so express myself,) and the usual smile, and as soon as he had finished the address he was writing, put down his pen and came forward.—I was allowed to joke with him, and soon said, ‘How long before you go to Winchester?’—‘I have declined it, and the refusal is in the envelope I was addressing when you entered.’ (Of course I had not seen any statement to this effect.) He said he could not at his time of life undertake the keeping up of a London house, and preferred remaining where he was.”

Here then let room be found for a few notices of the *Episcopal* side of Bishop Jacobson's character. Though by no means wanting in a due appreciation of the dignity of his office,—(I *know* by his conversation before he became a Bishop, how highly he esteemed it),—he was the humblest of prelates. His secretary, Mr. John Gamon,—who enjoyed his fullest confidence, and was treated by him at all times almost as if he had been his son),—has the same remark, with which I began, though he puts the matter (very admirably) the other way:—

“With the deepest personal humility he never lost sight of the responsibilities of his high position and was always and everywhere with dignity ‘The Bishop,’—who was revered and loved, and whose fatherly counsel and judgment, even those who differed from him in opinion, never failed to respect.”

But then he never gave himself any airs: was without conceit or secular pride. On the contrary: while strenuous that all his Officials should do their duty, he was in effect the chief servant of all his Clergy,—unwearied in labour for their sakes. On more than one occasion he is known to have accompanied a candidate for Ordination in his hunt for a lodging,—the man having arrived late and made his way to the palace, assuming that he was to be the Bishop's guest.—On coming to the diocese, with the option of a pleasanter place of residence, he selected Deeside, within the City of Chester, in order that he might be accessible at all times to all; and neither be constrained to keep a carriage himself, nor be the occasion that his Clergy should be made to incur inconvenient expense in order to obtain an interview.—It is believed that he never once opened his lips in the House of Lords.—On the title-page of his ‘Charges’ &c., he invariably designated himself;—“*William Jacobson, D.D., Bishop of Chester.*” No more. He dated his letters from “Deeside.” (There was no talk of “the Palace.”)—His coffin-plate was merely inscribed,—“*WILLIAM JACOBSON, nineteen years a Bishop in the Church of GOD, in the Diocese of Chester, died,*” &c. (No mitre was indicated.)—In compliance with his expressed wishes, there was a marked absence of anything like pomp at his funeral.—He sleeps in death, *not* attired in his Episcopal dress, but in his surplice.—“Very touching was it,”—(remarked Canon Gray in the Cathedral on the ensuing Sunday)—“to see his coffin resting for a while in that Chapel which he himself had delighted to build to the honour of his LORD; and in which some of us had so often liked to believe that we learned more of his inner life from

³ Rev. W. Valentine,—of Whitley, 1st Aug. 1884.

the very sound of his voice, and emphasis of his words. . . . To hear him read the Psalms, was in itself a commentary on them."⁴

"The simplicity of his life," (remarks his Secretary,⁵) "with its regularity and painstaking exactitude in the smallest duties, influenced all who came in contact with him; and it is by his example, more than by his precepts, that he will be most lovingly remembered." The same gentleman declares that his concern and consideration for his Clergy, his sympathy with every earnest worker among them, was unbounded: and that this displayed itself in the smallest matters.

"His judgment of men was admirable,—very seldom at fault; and the happiness of his administration was largely due to this. He knew how to select, from among those around him, the man for any particular work or duty. Retaining always the direction in his own hands, he never could be truly said to be under the influence of any one.

"Chiefly was this noticable in his administration of his Church Patronage. The selection of his men for promotion he kept most jealously to himself; and though ready to hear all representations on this point, and encouraging frankness in any whom he considered justified in bringing such matters to his notice, every appointment was on his own deliberate judgment. On more than one occasion, the appointment of his eldest son,⁶ (then suffering from overwork in the East of London,) to a charge in the Diocese, was urged upon him; but he would not listen to it, considering it a bad example and beyond the terms of his trust."

It would be an omission to conclude this sketch without adverting to two conspicuous features of Bishop Jacobson's character, about which I have hitherto said nothing. One, was the *munificence* of his disposition. He acted as if he were the trustee only, of the revenues of his see. The Chapel of his episcopal residence at Deeside, which involved an outlay of 1300*l.*, he erected at his own expense; and bequeathed,—like his Library, which was worth about half that sum,—to his successors. Those books, by the way, I learn that Bp. Stubbs (with characteristic kindness) keeps distinct from his own,—leaves them standing, in short, where and as their recent possessor left them. Bishop Jacobson's munificent contribution to the endowment of the see of Liverpool has been already mentioned; as well as to the fund for the augmentation of small Benefices in his diocese,—viz. in page 389. When Dean Howson proposed to restore Chester Cathedral, the Bishop insisted on contributing 500*l.* to the same object.

"He took the utmost interest in our evening Services," (writes the Dean,) "and insisted to the very last on paying an annual subscription to the fund required for their maintenance. A very short time before his death, having heard about certain improvements near the Cathedral in which I took great interest, he asked me how much I contributed. On hearing my answer, he said, 'Then I think I ought to give twice as much.' This was done."

His private acts of bounty in the diocese were without number. One of "those who stood around his bier beneath the old Norman arches of S. John's, Chester, and then followed him to his ivy-clad grave beyond the Dee,"—reasonably dwells on the fact that there were besides,

⁴ Chester.—July 22nd, 1884.

⁵ John Gamon, esq., Registrar of the Diocese.

⁶ William Bowstead Richards Jacobson (born Aug. 3rd, 1840, died April 26th, 1880), went up to Ch. Ch. with a Scholarship from Winchester: rowed in 'the University Eight':

took a 3rd class, and was ordained in 1864 to the curacy of S. George's, Bloomsbury. Thence, he went to S. Mary's, Charter House. His health gave way under excessive devotion to his Master's service, and the sincerest self-sacrifice. He sank in consumption, leaving a widow and two little daughters.

"countless acts of private benevolence, when sorrow and death visited the houses of his Clergy, known only to Heaven and to those who shared his bounty."⁷

The other feature of character which claims definite notice was the extreme *affectionateness* of his nature. He so abhorred saying more than he felt that he invariably felt a vast deal more than he said. Display and profession were so hateful to him that he made no professions at all, nor ever displayed publicly the actual warmth and tenderness of his disposition. But he was full of loving-kindness, and his home affections altogether flowed over. Many a time has he come across to my rooms at Oriel for the sole purpose of communicating to me the last droll saying of one of his children,—between all of whom and myself, as he well knew, there subsisted the most absurdly intimate relations. "What do you suppose *that* varlet said this morning?" . . . (It was thus that he commonly prefaced some exceedingly grotesque disclosure.) . . . A more devoted Husband and Father never lived ; nor yet a more firm and sincerely faithful friend.

But it is the *affectionateness* of the man's disposition to which I desire to direct attention. His blunt, straightforward, and somewhat abrupt manner did much to conceal this feature of his character. But it always made itself *felt* in his intercourse with others,—and its very nature is to beget affection in return. His Clergy recognized this trait and responded warmly to it. Very mindful was he (writes the Archdeacon) of—

"those who had spoken the Word of GOD in his diocese. With what loving regard and what exquisite tenderness did he record their names when the ensuing Visitation came round ! The words still linger in my memory with which, ten years ago, he commemorated an aged presbyter⁸ who was 'admitted to Holy Orders in 1817, and became Vicar of Farnworth in 1832. A man of prayer, and apt to teach, for forty years he held the noiseless tenor of his way, abundant in all the labours of his office, till the infirmities of his increasing years (felt by him rather than observed by others) induced him to avail himself of the Incumbent's Resignation Act.'"

Of the profound *humility* of Bp. Jacobson's disposition,—his entire *simplicity of purpose*, and *transparent sincerity* in all he said and did,—something has been offered already. This aspect of his character it was that caused him to be so greatly loved, as well as revered, throughout his diocese. He was known also for his ready discernment of merit in any of his Clergy. His examining Chaplain, Canon Gray, tells me that something he wrote in a quiet parish in Lancashire, where he had expected to do all his work, and live all his life, found favour in the Bishop's eyes ; whereupon,—

"he called me to his side, and rapidly allowed me to form with him a friendship which I shall ever look back upon as one of the greatest blessings of the many that have fallen to my lot. I owe to him more than words can say."⁹

Eighteen years of faithful labour thus bore good and lasting fruits, and *that* without friction and without bitterness. It was acknowledged

⁷ From Archd. Bardsley's Sermon,—Aug. 9, 1884.

⁸ The Rev. W. Jeff,—*'Charges,'* 1874,—p. 3.
⁹ Aug. 7, 1884.

throughout the diocese,—when, in the beginning of 1884, growing infirmity constrained Bishop Jacobson to resign his office,—that ‘the diocese of Chester would be handed over to his successor with its organization complete in every part, and in good order; pervaded with a sincere goodwill towards the Church and her institutions, and with a spirit of cordial co-operation amongst Church-people of all ranks and all schools of thought.’¹

One who furnished us above (pp. 375-6) with some reminiscences of the Bishop when Vice-Principal of Magdalen Hall, thus concludes his narrative:—

“The last I saw of my dear old friend was in his Cathedral, and in the city of Chester. The great evening Service in the Cathedral, with the whole nave filled,—the Choir augmented by some fifty volunteers in surplices, and worshippers of all classes,—was an evident joy and satisfaction to him. And in the streets, respect and goodwill seemed to be everywhere. If he had attempted to return the salutes which he received, he might as well have walked with his hat in his hand. He had a nod, a pleasant look, and a ‘How d’ye do?’ for every one,—just as of old.”

Throughout his latest years, in conversation with Canon Gray, the loved subject of these pages greatly enjoyed reproducing slumbering recollections of his early Oxford life. It was evident that his mind was continually going back with fond interest to the long-since-vanished Past. I have known other such cases, and have read of more.²

“He always seemed to have clearly before his eye the persons and places he was speaking of; and to rejoice in reviving their memories and describing them yet again to himself:—Dr. Rowley, Master of University [1821-36].—‘Mo’ Griffith of Merton,—an official visit to the Duke of Wellington,—Dean Gaisford,—Dr. Bull,—Dean Cyril Jackson,—Bishop Carey. He often spoke of the pleasure with which he had listened to the wondrous *viâ voce* Examination of the present Bishop of Chichester for his degree. He usually prefaced an anecdote by,—‘You knew such an one!’ But it was of course quite immaterial whether I did or did not. Even in his anecdotes,—(to which most of us like to affix, as Boswell says, ‘a cocked hat and walking stick, to make them fit to go into society,’)—he showed his unswerving love of accuracy. There was not a grain of exaggeration or caricature. . . . Pleasant indeed was it to listen to him in the dusk, over his study-fire, or while walking with him round the City walls.”

Does the reader inquire for a specimen of those reminiscences? Well, but they are stories of that kind which are indebted for their charm to the speaker’s living voice and individual manner. Yes, and they postulate your knowing at least *something* about the parties. Take two samples however:—

“Did you know ‘Mo’ Griffith of Merton?”—(“No, but I have often heard of him.”)—“He was very kind to me. I remember his once showing me his Library, and asking me if I had a copy of this or that book; and whenever I said ‘No,’ he invariably went on,—‘You surprise me. I cannot understand, sir, how you have obtained your present position without it; you must allow me to make you a present of it.’ And so in each case he did. . . . He once was complaining to Dr. Macbride on the flatness of Oxford life. There were no ‘Characters’ now-a-days. Macbride answered,—‘Do you know, Griffith, it is just possible that some people may look on you and myself as characters!’”³

¹ From the Address of the Clergy of the diocese presented to Bishop Jacobson early in 1884, on his resignation.

² May I be excused for referring to the latter

days of Sir James Mackintosh in my own Life of P. F. Tytler,—p. 37 [1st ed. p. 38.]

³ The Reverend Edward Griffith [1769-1859], Fellow of Merton, is remembered by

"You knew Dr. Bull?" . . . ("Yes: the last time that I saw him was in a railway carriage when he was on his way to the funeral of his dear friend, Bishop Carey.") "Ah! when Cyril Jackson was on his deathbed he sent for Carey and said, 'Carey, the Prince of Wales has just been here to take leave of me, and he has promised to take care of you; and now you must promise me to take care of Bull.'—Bull was always ready with his joke. I remember when Jenkyns was Vice-Chancellor, some of us (with him on business at the Clarendon) found the door of our room locked. Jenkyns with some pomposity said to the newly-appointed Clerk of the University, who was in fault,—'And pray, sir, what is your name?' 'Purdue' was the trembling answer. 'And so is the key,' said Bull."

More in keeping with the actual context will be the Canon's record that,—

"In his last illness, on his sick bed, something moved him to remember, and distinctly repeat, the Latin formula with which, in the days when the life of Oxford was bound up in the Church's life, he had so often presented young men for their Degree; declaring that each of them had read aloud before him, or had heard read, the Thirty-nine Articles," &c.

"His scholarship" (remarks the late Dean Howson,) "was minutely accurate. He was very fastidious in his choice and collocation of words; and mistakes in punctuation never escaped him. A strict regard to truth was apparent in his patient and painstaking work of this kind." Canon Gray furnishes examples:—

"He would not let one use the expression, 'I beg to say,' or 'I beg to send,' instead of 'I beg leave' to do so. He demurred (in spite of *ἐλεῖν ἢ ὑποκειμένην*) to the expression '*subject-matter*'; saying that either 'subject' or 'matter' by itself would be sufficient; and he held in especial horror the modern 'in our midst' for 'in the midst of us.'"

Enough however of all this. In recording the fact that Dr. Jacobson was invited to take part in the 'Revision' of the N. T., but declined,—I can but speculate on the sturdy resistance which that most ill-advised of

old Oxford men as one of the most eccentric of mortals. It is only fair to add that he was also one of the most upright.

He had an instinctive hatred of all jobbery and corrupt grasping. A true benefactor was he to the College, by his unsparing, unceasing exposure of certain of the scandals of his early days: his wonderful wit securing for him *that* hearing which tamer denunciations would have been powerless to command. He had moreover the kindest heart, and was liberal, even to profuseness, in his bounty.

Generous was he to a fault. But, as already stated, he was certainly one of the oddest of mankind. Elected to a Fellowship in 1795, he was to be found at Merton only in Long Vacation, because 'the boys' were then away. (He hated 'the boys'.) . . . Bishop Hobhouse (fellow of Merton 1841-59) writes,—"*Mo* Griffith lived till he was past 90. I honour the old man, and wish I could hand on some of his best sayings. A genuine master of social speech was he: but he is so indescribable, because without *seeing the man*, it is impossible that any one should enjoy his jokes." The reader may like to be referred to a brief notice of him at p. 41.

A yet greater oddity, (if that were possible,) was old Dr. Frowd of Corpus: whom '*Mo* Griffith used to delight in drawing out, and playing off in public. Jacobson described to me a dinner-party given by 'Mo,' to which

Frowd was invited,—(as his host plainly told him),—for the purpose of being made to rehearse his favourite dramatic piece, the Bombardment of Algiers by his uncle Lord Exmouth,—who took his nephew with him to the Mediterranean, as Chaplain. 'Mo' trotted out his neighbour to his own heart's content; at every fresh extravagance, waving his hand and ejaculating to the man sitting next him,—(in an 'aside' which was audible to every one at table),—"As good as a comedy, sir! as good as a comedy!"

Canon Gray adds, of his own, the following interesting details:—"Dr. Vincent, Head-master of Westminster, on leaving a country inn where he had been getting some lunch, during a walking tour, was followed by the little boy who had been waiting on him, calling after him,—'Sir, sir, you have forgotten your Horace.' 'And how, my little boy, did you know it *was* a Horace?' The conversation which followed ended in Dr. Vincent taking the lad, *who was Carey*, to Westminster. There, Carey went through the School, leaving it as Captain in 1789 for Christ Church; and to it he returned as Head-master in 1803. He was made Bishop of Exeter in 1820. He bequeathed about 20,000*l.*, for the better maintenance of Bachelor-Students of Ch. Ch., elected from Westminster, and '*having their own way to make in the World*' . . . All honour be to his memory!"

literary adventures would have experienced in every page, had he consented to join the revising body.

The closing scene is always sad. About two years before the end came, he had caught cold in his cheek from exposure to draught in a railway carriage. A glandular swelling supervened, which—neglected at first—at the end of a few months assumed a malignant character and became unmanageable. Ultimately it occasioned his death. I had these details from his son Walter,⁵ who added high professional knowledge to filial devotion to his dying Father, to whom he was of the greatest help and comfort.

In the discharge of his Episcopal duties Dr. Jacobson had been throughout most efficiently assisted by Bishop Kelly; and probably no Prelate was ever more loyally supported by his chief Clergy. Besides Dean Howson and the Canons of his Cathedral city, his Archdeacons and Chaplains had vied with one another in lightening every burden of his office. But it became apparent to all, and in the end to himself, that he must resign to another the mild sway which he had exercised over the diocese for upwards of 18 years. He had already entered on what was to be the last year of his life,—1884. On February 2nd,—the day when he knew that his resignation was legally accepted,—it was characteristic of him that he reverted at once to what had been his former way of signing his name,—‘W. Jacobson.’ Reverence for his Father’s memory originally led him to adopt his Father’s practice in this respect: and the Episcopal restraint of nearly nineteen years being at last removed, it was the ordinary instinct of unchanged filial piety to resume the habit of his youth. I learn that he persevered in it “till the dear, feeble, wasted fingers could no longer guide his pen.”

His decision to resign was made rather suddenly at the last. To his vexation, it got into the newspapers before he had been able to write on the subject to his friends. This was in the last days of 1883. Happily, he was enabled to retain his Episcopal residence at Deeside, and his mental faculties were wholly unimpaired. Anxiety concerning the active supervision of the diocese,—which had weighed powerfully on him so long as he was actually Bishop,—was perforce at an end. But his spirits were depressed. It was the consequence of physical infirmity.

He sank ever after,—slowly, but steadily. He knew that his days were numbered. “I live in Prayer,”—he said to one of his Cathedral Clergy. . . . Within a fortnight of his departure, in reply to one who, from the first day of his setting foot in the diocese, had been his true friend and very faithful ally (Canon Hopwood⁶),—“No pain,” he said: “but I suffer from extreme weakness and great weariness.” . . . His emaciation was excessive. About a week before his death, he charged his eldest surviving son Walter,—that his funeral should be marked by the utmost

⁵ Walter Hamilton Acland Jacobson, on the staff of Guy’s Hospital,—b. in 1847,—was the first to take the new degree ‘Magister in Chirurgiâ,’ at Oxford (30 June, 1887).—Two other of the Bishop’s sons survive him: Charles Longley, b. in 1852, who is in a merchant’s

office,—and Robert Charles, b. in 1855, who is Deputy Inspector of Schools at Penang. Also two daughters,—Hester Sterling, and Katharine Mary. . . . For the rest of his ten children, see pp. 381, 394, 395.

⁶ Wisawick,—4th July.

possible simplicity; and, notwithstanding that he had precious ties at Oxford and at Ewelme,⁶ he directed that he should be laid to rest in the cemetery of Chester. On Saturday, the 12th July, his powers greatly failed him. His mind however continued clear until 2 or 3 in the morning of Sunday, when he was only conscious that he was being watched over by his Wife. And so, on the morning of the blessed day of earthly rest (13th July, 1884),—at a few minutes before eight o'clock,—he entered into his own everlasting rest; having completed (within five days) eighty-one years of virtuous, GOD-fearing life; during the last nineteen of which he had shown himself the most "single-minded" of Prelates.

It were an omission were I to fail in this place to make some mention of his earnest *thankfulness for services rendered him*,—a disposition which made every one who had it in his power, rejoice to do him service. "After all," (writes Dean Howson, and with these words he closes his remarks on Bishop Jacobson,) "the great charm of his character was his humility. I never knew anything more touching than his gratitude for the most simple attention during his long illness. He seemed to think that he was quite unworthy even of this."

Here also, before I lay down my pen, room must be found for two lesser, yet highly characteristic traits, which have been indicated to me by his Wife. The first,—*"His repugnance to the slightest approach to levity in quoting from, or referring to, the Scriptures. He could not abide it."* The second,—*"The strong censure with which he always visited any unhandsome or derogatory mention of the Queen, or any member of the Royal Family. The grave expression on his face, and sometimes the short telling words of his rebuke, were things not to be forgotten."*⁷

For many days after the first slight draft of the present Memoir appeared, I received from his Clergy spontaneous expressions of attachment to his person, some of which were even touching. "Sincere in every word he spoke,—honest in all he did," (writes one of the Cathedral body):—"in favour with GOD as well as with men: a man of Truth: he ever effaced himself, and was the most humble man I ever knew. He did not know what it was to be self-conscious." . . . "I loved him as a Father," (wrote his Archdeacon and examining Chaplain⁸). "Indeed, I need not use the past, I ought to say 'I love,' for *that* bond is eternal." . . . "Towards myself," (wrote James Fraser,¹ late Bishop of Manchester,) "ever since I have been a Bishop, he has always been as an elder brother. I went over to Chester to see him and get his blessing, not so very long before he died: and it was beautiful to see his calm, resigned temper. I heard a charming passage about him in a

⁶ See above, p. 381.

⁷ Dec. 30th, 1884.—Obvious it is to recall

¹ Pet. ii. 17.

⁸ Canon Hillyard.

⁹ J. L. Darby, the present Dean of Chester,

—July 31st, 1884.

¹ To myself, — Aug. 11th, 1884.

sermon preached by Archdeacon Bardsley on Thursday last, at the annual meeting of the Clergy Charities at Warrington." . . . "Of him" (writes the Archdeacon),

"As of Bishop Sanderson, it might pleasantly be said, (in the words of Izaak Walton,) that he possessed 'many happy infirmities;'—infirmities, for in men placed in high estate we must count as infirmities the singular humility and caution which restrain the self-assertion that becomes their exalted office; and yet 'happy infirmities,' since they commend and endear the possessors in their private life to all who know them.

"Coming late to the bench, Bishop Jacobson never lost sight of the approaching shadows of the night, 'when no man can work,' closing around him. With characteristic humility, as he reviewed his past episcopate, he appropriated the words of Henry Martyn, 'The more I see of my own works, the more I am ashamed of them.' . . . Resigning an office he regarded himself as unequal to fulfil, he spent his remaining days in prayer; and bequeathed a name and a memory which will often occur when, in years to come, we commemorate 'those who have departed this life in God's faith and fear.'"

And this must suffice.—In consequence of Richmond's masterly delineation of his features, when about fifty-two years of age, William Jacobson will be more than seen by posterity. His voice will be almost heard. It is related of Michael Angelo that he used to say to Donatello's statue of S. Mark, at Florence,—"*Marco, perchè non mi parli?*" I never look up at the engraving of my friend, as it hangs on the wall of our dining-room, without expecting that he will speak to me. I am sure, if he does, it will be to say something kind.

¹ 'Charge,' 1871,—p. 1.

² Archdeacon (now Bishop) Bardsley's Ser-

mon, quoted in the 'Warrington Guardian,'—Aug. 9, 1884.

(XI). CHARLES PAGE EDEN:

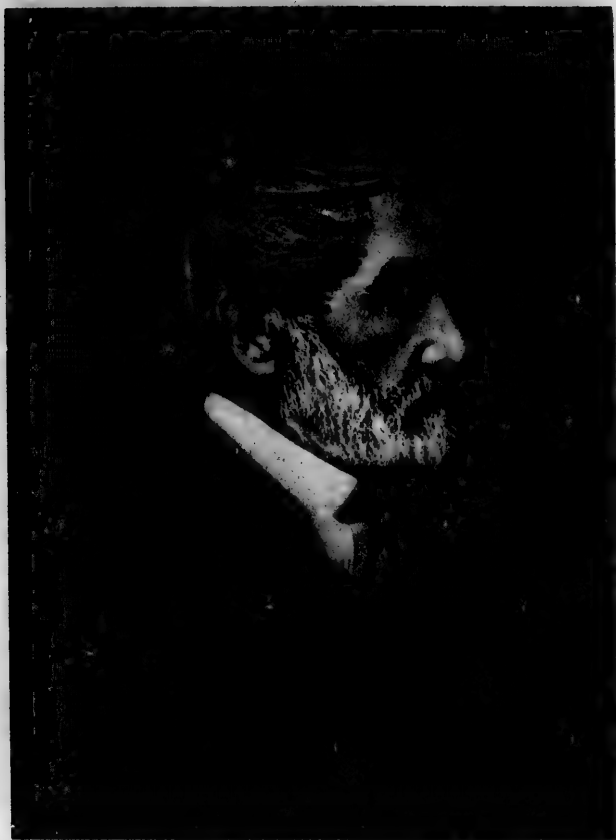
THE EARNEST PARISH PRIEST.

[A.D. 1807—1885.]

WHEN the original draft of the ensuing Memoir appeared,¹ the Bishop of S. Albans (Dr. Claughton) wrote to me as follows:—
“If ever one of those short memorials of a life that appear from time to time in the ‘*Guardian*’ was calculated to do good, it is your sketch of Charles Page Eden’s life and character. How wonderfully it developed: and what a lesson comes from Aberford to every young, aye, and to every old Clergyman! I thank you for it from my heart.” . . . Besides the gratification it affords me to put on record such testimony from a dear, honoured, and likeminded friend, it seems to me that in no way am I so likely to make the perusal of the following pages profitable to my reader, as by quoting the Bishop’s spontaneous tribute to the worth of the man therein commemorated. What was but briefly set down before, shall be now considerably enlarged. Many an Oxford man, belonging to a bygone generation, will desire some fuller notice of the sometime Fellow of Oriel and vicar of S. Mary-the-Virgin’s; who, both as a scholar and a divine, was a conspicuous figure in the Oxford of 1830 to 1850. Let it be added, that the affectionate sentiment thus ascribed to many old members of the University is largely shared by not a few in the Northern Province, where the last five-and-thirty years of Canon Eden’s life were passed, and where he has left behind him a name universally revered and lamented.

CHARLES PAGE EDEN, youngest but one of the eight children of the Rev. Thomas Eden,—and Ann (daughter of the Rev. Charles and Ann Page of Northleach in Gloucestershire) his wife,—was born at Whitehall, S. George’s, near Bristol, March 13th, 1807. He was collaterally descended from William Patten, better known as William of Waynflete, Chancellor of England, and founder of Magdalen College, Oxford; his grandfather, John Eden, having married Elizabeth Patten, sister of Thomas Patten, D.D., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and rector of Childrey, Berks. His father held a Curacy in or near Bristol, and took pupils. All that is traditionally remembered of that long since vanished home indicates an atmosphere of intellect, taste, and cultivation. Musical skill was not wanting; and Coleridge recited to the family circle at an evening gathering at Whitehall the rough draft of his ‘*Ancient Mariner*.’ . . . Eden’s elder brother, Robert, honorary Canon of Norwich

¹ Vix. in the ‘*Guardian*,’ of Jan. 27th, 1886, p. 143.



Charles Page Edson.

Cathedral and vicar of Wymondham in Norfolk,—who has achieved for himself celebrity as an author and as a Divine,—yet survives of that elder generation.

The subject of the present Memoir always spoke of his Mother with intense affection. He owed everything (he said) to her wise training and bright example. She survived her husband thirty-seven years. Shortly before the close of her life (March 25th, 1846), on being invited by her son to inscribe her name in a private memorandum book, she recorded the experience of her 82 years of life as follows:—"The LORD will destroy the house of the proud, but He will establish the border of the widow." His Father, Charles Page Eden never knew,—Thomas Eden having died (July 22nd, 1809, aged 57,) when his son was but two years old, leaving a widow with eight children. These, it is allowable to presume, were but slenderly provided for,—seeing that little Charles's nurse offered, in her own and her husband's name, if Mrs. Eden would consent to part with the infant, "to bring him up as their own, to be—a collier."

The widowed Mother battled bravely for her little brood, the eldest of whom was but twelve years of age, parting with none of them. Charles, till he was fourteen, was sent to a day-school in Bristol. Afterwards he was placed at the Royal Institution School at Liverpool, under the Rev. John Boughey Monk,—a scholar whose valuable teaching he always remembered with gratitude.² Next, he obtained excellent help—and was himself a teacher—in a school which ranked second only to the Royal Institution. It was conducted by his cousin, the Rev. John Charles Prince. Thus it happened that, gifted with excellent abilities, Charles Page Eden enjoyed continuous classical training, until, at the age of eighteen, he went up to Oxford, and was admitted at Oriel as Bible-clerk (October 25, 1825),—supremely fortunate in thus coming at once under the influence of the accomplished scholars and admirable men who at that time were the college Tutors. In a very private devotional paper enumerating the chief blessings of his life, he was careful to record—"The good education so wonderfully provided for me, one stage after another, and good success granted me thereon;" adding immediately after,—“The having been sent to an excellent College,—but in a position” (alluding to his Bible-clerkship) “calculated to guard me from idleness and expense.” At the Michaelmas examination of 1829, his laborious undergraduate career was rewarded with a first class in *Literis Humanioribus*.

In the ensuing year he took his B.A. degree, and competed successfully for the Ellerton theological prize. In 1831, he obtained the Chancellor's prize for the best English essay. The subject of the former was,—“*Whether the doctrine of One GOD, differing in His nature from all other beings, was held by any Heathen nation or sect of Philosophers, before the birth of CHRIST.*”—the subject of the latter,—“*On the Use and Abuse of Theory.*” At the Easter of 1832, after two failures, he was elected Fellow

² He was the first Head Master,—1818-28. (From the Rev. H. J. Johnson, who now presides over the School.)

of Oriel. In the next year he took his M.A. degree, and received Deacon's Orders.

In the enumeration of signal blessings (set down in the private paper already quoted), his next memorandum is,—“My friends in Oxford,—the choice men of the day.” A juster ground of thankfulness cannot be imagined. His brother-fellows were some of the most delightful and accomplished gentlemen one has ever known,—Keble, Newman, Froude, Denison, Walker, Rogers, Marriott, Church. But it would be untruthful in a biographer were he to disguise the fact that there were occasions, not a few, when Eden strained those friendships severely. Whatever the cause may have been,—(and it is easy to invent more than one honourable excuse for the man one loved),—in those early days he was apt to show himself arrogant and conceited: or he could be tiresome and provoking in a high degree. Strange, that one who did so yearn for sympathy from others, could be constantly inconsiderate, sometimes even rude! Stranger yet, that so holy a liver should, in his social relations, have so often seemed unmindful of that unwritten conventional code which enables men of the highest culture, though exhibiting great diversity of individual character, to live harmoniously, even very happily, together! But so it was. Let it, however, at once be stated, and in the plainest terms, first—That it was only the outside bark that was so rough. All might see that there was thoroughly good stuff within. And next—That Eden greatly mellowed and softened as he advanced in life; fought against his older self, and in the end effectually overcame it. Yes, and I must add that so entirely were these faults of manner external,—unconnected, I mean, with the inward man,—that I once heard him exclaim softly, (with something very like a tear in his eye),—“I know somebody *who is very sorry for it afterwards!*”

Eden was speedily appointed Tutor,—later on, he became Dean of his College. He was, I suspect, too conscientious in the matter of discipline to be popular in the latter capacity; too laborious a student himself, to be able to make himself pleasant to those who came unprepared to his lectures. But the cleverer men,—(and undergraduates are capital judges of a Tutor's abilities and attainments),—recognized his merit as a teacher. His Greek and Latin scholarship in fact was excellent: not showy but sound and thorough. No one was surprised to learn that he was a candidate for the Greek Professorship in the infant University of Durham; nor to find his candidature supported by his brother-fellow, John Henry Newman,—who wrote concerning him to Hugh James Rose as follows:—

“I find Froude has mentioned to you the name of our friend Eden, as a man likely to suit for the Greek Professorship at Durham. He is a very clever man, and (as far as I know him) sound in his principles, though, at the age of 26 or 27, he cannot be supposed to have them altogether settled; but I know nothing to the contrary. He is a simple-hearted man, which makes him seem somewhat egotistical, though he is not so in mind (I believe) more than other men,—and he is much improved of late. I do really believe that he would do credit to the situation.”³

³ Postscript to a letter dated, ‘Oriel College, 16 Aug. 1833.’

It should also be recorded that, though the actual course of his Tutorship was not happy, either with his pupils or with the Provost, it remains true that the men who had disliked him as undergraduates reverted afterwards to those days with the greatest gratitude for his counsels, and real understanding of their wants and dangers. Many are known to have expressed this feeling heartily. His lectures are remembered to this hour for their sterling value. A friend and neighbour⁴ once remarked to me,—"I learned more from him at Oriel than from any other tutor in College. His clearness, vivacity, and power of illustration, interested and stirred me up. He threw a light upon Horace's Satires which was quite new and engaging to me. *I have never forgotten it.*" Another old friend, —a distinguished scholar, unfortunately no longer a neighbour,⁵ —sends me the following as his prevailing recollection of the same period :—"He was an unsparing critic of our compositions (our English compositions especially), but a *very useful one.*"

But I am getting on too fast. Eden having taken Priest's Orders in 1834, first made proof of his Ministry as Curate to the Rev. John Calcott, then Chaplain of S. Michael's, Oxford. His connection with that parish began in the Long Vacation of 1835, and terminated before the Easter of 1839. Here, he established his reputation as an energetic parish Priest. His sermons at S. Michael's became even famous in the University. He was appointed select Preacher in 1838,—again in 1853. In 1835 he published a pamphlet : its title,—"*Self-protection, the case of the Articles, by Clericus.*"

The Deanship of his College, to which he was elected in the October of the same year, was of course incompatible with the necessary demands of a Curacy. Eden had given his heart to his sacred calling, and his zeal was as conspicuous when he was without a parish as when he was in charge of one. Oriel College had recently purchased the Littleworth (then called the 'Wadley') Estate,—a hamlet of Faringdon, which was as yet unprovided with either Church or Chapel. As a necessary consequence, the peasantry were almost in a heathen state. An aisle of Faringdon Church used to be known as the 'Littleworth Aisle'; and a short cut across the fields (still called 'Church-path') was made for the convenience of the inhabitants. But they were utterly neglected. Eden, finding the College indisposed to build a Church at Littleworth, at once set about soliciting subscriptions with a view to erecting one; and was so strenuous in his canvass that, in the end, a Church was erected.⁶ The Provost and Fellows, with other members of the College, contributed in all upwards of 1300*l.* towards the Building and Endowment Fund. Littleworth Church was consecrated on the 29th May, 1839,—on which occasion, the Provost of Worcester (Dr. Cotton), who had been a munificent contributor to the work, preached the Sermon. It was the commencement of a new era.

The first Curate (1838) and Incumbent (1839) was the Rev. Joseph

⁴ Rev. Carey H. Borrer, Treasurer of Chichester Cathedral, Rector of Hurstpierpoint.

⁵ Rev. D. P. Chase, D.D., Principal of S.

Mary Hall.

⁶ The architect (Underwood) was the same who furnished designs for the little Churches of Summertown and Littlemore.

Moore (Vicar of Buckland-cum-Littleworth), who long after (viz. in 1875) at his own expense (800*l.*) added a Chancel to Littleworth Church, as well as increased the slender endowment of the cure.⁷ Moore was a great friend of Eden's,—who in Vacation time, delighted in riding over and officiating as honorary Curate. Still lingers on with old Oriel men the memory of the anecdotes he had to relate concerning his horse, and his rides to and fro; and how, on principle, he gave the animal its day of Sabbatical rest *on a Monday*.⁸

I recall with interest a visit to Littleworth on the 22nd April, 1847. That hamlet is only a mile distant from Wadley House, where (as lords of the manor) Oriel College used every year, soon after Easter, to hold a "court baron and leet." A certain old-world charm there was in those expeditions which made them agreeable; but the actual proceedings—except when they were picturesque—were tedious and the reverse of interesting. The Provost (in full Canonicals),—supported by the legal functionary of the College, and attended by as many of the Fellows as were disposed for a holiday,—of course presided. I have seen the whole body engaged in unrolling yard after yard of the inconvenient records of the Court, with a view to ascertain whether there existed '*temp. Jacobi I.*' traces of a right of way over certain lands &c. &c. ('Wisdom of our forefathers!') Chase was heard to ejaculate gravely at every fresh revolution of the ponderous roll.) . . . The practice of those days was to dine on our way back at a little roadside Inn, at Pusey Furze,—some three or four miles short of Wadley. Such of the Fellows as could not spare the whole day would ride over, and meet the rest of the party at dinner. On the occasion already referred to, little eloquence was required on Eden's part to persuade me, about noon, to slip away with him, in order to become introduced to Littleworth, and to end the day by dining with his friends at Buckland. The Rev. Joseph Moore had recently married the youthful daughter of Davison, sometime Fellow of Oriel, and author of the famous "*Discourses on Prophecy*,"—a circumstance which made her an object of supreme interest in my eyes. We made out our little expedition very successfully, had a delightful afternoon and a charming evening:—Eden, all the while, in the highest spirits at finding himself in the locality which was so dear to him, and in the society of the man who had so strenuously helped him to fight and win the battle of Littleworth. He was asking after everything and everybody; and all the way back tried to persuade me that there was no place and no people in the world like Littleworth and its natives. But indeed, the neighbourhood had been singularly blessed. Denchworth, which is only a few miles off, has been mentioned in a previous memoir as the scene of Dr. Cotton's energetic ministerial labours and munificent exertions on behalf of the peasantry of Berkshire.⁹

⁷ At the instance of the Rev. Edw. Thorp, and chiefly through the liberality of Oriel College, a parsonage house was built at Littleworth in 1884. The endowment has also been increased through the exertions of the same gentleman. So eminently has the good work which C. P. Eden initiated some 50 years ago, grown and prospered!

⁸ "Mr. Eden," the hero of Charles Reade's novel, ("*Never too late to mend*"), corresponds only in name,—and to some extent in respect of scene,—with the subject of the present memoir. The connection, I am assured, is wholly fortuitous.

⁹ See above, pp. 280-2.

I have been speaking of a phase of Eden's life, and an aspect of his character, with which his College friends were not generally acquainted. When I have asked any of them for anecdotes of this period of his life, they have shown themselves familiar rather with grotesque and incongruous images. Thus, Dr. Greenhill (on reading the first sketch of the present memoir,) wrote,—“I think you might have told us about his adventures in the mob, with Rogers and Church, on the 5th of November, '38 or '39.” (Far be it from me to attempt to describe what Lord Blachford and the Dean of S. Paul's could narrate so much better.) A famous Archdeacon, also a brother-fellow, on being asked for any recollections of those days,—(after a dramatic rehearsal of the well-known incident to which Dr. Greenhill refers,)—proceeds as follows :

“In our old Waterperry times, Eden was constantly over there on Sundays. With an old French friend, a governess of the girls, he was often in controversy; but his French was indifferent, and his manner positive. Many times he would say—‘*Madam*’ (as if there were two *m*'s at the end)—‘*Madamm*, je déteste les Français;’ adding in English, out of very kindness of heart—‘I hope I haven't gone too far!’”¹

Another story of the same class, which belongs to Oriel proper, will be best appreciated by Oriel men. Heavy complaints against the College cook having been brought by the undergraduates to Eden (in his capacity of “Dean”), he sent for the offender, recapitulated his several delinquencies, and in the most slashing style “slanged,” even threatened, him. After a pause,—“La, Mr. Eden,” rejoined the cook, in a confidential tone,—pleasantly tossing his head, and assuming a bland, patronising smile;—“it's of no manner of use attending to what the young men tell *you* about *my* dinners. Why, you know, Mr. Eden, they come just in the same way to *me*, and *complain about your lectures*.” Eden (who had the keenest sense of the ridiculous) was so overcome with a dreadful inclination to break out into a guffaw, that he dared not reply. I believe he fled into his bedroom and bolted the door. Anyhow, the cook remained master of the situation.

It may have been the recollection of that unsatisfactory encounter which induced Eden, next time, to manœuvre more skilfully. A prebendary of this Cathedral, Rev. R. C. Powles, describes the scene at the end of 40 years.—It was a high-table dinner, and Eden (as “Dean”) was in the chair. The cook was sent for into Hall, (a proceeding highly annoying to the functionary, who perforce appears in the insignia of his office—paper cap, &c.—has to march up towards the high-table,—and, in the presence of the assembled guests and the whole body of the undergraduates, is constrained to listen to an allocution which is sure to prove the reverse of complimentary). “Mr. King!” (here, Eden applied the fingers of either hand to the sides of the hot-water plate before him: then, erecting the forefinger of his right hand, he exclaimed with a voice of menace,)—“Not a word, Mr. King! These plates—not a word!” (again imperiously erecting his forefinger) “were meant to be—hot. They are—cold.” (Up went the forefinger again.)—“Not a word, Mr. King!” (*Exit coquus*, pursued by a shout of derisive laughter.)

¹ From the Ven. Archd. Denison.

While on this head, I may not fail to mention what an exceedingly witty man Charles Page Eden was. Chiefly was he felicitous or droll,—as the case might be,—in his classical allusions. “*Cereus in vitium flecti*,” he once exclaimed at dinner, (for we did not as yet burn gas in hall), when the guttering from the wax candle,—first, stiffened into a curve,—then, broke away,—and finally, invaded his plate. . . . While he was engaged on his edition of Jeremy Taylor, it was obvious (sitting by his side) to inquire, ‘What discoveries he had made to-day?’ “I think I have caught the good man tripping,” he once replied, “but the company shall judge. Jeremy is made to say that some monarch of antiquity gave to his daughter *America* for her portion.” “Why, *America* had not yet been discovered!” some one sapiently remarked. “No, to be sure,” ejaculated Eden, “*nota quae sedes fuerat Columbo.*” (He explained that it was a misprint for ‘*Armenia.*’) . . . But his pleasantries were without number. . . . Once, at dinner, (the day having been piping hot), some one broke silence with,—“Well, *I’ve* been doing a cool thing.” “What!” (exclaimed Eden, gazing at the speaker with well-feigned amazement),—“*To-day?*” . . . Asked by a pupil, ‘What books he had better get to read on the XXXIX Articles?’ —“Books on the Articles?” exclaimed Eden, “Why, buy Tomline—and Burnet,” (which of course he pronounced “and *burn it*”) . . . When one hears witty things said without effort at every meal, it is little supposed that the time will come when one shall remember such scintillations as curiosities.—I recall, after my Ordination, asking Eden if he had any advice to give me about Sermon writing. He looked graver than necessary, took up a visiting-card, and wrote at the back of it,—“Beware of putting *all the Divinity you know* into your first Sermon.”

In the great Oxford movement, throughout the whole of which Eden was resident at Oriel, I suspect he was not a little indebted for his security to the practical outlet provided for his cravings,—moral and spiritual,—by the active parochial work of which I have spoken somewhat largely, and which may be truly declared to have been one of the requirements of his nature. Besides this, he had happily imbibed the genuine Catholic spirit of our great Anglican Divines, by a patient study of their writings; and thus was proof against that sectarian Romeward leaning which so miserably disfigured the later movement, and proved fatal to the faith of so many. But throughout that sifting and trying time, every resident of mark found himself in a measure compelled to take a side; and it is needless to say that Eden was heartily with the (so called) “Tractarian” party.

Report assigns to him the authorship of Tract No. 32 (‘*The Standing Ordinances of Religion*’).² At the end of fifty years after its production, on being appealed to on the subject,—“It certainly may be called mine,” (he wrote to Mr. F. H. Rivington,) “and I am happy to appear in such good company as the authors of Tracts, vol. i.” In his own copy of ‘*Tracts for the Times*,’ is found the following memorandum, written in the last year of his life:—

“I believe that Tract 32 (on ‘*The Standing Ordinances of Religion*’) was written by me,—whether touched up by J. H. N. on its passage to the Press, I

² ‘*Whitaker’s Almanack*’ for 1883, pp. 440-1.

cannot say.—J. H. N. in starting the series, (under the circumstances set forth in the preparatory Advertisements and early Tracts), allowed some of his junior friends to furnish contributions; but gradually the work gathered itself into the hands of the more learned few, with a more marked line of doctrine than some of us,—including myself,—could see our way to follow.

“CHARLES PAGE EDEN, Easter, 1885.”

In 1845, he published a ‘*Letter to the Bishop of Oxford concerning Tract No. 90,*’ in defence of the Author,—although himself an Anglican to the backbone. Finally, on the resignation of Mr. Newman, Eden succeeded to the vicarage of S. Mary-the-Virgin’s, October 17th, 1843. When the ‘*Apologia*’ appeared, he was heard to exclaim—“Intense unconscious love of power!”

He retained S. Mary’s till the Easter of 1850, when he was in turn succeeded by Charles Marriott. A perilous undertaking, truly, it was to succeed to that pulpit after such an one as John Henry Newman. But S. Mary’s is a thoroughly delightful parish to serve, and Eden was not wanting in devotion, earnestness, or ability. He formed a Bible-class for the young shopmen of the parish. It was impossible to listen to him, Sunday after Sunday, without making advances in Divine knowledge. He was by many greatly beloved; for he was known to lead a singularly consistent and holy, as well as an eminently useful, life. Large-hearted, open-handed, self-denying, sincere,—he was looked up to by every one in the University whose good opinion was worth having.

What were Eden’s political opinions, may be readily divined. A correspondent of the ‘*Guardian*,’ who signs himself ‘*Canonicus*,’ relates of him as follows:—

“When Mr. Gladstone’s seat was first threatened at Oxford, a brother of mine then residing there, (to whom Eden had showed much kindness), to his great surprise saw his name appearing on Mr. Round’s Committee. He expressed his astonishment to Eden, remarking that he thought all his sympathies, ecclesiastical and theological, were with Mr. Gladstone. ‘So they are,’ was his reply, ‘but I have no confidence in his stability. He is a man who can persuade his conscience to anything. He swims with the stream, and I should never be surprised to see him voting for the abolition of Church-rates, or for the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Lords.’”³ Eden however meddled little with politics. He was essentially a learned and thoughtful Divine.

He was also certainly one of the most original of Preachers. Having folded certain large sheets of paper into an octavo pamphlet of about twenty pages, he would produce this document in the pulpit, unadorned with cover or disguise of any kind; hold it close to one of the pulpit candles, (for he wrote small and his sight was not strong); toss his head slightly back, and with fixed gaze and solemn emphasis proceed to read. There was no verbiage, no redundancy of expression anywhere discoverable. All was clear, terse, logical, scholarlike. The points in the Sermon were unmistakable, even as the sincerity of the Preacher was conspicuous; moreover, they were all *very good* points. There was just a dash of quaintness in the entire exhibition,—call it originality if you will,—which rather added to, than detracted from, its attractiveness. I recall an occa-

³ From the ‘*Guardian*’ (Feb. 10, 1836),—p. 217.

sion on which, (his eyes fastened earnestly on his manuscript), he began somewhat as follows:—"My brethren, my sermon last Sunday afternoon struck me as being so very important, that I propose to-day to read it over again." And read it he did,—I cannot describe how deliberately.

He was as sound, as learned, and judicious a Divine as any I have had the happiness of numbering among my friends. Not particularly addicted to fishing in Commentaries, he had found out the far "more excellent way" of being all his life a truly thoughtful and laborious student of the Bible itself. He fed upon it: lived upon it: to employ a phrase of one very dear to us both (Charles Marriott), he habitually "*intended* his mind" upon it. In consequence, being thoroughly sound in the faith,—(for he was a great master of Anglican divinity),—blessed with a calm, clear, and vigorous understanding, as well as gifted with a chastened imagination,—he had always something valuable as well as interesting to offer about any place of Scripture, whether difficult or easy. His remarks reminded one of Bengel's. The secret of his success as an expositor was his profound reverence: his fine theological instinct: and, not least, the interesting language in which he habitually clothed his thoughts. Take, as a specimen of this, his handling of the story of Adam's Fall.* It is much to be regretted that he published so little. What he did write deserves to be far better known than it is. I allude especially to a volume of '*Sermons preached at S. Mary's, in Oxford,*' published in 1855, and dedicated to the Provost of Worcester College, Dr. Cotton, "in remembrance of the blessing of his long and faithful friendship." Of those sixteen discourses, ten were delivered before the University at intervals between 1838 and 1854. Those on the '*Inspiration of Scripture,*' on the '*Unity of Design in Holy Scripture,*' and '*On the Study of Prophecy,*' are especially deserving of attention.

A copy of this volume lies before me, which Eden sent to his friend the Rev. Joseph Moore, with the following letter written inside the cover. I the rather give it insertion because it recalls, not ungracefully, the names of persons and places which have already come before the reader; as well as exhibits Eden as if he were actually speaking:—

"Aberford, Milford Junction, All Saints, 1855.

"My dear Moore,—I beg your acceptance of this little volume.

"One of the pleasures of authorship is that it gives one the opportunity of sustaining converse, as it were, with a distant friend. I remember with much satisfaction that you remarked, on hearing one of these sermons many years ago, that it was '*scriptural.*' I trust that you may be able to express the same judgment of the whole volume, and that thus it may minister to the continuance of our friendship.

"I shall be interested in knowing whether yourself and Mrs. Moore are able, in reading these pages, to detect my obligations to my favourite author,—the writer of the admirable '*Discourses on Prophecy.*' I must be excused for not having expressly acknowledged those obligations in the course of my own pages; the work to which I allude being one of those which,—once known,—become part of one's own mind for the future, and identified with one's best principles.

"Believe me ever sincerely yours,

"C. PAGE EDEN."

* In a highly effective sermon, entitled, '*Results of Breaking GOD'S Law.*' Michaelmas, 1854. It is the second in the volume next mentioned.

I cannot dismiss the volume of Sermons which has occasioned the foregoing remarks, without again declaring that it deserves to be inquired after, and diligently read. Often was Eden urged by his friends to give the Church another selection from his manuscript stores, but he had one answer for us all :—

"In reply to your (and Burgon's urgent) suggestion that I should publish,—experience seems to decide against it. I once published a little volume [of Sermons], and while I received many gratifying notices of them from persons whose judgment would carry weight, *the market* did not endorse their opinion. An issue of 500 hardly went off. A remnant hangs on the publisher's hands."²

In a previous page, something was said about Eden's Greek and Latin scholarship. A circumstance which strikes me as scarcely less deserving of friendly notice was his mastery of the English language. He wrote *classical* English,—a rare accomplishment at our Universities. Every one must have known thoroughly good Latin scholars who yet seemed quite incapable of writing a page of English without a solecism,—much less with elegance and classical propriety. Eden's skill and felicity in this respect must, I should think, have struck those who listened habitually to his Sermons at S. Mary's. For my own part, I never knew a preacher less apt to encumber his meaning with superfluous words, or to render it uncertain by illogically constructed sentences. He said the thing he wanted to say without circumlocution,—put it very clearly,—and *let it alone*. Without the exquisite idiomatic felicity of Newman, or the graceful vigour of Church, he certainly knew exactly what was in his own mind, and how to express it in language which should not offend the most fastidious taste. He was a thoroughly good English *scholar*. Perhaps it is worth adding that (to judge from several specimens of his autograph manuscripts),—he wrote his meaning off at once; did not (I mean) toil over his written pages,—correct and re-correct them,—as the manner of some is.

While on this head, I cannot help recalling (with a smile) his inveterate habit of writing very short (as well as meagre) letters. But in fact his letters (strange to relate) were always *notes*,—were written, I mean, on paper measuring 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ by 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Not unfrequently he would have recourse to a second sheet. But I never remember having received (or seen) a letter from him commenced on larger paper. No, nor have I ever received or seen a letter of his which did not appear to have been written in something like *a hurry*. Let it however also be stated, in all faithfulness, that though there was not a word wasted,—he never failed to say plainly and well what he had in his mind to say. Nor was there any lack of courtesy, not to say of kindness, in those curt and sometimes rather disappointing communications.

A solitary exception to the foregoing remark presents itself,—so interesting, so important even, that I venture to insert it entire, as it has been sent (by Dean Church) to me.

"Aberford, Leeds, 9 Nov. 1880.

"My dear Dean of S. Paul's,—In compliance with your wish I put on paper the anecdote I gave you.

² To the Rev. J. H. Moore, his former Curate,—Sept. 1, 1877.

"In the year 1832 or 3, being in Bristol, I heard that it was proposed to put up a mural tablet in the Cathedral to the memory of Bishop Butler. A gentleman who was taking a leading interest in the design told me that the sum required was (I think) 130*l.*, and that the contributions halted at 10*l.* short of that. I promised to apply to the College, Butler having been an Oriel man,—(which I did, and they immediately made up the sum.) My informant also told me that they had applied to Mr. Southey the Poet Laureate, a native of Bristol, to write an Inscription. Mr. Southey's reply, which was shewn me, was remarkable. He said he was sorry they had applied to him, because he was not the man to do it: an Inscription, (he said,) should be written with much precision, and have no faults: whereas his rule in writing had always been to think as much as possible about what he had to say, and as little as possible about the manner of saying it.⁶ However, he would try. He sent an Inscription, a prose sentence, which I thought excellent. Not so however the Prebendary then 'in residence,' Dr. Samuel Lee, the great Oriental scholar; who criticised it severely, and was making several alterations. But the vernacular was not his *forte*. I was petrified at his proposals, and urged my friend at all hazards to ignore them. He told me this was impossible, Dr. Lee being for the time the paramount authority. At last, I prevailed upon him to risk it, and the Inscription was,—I believe entirely,—saved. One of the Doctor's requirements, I remember." "It was reserved for him."—"Reserved!" Who reserved it? I suppose he means, 'it remained'; put it so." &c. &c. This was nearly fifty years ago, but I think I can trust my memory for the particulars.

"Southey was reckoned the best prose writer of his day, and it is interesting to learn from himself what his rule for composition was. It will remind you of an elegant paragraph in Cicero ('Orator,' 23). Speaking of the *numeri* to be sometimes observed in Oratory, he mentions favourably a style, '*quod indicet non ingratam negligentiam, de re hominis magis quam de verbis laborantis . . . Illa enim ipsa . . . non negligenter tractanda sunt, sed quaedam etiam negligentia est diligens. Nam ut mulieres esse dicuntur nonnullae inornatae, quas idipsum deceat, sic haec subtilis oratio etiam incompta delectat. Fit enim quiddam in utroque quo fit venustius, sed non ut appareat.*' . . . Is it not a charming sentence?

"Ever most truly yours,

"C. PAGE EDEN."

Subjoined, will be found Southey's fine Inscription on Butler's mural tablet in Bristol Cathedral,⁷—which "it was reserved" for the subject of these pages to preserve from barbarous mutilation. Eden's next letter to Dean Church is (of course) a *note* :—

"Aberford, Leeds, 12 Nov. 1880.

"My dear Dean,—Pray make any use which suits you of my anecdote. I also corrected the notice of Butler's *degree*. It used to be written 'L.L.D.' This was a mistake frequently made." Dr. Bliss told me the University of Oxford had not given degrees in *Canon Law* for centuries. 'L.L.' means 'Legum.'—Civil and Canon. In the published list of Graduates, Johnson is given as D.C.L.

"Ever truly yours, C. P. EDEN."

⁶ The reader is invited to refer to what is written above, about Dean Mansel's practice, —in p. 359.

⁷ "Sacred | To the Memory | of | JOSEPH BUTLER, D.C.L. | Twelve years Bishop of this Diocese, | and | afterwards Bishop of Durham; | whose mortal part is deposited | in the Choir of this Cathedral.

Others had established | the Historical and Prophectical grounds | of the Christian Religion, | and | that sure testimony of its truth | which is found in its perfect adaptation | to the heart of man. | It was reserved for him to develop | its analogy to the Constitution | and Course of Nature; | and, laying his strong foundations | in the depth of that great argument, | there to construct | another and irre-

fragable proof: | thus rendering Philosophy | subservient to Faith, | and finding in outward and visible things | the type and evidence | of those within the veil. |

Born A.D. 1692. Died 1752."

(This follows in a panel, beneath):—

"He who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of Nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it as are found in the constitution of Nature."

Origen, '*Philocal.*' p. 23.

(For the above, I am indebted to the Rev. W. Mann, Precentor of Bristol Cathedral.)

It is so engraved on the silver collar-pot (7) which Butler presented to Oriel College.

* P. S. Of course you know Blunt's (J. J.) two papers in the Quarterly, on Butler's (1) Works: (2) Memoir. They are in the collected volume, '*Blunt's Essays*,'—and will repay the reader.

"Did it ever occur to you that Butler's great argument in the Analogy is exactly that of 1 Cor. xv. 36? The case standing thus:—

"*Obj.* 'I cannot swallow the notion of the Resurrection of the Body.'

"*Ans.* 'Whatever becomes of your difficulty, I point out to you that God certainly does the like in Nature.'"

What immediately precedes has interrupted my narrative somewhat too largely; but I was unwilling to withhold such interesting materials, and I knew not where to introduce them with greater propriety than here. It was of Eden as a Preacher, and of Eden's Sermons, that I was speaking. By far the most successful of his efforts of this class was a sermon preached before the University in 1840, entitled by himself '*Waiting on the LORD*' but which ought rather to have been entitled '*Early Prayer the Secret of a Holy Life*.' It made a wonderful impression on the academic auditory, and has been referred to by many with grateful emotion at the end of twenty or thirty years. Eden was prevailed upon to print it for private circulation, and it subsequently reappeared as a tract. It occupies the foremost place in his published volume, and was again reprinted (by myself) for distribution among the undergraduates, in 1867. This truly precious composition ought to be put into the hands of every young man on his first going up to the University. Its argument may be inferred from the text (Is. xl. 31),—"They that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength."

Two discourses by the same author are to be found in two of Bishop Wilberforce's Lent courses at S. Mary's.⁹ Two other sermons appeared in a volume compiled for the use of pupil-teachers. One, on "*Retribution*," was privately printed by himself.¹ Another (it is a very brief one) on the "*Ember Prayers*," was preached in York Minster on the 14th Sept. 1873. A Sussex magistrate, who happened to hear that sermon, offered to defray the expense if the preacher would consent to publish it.² His only other separately published sermon will be found described at p. 331. A sermon which he delivered in York Minster on the Athanasian Creed (Quinquagesima, 1871), is the best defence extant of that priceless feature of our Liturgical inheritance.

But it was as an Editor that C. P. Eden submitted to the severest literary drudgery. For the '*Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology*,' he is known to have conducted through the press with infinite labour (in 1846) a new edition of Andrewes' '*Pattern of Catechetical Doctrine, and other Minor Works*,'—a truly admirable volume which every Divine should possess. A characteristic passage from his editorial 'Notice' prefixed to the volume deserves to be transcribed:—

"There are now but a very few references in the whole book which have not been verified: a statement which they who know the works of that period will understand the importance of. The toil which this has required, the strange

⁹ I have only a memorandum of his Sermon (preached Mar. 3rd, 1885) on '*Shallowness in Religion*.'

¹ On S. Luke vi. 38,—reprinted from '*The Church of England pulpit*.'

² On Jeremiah iii. 15.—Parker, Oxford, pp. 15, 1873.—There are Sermons of his in certain '*Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels*' published by the S. P. C. K.: viz. at p. 181 (S. Matth. vii. 21), and p. 281 (Gal. iii. 19).

disguise under which some of the names were lurking,—‘*Agesilaus*,’ the holder of a remarkable view, turning out after every biographical notice of every ‘*Agesilaus*’ had been ransacked, to be no King of Sparta, but the philosopher ‘*Arcesilas*,’ (p. 26):—the ‘*Rabbi Abbidelus*,’ after being hunted through all the regions of Hebrew literature, disclosing himself as the ancient historian ‘*Abydenus*,’ (p. 49):—the people called ‘*Caes*,’ after having been nearly abandoned as a lost nation, turning out to be the people called ‘*Seres*,’ (p. 375):—‘*Outerus’s ancient descriptions*,’ found by a happy conjecture to be Gruter’s valuable work in disguise:—these, and the like, are recollections for an Editor, but of little interest to others.”³

Even more characteristic of Eden is it, that, after such a prodigious expenditure of toil, he has nowhere identified himself with the volume in question,—not even by somewhere introducing his initials. I am reminded of a feature of character which has already come before us in the Memoir of Bishop Jacobson, p. 383.

His most famous effort of this kind was his new edition of the ‘*Works of Bishop Jeremy Taylor*.’ It appeared in ten volumes in 1847–54. Altogether incredible is the amount of learned research which these two works, (but especially the latter,) occasioned him,—so scandalous was the inaccuracy, or rather the absence of care, with which Bishop Heber’s edition had been carried through the press. These were Eden’s contributions to the grand effort which was about that time made to recommend to a generation singularly careless of the Theology of their sires, the works of the most famous Anglican Divines.

An enumeration of the ‘works’ (in a different sense) of the world’s ‘unknown Benefactors’ would be in a high degree interesting and edifying. With Eden, I believe, originated the scheme for obtaining those three Cemeteries which have proved so great a blessing to Oxford. For him, I am certain ‘it was reserved,’ by his individual zeal and earnestness, to give effect to the design. A ‘*Report of the Oxford Parish Burial-ground Committee*,’ dated February 1, 1844, which lies before me, indicates as fitting sites:—(1) ‘*The Holywell Fields*,’ (2) ‘*The Field in St. Giles’s Parish, where the Cholera Hospital was erected in 1832*,’ and (3) ‘*The Field near Osney Mill*.’ Long before he left Oxford, Eden enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the three sacred enclosures thus indicated, fully established and universally recognised as a splendid public benefit.

This enterprise is alluded to by Charles Marriott, writing to the Rev. William Cotton (Sept. 24, 1844) in New Zealand:—

“Oxford has been rather disturbed of late by a controversy about Burying-grounds. A plan was proposed for an ‘omnium gatherum’ Cemetery,—part to be consecrated; part, not. Eden, and the parochial Clergy, got up another plan for additional Parish burying-grounds.”—[Next year (Feb. 26, 1845), Marriott writes:—] “They have at last completed the purchase of a piece of ground, (which turns out to be the old Osney burying-ground), for an addition to the churchyard room of Oxford. This is a great point gained; as there is a party which would much prefer a Cemetery with a line across it, for churchmen and for sectarians. There have been great difficulties and delays.”

His connection with S. Mary’s came to a close at the end of six years and-a-half. He was presented by Oriel College to the vicarage of Aberford, Yorkshire, (the Founder’s earliest acquisition), on the 22nd of

³ Notice,—p. 5.

March, 1850. On arriving there, Eden rose to the requirements of his new sphere of duty with vigour and alacrity. He built a new and very commodious Parsonage-house, the site of the Vicarage being at the same time added to the churchyard; and he completely restored his Church, devoting towards the work nearly a whole year's income. A public footpath through the churchyard, he caused to be stopped; and never rested until he had made the sacred enclosure a very model of neatness and order. In due time, he improved and enlarged the Schools of the parish. Thus, it was not with him, as it is said to be sometimes with Fellows of Colleges who accept a remote country Cure in mature life,—namely,—to find themselves ‘out of their element’: out of harmony with their unlettered neighbours: unable to accommodate themselves to the environments of humble pastoral life. Rather was the removal to Aberford, in Eden's case, a returning to his “first love.” He threw himself, heart and soul, into every requirement of the time, and of the place, and of the people; and was at once rewarded by what the wise man assures us is “from the LORD,”⁴—viz. a good Wife. He was so happy as to win the affections of the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the former vicar of Aberford. On the 16th of November, 1852, he was united (by a brother Fellow) to Isabella Jane, youngest daughter of the Rev. James and Anne Landon.⁵ It was the beginning of his own complete felicity.

She was a lady of excellent understanding, as well as of delightful manners,—or she could never have proved the joy and solace of Eden's life. With a fine womanly instinct she appreciated her Husband's sterling moral worth,—revered his humble piety,—delighted in his intellectual power. She thought, (as was graceful and right,) that she leaned entirely upon him,—her ‘oracle, her guide, and help.’ “He was always able” (she said) “to answer a question, or to tell me where I could find an answer.” But I strongly suspect (for I knew Eden *very* well) that, without being aware of it, it was *he* who leaned entirely upon *her*. On being told long after that some one had been struck by her husband's quaintness of manner in the pulpit, Mrs. Eden replied,—“I see him, and all he was, and did, through the softening veil of the affectionate intercourse of years. It was only those who had constant intercourse with him who knew him for what he really was.” So completely did Eden realize by a blessed experience what it is to be (in Horatian phrase) “thrice happy, and more.” . . . Four children were the fruit of their union, of whom the two elder are married.⁶ All have proved a comfort and a blessing to their Parents.

An unknown writer relates as follows:—

“Mr. Eden, in 1851, soon after his removal to Aberford, preached, and afterwards printed, at the request of the clergy, a very helpful Visitation sermon—‘*The Things written aforetime written for our Learning.*’ The argument of the

⁴ Prov. xix. 24. Comp. ch. xviii. 22: xxxi.

⁵ Eden's immediate predecessor at Aberford was a younger brother of the Rev. Whittington Landon, D.D., Provost of Worcester College.

⁶ Rev. Charles Page Eden, Rector of Catsfield, Sussex:—Anne Isabel, (m. to Walter, son of the late Rev. W. Neate, Rector of Alvescot, Berks):—Thomas Bainbridge, and Mary Anne Eden.

sermon is summed up in one sentence of it:—'If God permitted Israel to fall into troubles, when it was His purpose (as in the sequel was made clear) to raise her from those troubles, the discovery that our own difficulties are the same, or strikingly parallel with those which our elder sister, the Church of Israel, was permitted to fall into, should give us an interest in the record of the deliverance which God granted to her' [p. 4]. The parallel is worked out with characteristic skill and thoughtfulness.

"Towards the end of the sermon [p. 16] there is a word of wise admonition which I venture to think may suit these times as well as those:—'I am not sure whether it has always occurred to the English Clergy of late, especially to the younger portion of them, how much they lose by eccentricity of Ritual, and the like. I am not sure whether it has been always remembered by them how they weaken the force of their moral teaching by it, by giving (namely) a handle to those who like not their teaching, to put each item of it aside as part of their eccentricity.'"

The impression which Eden at this time of his life made on those who knew him most intimately, deserves to be recorded. His conscientious stewardship of his opportunities struck one person most: "the wonderful and methodical way in which he mapped out his time, and the scrupulous exactness with which he kept up his own private Theological reading."

He devoted an hour daily to studying a portion of the Old Testament in Hebrew: gave his whole attention to whatever he had in hand: and inculcated the same habit of close attention on those who came to him for counsel. The devout and exceedingly impressive way in which he conducted Family Prayers, is another point much dwelt upon. He used to preface them by a few verses of Scripture, on which he made suitable remarks,—always to the point. They were held in his study, where he habitually knelt in the same spot, close to a favourite engraving of the Last Judgment, in front of which hung a curtain.

One who, by the advice of the Rev. Arthur W. Haddan, went to read Divinity with the vicar of Aberford in 1856, bears eloquent testimony to his faithfulness and zeal. He relates of Eden that he was simply indefatigable in visiting from house to house, and that his ministrations to the sick were truly edifying. In the Almshouse (a large and rather grand Gothic building) his plain loving manner with the old men was admirably riveting their attention to his teaching, and winning their confidence. In the School, he almost invariably taught for an hour daily. "But no words of mine" (proceeds my informant) "can do anything like justice to his Sermons. Who could ever forget them?" . . . The Rev. F. G. Inge proceeds as follows:—

"There was no particular charm of manner or delivery,—rather the opposite. When he preached at Cambridge it was remarked that 'he was always saying striking things which fell to pieces in the pulpit'; and an ignorant rustic parishioner wondered why so many came to listen to him, saying he himself could preach as well. But, once used to the quaintness of his manner, you became conscious that the importance of his matter grew upon you. It was always so sound, solid and good,—so thoughtful and suggestive,—as well as in a high degree practical. A visitor at Aberford remarked that 'there was no need to go to London to hear good Sermons.' The fertile and original mind made old topics seem new. His

⁷ From the '*Guardian*,' (Feb. 10, 1886),—p. 277. The letter is signed "J. K."—This truly excellent sermon was preached at Ponte-

fract, at the Visitation of Archd. Creyke, April 30, 1852.

method of handling them was all his own. Many a hearer confessed that the Preacher had unravelled to him the secrets of his heart. When first he came to Aberford, he attempted to preach without book; but finding such addresses less acceptable to the congregation than written ones, (like Henry Martyn), he discontinued the practice entirely.

"He seldom allowed himself a holiday; and though furnished with an inexhaustible fund of amusing stories and racy anecdotes, was shy of dining out. When he did, he was rather apt to startle people. Once, at a party of squires and fox-hunters, the conversation becoming very dull, he suddenly propounded the question—'Gentlemen! how do you justify fox-hunting?' There was an immediate chorus of surprise and perplexity, and the animated discussion which followed was only closed by the hostess declaring that she 'believed the fox liked it.'

"In his Parish he was an untiring and excellent visitor; often employing his evenings for that purpose, in order to catch *the men*. He would divide the Village with his Curate; and, at the end of a few months, exchange spheres with him,—when the discovery was generally made that he had accomplished more than the other, who was probably not half his years. He was diligent also in cottage lectures, and for some time in Night-schools. Like Mr. Keble, he constantly taught (with his Curate) in the Day and Sunday School, and catechised the choir-boys in the Church at the afternoon service. In fact, he lived in and for his parish,—never going away on Sundays; except to preach, in his turn, as Canon in York Minster; nor on week-days, except to attend, as Proctor, the York Convocation. When he lost the use of his lower limbs, he persisted to the last in being wheeled into the Church, reading the Lessons, and addressing the people from his chair. Of the Clerical Society which met periodically at his house, it is needless to say that he was the life and soul. He commended Religion to all by his unflinching brightness and cheerfulness; and one person at least, through what he met with in that pleasant Yorkshire parsonage, completely recovered from the shock of the greatest bereavement which Man can undergo."

It deserves to be recorded that no one ever had more excellent or more devoted Curates; also, that no one ever appreciated the worth of his Curates more thoroughly than he. In truth, the faithful Pastor *makes* (to some extent) the zealous Curate. There lies before me one of Eden's letters to the Rev. J. H. Moore, (who had written to him from Florence,) dated,—"*Aberford, the dear old study, connected with the memory of nine Curates, all of them now my friends, dotted over England, not to say Europe.*"^a—How true it is that the best *School* for the Ministerial Office is the Parsonage house,—the precepts and the example of such an one as Charles Page Eden!

Nor should the record be omitted that there were other lessons to be learned of him, besides those of personal holiness and strenuous practical piety. He was a truly *intellectual* companion. His brilliant wit and fine philosophic vein, at any time of his maturer life, must have struck every one. He was witty and thoughtful to the last. His passion for the books he had once made his own, revived and strengthened as he drew near the end of his course. His enthusiasm for Butler was always intense. When some young man, in prospect of a coming examination, complained in his hearing that he 'could not keep his books in his head,' I remember hearing Eden ejaculate to himself softly,—"*My difficulty would be to keep them out of mine!*" To the last, in the evening, he used to resort to the pages of some ancient author. Homer was his latest favourite. He kept up his Hebrew and his German, by daily

^a From the Rev. F. George Inge, Rector of Walton, Berkswich, Stafford.

^b Written in or about 1851.

reading something, though it was but little, in both languages. It was the fault of those who were intimately associated with him if they did not kindle their torch from his, and bear it joyously onward in life's race.

A letter of Eden's to one of his Curates will probably be perused with interest by some :—

"I appreciate the kindness of your letting me be a partner in your difficulties. If I answer briefly to your questions, it is not because I have thought little about them, but because I have thought much.

"My difficulties, at your age, were greatly like your own. I recognise the picture at once. Had I to spend my years in the Ministry over again, I would (with God's help),—

"1. Never linger in reproaching myself with having so little love to God, but spend more time in meditating on encouraging objects. I would gaze, until I saw it in the heavens, on the crown which CHRIST had for me, as the reward of my keeping up. I would see Him on a distant hill, holding it forth in my view, and beckoning me to come and have it, *through* the difficulties which I find in my way; not others, but those: for remember, my dear friend, it is by combating the real difficulties of your path, such as you find them, that you are pleasing the LORD and showing forth the power of His Spirit, the Spirit of faith and love.

"2. I would read the Bible more, and always as a communication directly from God to myself, intended to give me some instruction and encouragement in reference to the duties of the coming day.

"3. I would live strictly by rule, as far as the laying out of any day rested with myself. It is astonishing how lightly this makes the day go.

"By all means go in for Priest's Orders.

"Touching your own despondency, do this. Look out people in your district who want to be *cheered* and encouraged in their Christian race, and look out suitable passages of Holy Scripture to go and read, and expound to them: and watering, you shall be watered again.

"Never despond. Patience worketh experience, and experience, hope; and [hope] maketh not ashamed; because the love of GOD is shed abroad in our hearts by the Spirit which is given to us.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due time we shall reap if we faint not.

"Write to me again, dear friend, when you feel that a word of sympathy will be a comfort to you."¹

In the summer of 1884, he determined to carry into effect a long-standing wish to have a parish 'Mission.' He turned for help (26th June) to an admirable former Curate of his own,—a man whom he heartily loved and appreciated, the Rev. James H. Moore, now Rector of S. Mary's, Truro. This intended Mission came to nothing,—as well it might, projected under such unfavourable circumstances; but it is striking to meet with such a token of pastoral earnestness in one who was, at the same time, constrained to say for himself,—

"My work is done. Through the last four months I have been losing power in my lower limbs, by steady and unmistakable degrees. I fear I shall not be able to mount my pulpit-steps again: and, when up there, I cannot stand. It remains that I thank the LORD for giving me warning, and that I ask for grace to listen to His voice.

"Surely, loving kindness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life: and I shall dwell . . . yes, I shall dwell. I know whom I have trusted.

"In reviewing my life and its blessings, I reckon among the chief the friends I have had.

"Yours through the days on earth and beyond, C. P. E."²

¹ To the Rev. J. E. Eadon, Preston, Hitchin,—Sept. 22nd, 1858.

² Aberford, 3rd July, 1884.

Let me, ere I conclude, gather together some of the evanescent records which have reached me concerning this, the latest period of Charles Page Eden's life. His wife relates as follows:—

"His last two years of work were a great effort to him; but we were very happy, in spite of the anxiety at his falling strength. The last year, a married parishioner, a collier, waited on him as tenderly and patiently as a woman. He wheeled the Vicar out in his chair in the afternoon, sometimes *into* cottages. The little children loved him so, that they gathered round his chair, and no scolding of their relations would keep them away,—to the Vicar's great delight. I think it was remarkable that coming to Aberford after forty years of age, he should have loved the place so much; for there were trials and hindrances which would have discouraged many, and made them think they must change. He was quite indignant when some one told him he was wasted in such a retired position. I remember him only once making application for any thing, and *that* was the Bampton Lectureship. He sent in his paper to the Provost, who gave some reason against it. It was about two years after our marriage. His sermons as Select Preacher were over, and he would have greatly liked the glimpses of the old Oxford life which the appointment, had it been made, would have afforded him. But the privilege of delivering a course of Bampton Lectures was not to be his."³ . . . He had selected the early chapters of Genesis for the subject of his course.

From these and many similar notices which have reached me, there was evidently in Charles Page Eden a fixed determination to devote all his remaining strength to his Master's service. His opinion and counsel were largely sought by the neighbouring Clergy. More than one declared afterwards,—*"I always felt the better for being in his company. His self-denying and saintly life was an example to us all."* . . . His charitable interest in other people's words and actions increased as he drew near to the close of his days. A gamekeeper in the parish remarked,—*"He was always a peacemaker."* . . . *"His careful and regular observance of the duty of self-examination"* is singled out for remark by her who knew him best. *"He never neglected it."*

It has been already fully implied that Eden's intellectual vigour never forsook him. He always had some book on hand. His wife relates that he used to read aloud to her of an evening, and during the last Autumn had entertained her with an English translation of the *'Paradiso'* of Dante. He read to himself a sermon by Isaac Williams, or Newman, or Pusey, every day.

How calmly he looked forward to the great change which awaited him, is shown by the following sentences,—traced in uncouth trembling characters,—to a friend of other days:—"I am breaking up, not to say broken. You will certainly receive a different account ere long. Suffering, but with great comforts . . . ἰδετέ μοι." ⁴ This was written on the 30th September, 1885.

The last time he preached (*"Gather up the fragments that remain"*) was on a Wednesday, just before the beginning of Advent,—a wild and rainy, as well as very dark night. On reaching the Church he told his Curate and his Clerk, (an old and trusted helper), that he doubted whether he ought to have come, and reproached himself for the distress he had occasioned his Wife by coming. On his return home he seemed

³ June 28th, 1886.

⁴ Alluding to Galat. vi. 12.

none the worse for the effort, but remarked that 'he had preached for the last time.'

After this, he grew rapidly weaker. On the 23rd of November appetite and strength failed, and it became evident that he was sinking. He requested his Wife daily to read and pray by his side. When at last his son arrived out of Sussex, he received at his hands the Holy Communion, greatly to his solace and satisfaction; repeating to himself the "comfortable words" from time to time throughout the day. He was full of thankfulness and gratitude, full of love and kindness to all. He spoke of many of his old friends, to whom his mind was evidently reverting at the last. "I must wait GOD's time," he said, "but I long to be at rest." He asked his children severally what would be their hope and trust when the like hour came to them? spoke to his Wife about their approaching severance; and asked her what she thought "it would be like?" meaning dissolution. It comforted him to have hymns repeated to him. The last Psalms he followed were those for the tenth day.

Late at night, on the ensuing Sunday, it became clear to his Wife and Children, who were assembled round him, that the end had arrived. The commendatory prayer was read by his Son. At two on Monday morning (December 14, 1885) his spirit passed away.

In pursuance with his request that he might be "carried to the grave by loving hands," his Choir volunteered their services. His Curates, with whom he had always kept up his connection, and whose friendship he greatly valued, assisted in the Burial Office, and followed their loved Vicar to the grave. His first Curate, Canon Moore, came up all the way from Truro for that purpose. What need to add that by his parishioners, to whom for five-and-thirty years, in life and in death, he had so faithfully ministered, Charles Page Eden was sincerely revered, as well as cherished, and for many a year to come will be faithfully lamented?

I propose to conclude the foregoing sketch of a truly *exemplary* life in a somewhat unusual way,—namely, by appending to it part of one of Eden's unpublished sermons. It was preached in York Minster on Quinquagesima Sunday, 1881: its text, Isaiah lvii. 2: its subject, "*The Intermediate State*." I seem to hear the interesting, earnest, thoughtful cadences of the preacher's voice, while I read as follows:—

"Once more. There are who entertain the thought of more than probation, even of a reversal of doom in the unseen world. They claim it in the interests of Divine Mercy. I have not space to allude even to the arguments wherewith this extreme view is sustained; nor is it needful perhaps for the edification of those who now hear me. I am content to say that those who desire to expatiate in that topic, (the sunshine of the Divine benevolence,) may find a safer direction for their thoughts than in the attempt to reset the ancient sentence that 'in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.'⁸ Let them be content to draw more mercifully than perhaps they have been wont, their line of *who* may be hoped to be in the state of grace, 'in Mercy's sight.' GOD looketh on the heart; and reads perhaps the dispositions which He loves, where men fail to discern them. There may be an orthodoxy, cold and rigid, which hath little of the *mind* of the Gospel. There may be minds very imperfectly enlightened as to the doctrines of the Divine

⁸ Eccl. xi. 3.

scheme, (like that of the poor woman who thought she could come and touch CHRIST's garment without His knowing it), but in whom the principle of Faith is clear and strong, and whom CHRIST judges thereby. There may be the other poor woman whom man would push aside, but whom CHRIST permits even to touch His sacred Person, because 'she loved much.' Let the assertors of Divine Mercy expatiate in *that* direction. They believe, doubtless, that heathens may be saved through CHRIST, if GOD sees in them the mind which in the believer accepts CHRIST; and would, had it known Him, heartily have accepted Him unto Salvation. Let them be content that Divine Mercy deal by like measure with those who, in a Christian country, are practically in a like case with the heathen.

"The pastor of a large parish knows what I mean. He has learned, after a long experience, to judge gently of his people, and in particular to give weight to their domestic and neighbourly charities among themselves; remembering how remarkable this feature is brought forward in our LORD's picture of the final Judgment, where *all* nations are gathered before the throne, and, (there being many who could not have heard of CHRIST), are judged by the rule of Charity; and the merciful and considerate are put on CHRIST's right hand,—the opposite characters, on His left. Yes, never let it be forgotten, (and GOD be thanked for the information!) that in the Last Day many shall find a gracious acceptance of their lives and persons which they dreamed not of. 'LORD, when saw we Thee'—and so on; and JESUS shall tell them when; and shall deal with them accordingly, shall set them on His right hand.*

"Do I mean that it is matter of indifference whether we name CHRIST's Name, and look for acceptance through Him and Him alone? No, brethren, we are in the light. I speak of those to whom little has been given, little light, and whom GOD can judge according to that little. May we, meantime, hope much; diligent to shew to others the light we have, to reach to them the torch which GOD has put into our hands, may we cultivate in ourselves the mind which shall prepare us, under GOD's Mercy, for the place of rest and tranquil hope. Thither the chastened soul takes its flight when life's conflict is over. Yea, and at once, as far as we are told. The Judgment Day looks distant, but the place of rest is near: life's last moment joins on to the first experience of Paradise; we hear the word from white and quivering lips, 'Come, LORD.' We all but hear the reply,—we all but see the gate open,—the blessed 'Mansion' receive its guest! The departed one comes back to us in the hour of prayer and Communion, not to tell us what Paradise is—(*that* could not be!)—but to cheer us in our warfare, as with the silent message,—'O could you know what we know!'"

* S. Matth. xxv. 31-46.

(xii). CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS:

THE GOOD LAYMAN.

[A. D. 1806—1885.]

IT is not often that the grave closes over one who, without claiming to be in the ordinary sense of the word "a public man," has been so widely known, beloved, revered, throughout his native county and neighbourhood, and indeed far beyond it, as the dear friend and brother, the story of whose precious life I am about to trace in briefest outline. Sitting in his library, surrounded by the books which till yesterday he called his own,—(he used playfully to call the library *mine*, so many long studious days have I passed without stirring, or wishing to stir, from my place near the window),—I find it difficult to divest myself of the belief that he may at any moment enter in quest of a volume, or to exchange words of kindness with me. It is a strange and a sad sensation with which to set about disentangling the pleasant memories of half a century of years; and to write of one who has so recently entered upon his 'Saint's rest.'

CHARLES LONGUET, eldest of the three children of JOHN HIGGINS, esq. of Turvey Abbey, Bedfordshire, was born under his Father's roof on St. Andrew's Day, 1806. Five generations at least of his forefathers had resided at Weston Underwood,—a pleasant Buckinghamshire village about six miles distant from Turvey, where by the latter part of the XVIIIth century they had grown into two distinct families. John and Bartholomew, cousins, (grandsons of Hugh Higgins 'the elder'), then respectively married Ann and Elizabeth, daughters of Charles Kilpin, esq. by Ann, sister of Bartholomew Clarke of Hardingstone, whose only daughter and heiress married Sir Jacob Bouverie, afterwards Lord Folkestone. Charles Higgins, born in 1727, (second son of John and Ann),—Sheriff of London in 1786-7,—was the first to reside at Turvey Abbey, having purchased the manor of Turvey in the same year, together with a considerable estate in the parish, of Charles Henry, fifth and last Earl of Peterborough.¹ He was one of those with whom love of kindred, joined to an ardent attachment to their birthplace, is the ruling passion of their lives. His one ambition throughout a long, honourable and suc-

¹ In the person of this nobleman expired (in 1814) the honours of an illustrious and powerful house which, coming over with William the Norman, had been lords of the soil of Turvey

before the time of King Richard I. Several particulars concerning this family will be found in the ensuing pages.

cessful career, had been to end his days amid the friends of his youth, and in the scenes of his boyhood. I have heard him described as a man of large charity (to which indeed his local benefactions bear sufficient testimony), earnest but unpretending piety, much kindness of heart. He it was who established the Sunday School at Turvey in 1790. Thomas Scott, the Commentator, relates,—

"A house at Weston belonging to Mr. Charles Higgins became vacant and was offered to me at less than half the rent which I had previously paid. I accordingly removed to it.² Mr. H. took no rent of me, but a hamper of pears annually from a fine tree in the garden,—for which he regularly sent me a receipt."³

Dying unmarried at the age of 66 in 1792, he became the founder of two families. His favourite nephew, John, was the father of the subject of the present memoir. He succeeded his uncle at Turvey Abbey in the ensuing year.

Of this gentleman, who was born at Weston Underwood May 3rd, 1768, the only son of singularly virtuous parents, my memory furnishes the living image. He was a country Squire of the best type; not by any means disinclined to the traditionary delights of his class, but with a soul above them. A Tory in politics (of course), he cherished wholesome traditions concerning "Church and King." His domestics never left him: in three instances he had had servants for three generations out of the same family. Landscape-gardening and concern for his tenantry were his prevailing hobbies. But then he possessed much refinement,—was a capital letter-writer,—had a taste which amounted to a passion for poetry, painting, antiquities, books,—was beyond all things a lover of goodness, and conspicuously "a lover of good men." Given to hospitality, he had an ample fund of agreeable stories,—some of which I have heard him tell more than once. Not a few quaint sayings too he had, which—like his wine—had the merit of being old and wholesome.

A kinder host, a more agreeable and entertaining companion, is rarely to be met with. Once, on hearing me speak with rapture of the pleasure I had derived from an exquisite portrait of 'Nelly O'Brien' by Reynolds, he kindled with emotion,—described how very lovely she was,—recalled his young days when she was a toast at Northampton, and when to win her hand for a dance used to be a prime object of ambition with every young man in the room. He was old enough to remember a ball at (what are now) 'Houghton Ruins,' near Amphihl. He had been a patron of William Collins, R.A.,—one of whose sweetly painted pictures ('Boys bird-nesting,' executed in 1826), hangs in the drawing-room,⁴ and he had many amusing things to tell about the painter while on a visit to

² He removed from the picturesque house by the road-side, called 'The Lodge,' which was subsequently occupied by the poet Cowper.

³ *Life*,—p. 126. 'Pear-tree house' is quite a picturesque object in Weston Underwood. The same rent continued to be paid to Mr. John Higgins until Scott's death. In that house Scott wrote his '*Force of Truth*,'—of which the first edition is dated Feb. 1779. "It was revised by Mr. Cowper," writes the author; "and, as to style and external, but not otherwise, considerably improved by his

advice." (*Ibid.* p. 127.)

⁴ In a letter dated 11 *New Cavendish Street*, March 28, 1826), the artist writes,—“During the summer and autumn I painted two pictures,—a group of children picking hops, and a large one of prawn-fishers, for the King. The former, I intend for the Exhibition: the latter, I took by his Majesty's desire to the Lodge at Windsor, where I had the honour of an interview,—which was, I assure you, one of the most gratifying circumstances of my professional career.

Turvey. Especially interesting was it to hear him descant on certain passages in his own youthful life;—as, the supreme benefit which (thanks to his pious parents) Scott's ministry had been to himself in what must have been for the Church a dismally dark day.⁵ "Scott's energy in the pulpit" (writes Charles Longuet, his son),

"was considerable; but being afflicted at times with asthma, he was often obliged to stop in the midst of his discourse to regain breath. Then, leaning forward, with a flourish of his arm in the air, and with what almost amounted to a shriek, he would commence again. It was on such an occasion, that, having attracted the wondering attention of my Father who was then quite a lad, and who was sitting just below the pulpit,—perhaps with a smile on his countenance at the grotesque manner of the dear old man,—Scott, thrusting out his arm straight towards him with an unusually vigorous flourish of the fist, ejaculated—'It is very commonly said the devil is in you, but you little think how true it is.'"

One of the preacher's shrewd maxims was this,—“When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has a very good reason for letting it alone.” “I have often” (my informant added) “acted on Mr. Scott's saying, and found the benefit of it.” Cardinal Newman speaks of “Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford” as,—

“The writer who made a deeper impression on my mind than any other, and to whom (humanly speaking) I almost owe my soul. I so admired and delighted in his writings, that, when I was an undergraduate, I thought of making a visit to his Parsonage, in order to see a man whom I so deeply revered. I had been possessed of his *Essays* from a boy; his *Commentary* I bought when I was an undergraduate.”⁶

Interesting beyond all things, however, were my friend's recollections of the graceful hospitalities of ‘Weston Hall,’ the picturesque old mansion of the Throckmortons, where he always found delightful society. This invariably led him off into something entertaining concerning the poet Cowper, who, in November 1786, at his cousin Lady Hesketh's suggestion and the Throckmortons' request, had removed from his house in the Market-place of Olney⁷ in order to reside at Weston, (only two miles distant), in what was called “the Lodge.” There the poet spent what proved to be the nine happiest years of his life.

He had just emerged into celebrity by the publication, at the end of four years, (namely in 1785,) of a second volume of poems, which caused him to be at once recognized as one of the most successful of English poets. My friend was then but 18 years of age. On learning that a neighbour of his was able to repeat any of his poems by heart, Cowper invited his youthful admirer to ‘a dish of tea’; which was the beginning of a friendship to which Mr. Higgins ever after reverted with affectionate delight and excusable pride.

I greatly regret that I never committed to writing the entertaining reminiscences which Mr. Higgins, when first I knew him, used to produce concerning Cowper,—Mrs. Unwin,—Lady Austen,—Lady Hesketh,—

⁵ “My congregations” (Scott relates) “were small but very select: at Ravenstone, on an average, not more than 40; afterwards, at Olney, (though that town contained about 2500 inhabitants,) seldom above 50 or 60; and at Weston, often under 30.”—*Life of Scott*, p. 160. He went to Ravenstone in 1775:

removed to Weston Underwood in 1777: to Olney in 1781: to London in 1785. His three country cures are all within a couple of miles of each other.

⁶ *Apologia*,—p. 60.

⁷ He and Mrs. Unwin had arrived there Oct. 14th, 1767.

and the two accomplished and cultivated brothers, John and George Throckmorton. These must have formed a delightful group indeed, to which John Newton, (Curate of Olney from 1765 to 1779,) contributed an interesting, though a somewhat grotesque, element. Of Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Throckmorton, the poet writes :—

"It is not possible to conceive a more engaging and agreeable character than the gentleman's,—or a more consummate assemblage of all that is called good-nature, complaisance, and innocent cheerfulness than is to be seen in the Lady."⁸

Between the inmates of 'the Hall' and of 'the Lodge' there was constant intercourse.

"There are few days in which we do not meet," (writes the poet to his cousin, Lady Hesketh,) "and I am now almost as much at home in their house as in our own. Mr. Throckmorton having long since put me in possession of all his grounds, has now given me possession of his library: an acquisition of great value to me, who never have been able to live without books since I first knew my letters, and who have no books of my own. . . . Mr. George Throckmorton is at the Hall, and the whole party drink tea with us this evening."⁹

It is evident from many a hint in Cowper's letters, and especially from what I used to pick up from Mr. Higgins, that the great charm of those social gatherings was the table-talk; to which—what need to say it?—Cowper was ever the chief contributor. "We dined yesterday at the Hall," writes the same to the same, a few months later,) "and spent our four or five hours there very agreeably,—as we always do, *except when the company is too large for conversation*."¹ Mr. Higgins used to explain that it was not so much *what* "Mr. Cowper" said, as the way he said it, —his *manner* of relating an ordinary incident,—which charmed his auditory, or convulsed them with merriment. Moreover, they knew that something delightful was coming before it came. His eye would suddenly kindle and all his face become lighted up with the fun of the story, before he opened his lips to speak.² At last he began to relate some ludicrous incident,—which, although you had yourself witnessed it, you had failed to recognize as mirthful. A bull had frightened him and caused him to clear a hedge with undue precipitancy. His 'shorts' became seriously lacerated; and the consternation with which their modest occupant had effected his retreat home,—holding his garments together, in order that his calamity might escape detection,—was made extravagantly diverting. —Once, in the grey of the evening, while adjusting his shoe-buckle on the step of a stile, the village post-woman advanced towards him, and on reaching the stile,—little dreaming who was behind it, and what he was about,—inadvertently planted the sole of her foot on the back of the poet's head. He,—as little dreaming who was overhead,—tossing up suddenly, seemed to himself to have caused the astonished female to make a kind of rotatory somersault in the air.—The fun of such described adventures

⁸ (May 10th, 1784.) *Correspondence*,—i. 324.

⁹ 'The Lodge, Aug. 30th, 1787.'

¹ Hayley (i. 262-3) withholds the first half of the letter from which I quote. And why does he suppress Cowper's tribute to Mr. George Throckmorton's pleasantness? "He has too a considerable share of drollery and quickness, of thought and fancy, of a kind which none of the family seem to partake

with him."

The dinner-hour of those days must have been a wondrous early one (I believe it was 3 o'clock), for Cowper elsewhere speaks of partaking of "*supper*" after his return home.

² The reader is invited to refer back to what was said concerning Dean Mansel, — pp. 332-3.

of course depended in part on your knowledge of the persons and of the localities discoursed of; but above all, it resulted from the playful humour,—call it rather *wit*,—which was at all times prepared to construct out of the slenderest materials an amusing incident. So ready and so graceful in fact was the poet's fancy, that he knew how to make an amusing story out of *nothing*. Did there exist any way of writing down the buzzing of a gnat,—so as to distinguish the droning noise he makes at the distance, from the stridulous sound by which he announces that he has at last found you out on your sleepless pillow,—I would convincingly illustrate what I have just been saying. But it is *not* possible; and so, the story must remain unwritten, and at last depart with me.

Aware of his reverential admiration of Cowper, Mrs. Unwin used to indulge Mr. John Higgins with a sight of many of the poet's lesser efforts,—“spic and span” as she phrased it,—transcribed in her own beautiful Italian hand. One of her communications lies before me:—

“Mrs. Unwin presents compliments to Mr. Higgins, and as she is no stranger to his partiality for Mr. Cowper's poetical productions, has sent him two spic and span new pieces. One bears its origin on its face. The other is addressed to a Miss Stapleton,—a very amiable young Lady who was lately at the Hall; sings finely, and as soon as requested.

“Thus Mrs. Unwin would endeavour to make some little return to Mr. Higgins for the ornament he lately gave to the study. His drawing is framed and glazed, and the execution of it is much admired by all who have seen it.”

The note is unfortunately undated. But if (as I suspect) it refers to ‘*the Cockfighter's garland*,’³ it must have been written in May 1789. However this may be, “Miss Stapleton” became in 1792 the wife of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Throckmorton, and is the “Catharina” to whom the poet addressed the well-known verses in which her delightful voice and skill on the harpsichord are so gracefully commemorated. Of the many notes addressed to himself which he once possessed, (the rest had been begged by friends as autographs), Mr. John Higgins retained none but the following. It evidently belongs to the first days of Cowper's residence at Weston:—

“Mr. Cowper presents his compliments to Mr. Higgins, and the following extract from Lady Hesketh's letter:—‘I send a waistcoat, which I beg you will present in my name to Mr. John Higgins. It is a miserable return for his beautiful drawings, but he must consider it as the widow's mite. Did I know anything that would be useful or acceptable to him, either in the drawing way, or in any other, I should be happy to send it him. Pray tell him his performances are approved by everybody. People regret that he is born to affluence since it threatens to deprive the world of such a genius.’—Mr. Cowper will expect the pleasure of Mr. Higgins' company at tea this afternoon.”

It was for the monument of John's excellent Mother in Weston Church (1791), that the poet wrote the well-known Epitaph, (it appears among his poems,) beginning—‘Laurels may flourish round the conqueror's tomb.’—My friend told me that, in the summer of 1792, often standing by while B. Abbot, R.A. was painting Cowper's portrait, on a certain occasion he sat for *the hand*,—the poet, weary of sitting, having

³ Only two other of Cowper's pieces transcribed by Mrs. Unwin have been preserved

by the family,—“*Pairing time anticipated*” and “*The needless alarm*.”

forsaken his chair. Those of Cowper's admirers who possess a *silhouette* of him in which a slice has evidently been scraped away from the back of his wig, may care to be told that the very striking likeness in question was obtained by reducing a shadow of the poet's profile made by Mr. Higgins in 1791,—with which Lady Hesketh would not be content until 'a trifle' more than the shadow justified had been taken off. The flatness of the back of Cowper's head was even extraordinary. The ensuing winter (1792) was Mr. Higgins' last at Weston. Three years later Cowper himself took leave of the village,—on which occasion he is found to have inscribed at the back of the shutter of his bedroom window the mournful distich at foot of the page. At the end of about five-and-thirty years, my brother discovered the words, and sent me a copy of them in a letter.⁴ Cowper had promised Mr. Higgins to pay him a visit at Turvey before he left Weston for ever; but the intention had been formed too late.

I may be thought to have enlarged unreasonably, and lingered unduly, on Weston and the poet Cowper. My excuse must be that such as these were the traditions of the boyhood of the dear friend and brother of whose life I have undertaken to write some account. The memory of Cowper and of Cowper's intimates is inseparably bound up with the latest as well as with the earliest associations of his life. Certain relics too of the poet he possessed and cherished. Thus, he constantly wore Cowper's shoe-buckles.⁵ The chest of drawers in which '*The Retired Cat*' ensconced herself stood in his bedroom. In an adjoining chamber is a chair furnished with three wheels—(it had belonged to the Throckmortons)—in connection with which his Father used to describe the poet's comical distress at finding himself on a certain occasion (like his own 'John Gilpin') taking a longer journey than he intended. A merry party of young people, having first set open the doors of every passage-room in Weston Hall, persuaded Cowper to seat himself comfortably in the aforesaid chair; and then,—paying no manner of attention to his urgent entreaties that they would stop,—whirled him, in triumph and in laughter, up and down the whole length of the mansion.—Cowper's verses were ever on my brother's lips; and the scenery of '*The Task*' was more dear, as well as more familiar, to him, than any in the world,—excepting always the immediate environments of his own happy home. Let me be permitted to add, that the more I survey the *idyll* of which I have been endeavouring, in what precedes, to convey to the reader some general notion,—the more attached to it do I become. It is really strange to what an extent the genius of Cowper,—his poems, his letters, his life,—have thrown an atmosphere of interest, a halo of glory rather, over all the surroundings of Olney and of Weston: breathed a soul, as it

⁴ Farewell, dear scenes, for ever closed to me!

Oh, for what sorrow must I now exchange you.

July 28, 1795.

⁵ They had been given to the poet's friend and neighbour, the Rev. John Buchanan (perpetual Curate of Weston Underwood); at whose death, in 1826, they were presented to Mr. John Higgins by Mr. Buchanan's cousin

and executor.—A note lies before me (addressed by Mrs. Courtenay [Cowper's 'Catharina'] to Mr. Buchanan) inviting him to dinner at the Hall:—"Mr. Courtenay has a *whimsical* wish come into his head, that he should very much like to have a sight of Mr Cowper's old *buckles*, which are in your possession. Perhaps you will be so kind as to bring them with you."

were, into the landscape which he loved, and peopled the broad silent street of the former village,—the deserted highway of the latter,—with undying forms, and none but graceful images or harmonious echoes. The picturesque mansion of the Throckmortons was dismantled in 1828,⁶ but many an adjunct of their ancient dwelling,—‘the wilderness,’ ‘the avenue,’ ‘the alcove,’ ‘the shrubbery,’—yet survives. Neglect (what wonder?) is written everywhere: but there is a nameless grace which seems as if it must cleave to that pleasant locality for ever. The figures are gone, but the frame-work of the picture, so to speak, at the end of 100 years remains unchanged. Nay, the place in a manner repairs its losses by gaining in tender interest from year to year. And now, to turn the page.

After the alienation of 14 lordships in Bedfordshire and Bucks in the reign of Queen Anne, the parish of Turvey (in the former county) alone remained to the Mordaunts. It was the centre of their vast territorial splendour,—the lordship from which they derived their earliest title. Here was the original seat of the family (‘Turvey Hall’), of which not a vestige, nor (it is thought) a representation of any sort, at this time survives,—though its site is plainly marked by the remains of foundations, fishponds, and those many peculiar irregularities of the soil which invariably indicate the whereabouts of an ancient mansion. The park or chase abounded with game,—every hill and dale being thickly covered with ancestral forest timber. But there had been made a general clearance of trees previously to the enclosure of the parish, and the immediately subsequent dismemberment of the Turvey estate, in 1786–7: so that, on succeeding to his uncle’s property in 1793, John Higgins found himself the owner of bare acres surrounding the old house (it dates in part from the time of Henry viith)⁷ which had long been called “Turvey Abbey,”—it is supposed from some tributary connection with the Abbey of Bec, in Normandy. He set about planting in every direction,—in a soil highly favourable to the growth of timber, as the present aspect of the place abundantly attests. When I first visited Turvey (viz. in 1832) the road, at noon of day, was literally as dark as night to one nearing the village from Bedford. The garden front was most inconveniently embowered,—*buried* rather,—in forest trees.

In 1804 (November 1st), he married Theresa, eldest of the four daughters, co-heiresses, of Benjamin Longuet, esq. of Louth and of Bath.⁸ At a long subsequent date, their son and heir,—born, as already stated, on S. Andrew’s Day, 1806,—thus referred to the event in a letter to myself written almost at the close of life, carrying in fact its own date on its front:—

“On this day of the year, seventy-nine years ago, my dear Father and Mother were married. The ceremony took place at Queen Square Chapel, Bath. . . . My mother’s youngest sister Maria had just before become the wife of Richard Orlebar of Hinwick House. He was rather short of stature; and much addicted, like other

⁶ Immediately before its demolition, Mr. Higgins made drawings of its four sides. These have been privately lithographed.

⁷ This is inferred from the ancient fire-places. The dates on the gables are ‘1603’ and ‘1608.’

⁸ The Longuets were a Huguenot refugee family. In consequence of an intermarriage with the Lefroys, notices of them are found in the interesting privately printed ‘*History of the Lefroy family*’ [by General Sir J. H. Lefroy, C.B.],—pp. x, xv, xvi & 22, 69, 194.

country gentlemen, to fishing. At the Bedford county Ball, which occurred just after our mother's wedding, and at which both the brides appeared, some amusement was occasioned by a gentleman present accosting Mrs. Orlebar with,—‘Ah, Madam! You have done pretty well. You have caught a very nice little Dickey. But your sister has caught the great Jack.’

“Do you remember the dinner which always concluded the ceremonies of the anniversary, at which James Chater and Thomas Benbow waited in pea-green coats, cuffs and collars turned up with red, a large red waistcoat, with plush shorts and white stockings, which displayed calves of extraordinary dimensions?

“It was the custom of those days to have all the substantial viands placed on the table at once. Six or seven ribs of roast-beef stood before my Father: a boiled turkey graced my Mother's end of the table; and an enormous ham figured in the centre. It was a marvel how people could eat at all in the presence of such an apparition: but, on the contrary, two assaults on the first only seemed to be provocative of further displays of vigour with reference to the second and third. It was certainly all very hospitable and ‘jolly,’ but I am thankful that things are done somewhat differently now. The only little bit of colour, in the way of floral adornment, was the pink lobed seed-vessels of the *cuonymus*. How different from our own happy experience! The dear fingers which so lovingly and artistically work in Deanery and Abbey gardens, so order things, that the whole table is easily made resplendent with flowers of every hue.

“Forgive me, dear old Johnny, for recalling such home matters, but the day raised up glowing memories in my mind, and my heart has run through my fingers into my pen.”

A second son, Henry Hugh, was born in 1814; the birth of an only daughter, Mary, having preceded, in 1808. The education of the two young men was conducted at home,—not very triumphantly, it must be confessed, as far as Greek and Latin were concerned; but in Natural History they made themselves great proficient, and to all the manly exercises of their age and condition they were both alike enthusiastically addicted. Let the younger of the two brothers be allowed to speak to this part of the subject for himself. He is addressing, as President, the ‘*Liverpool Naturalists' Field Club*’;⁹ and while professing to review ‘*Thomas Bewick and his Pencilings of Scenes in Winter*,’ he reviews *con amore* a specimen picture of his own early Past, at the end of almost half a century of years:—

“Nothing can efface my recollections of winter scenes familiar to me whilst I was in the home of my young days. I will endeavour to supply from memory the incidents of a December morning fifty years ago. Soon after 6 a.m. a servant awoke my brother and myself with the startling announcement—‘fifteen degrees below freezing, sir!’ A moment's glance at the frosted window-panes, sparkling like diamonds in the slanting rays of the northern moon, and we were dressing (as may well be supposed) with little care to linger over the last touches of our toilet. Then came the first steps in the open air, as the door closed after us—softly, for fear of disturbing the sleepers, who in due time were to welcome us and praise our sport on our return. . . . What a morning! Brightly dark it was with the stars shining all in strange places; the stars of spring in the December sky, and the air solid through excess of cold. Good old Pilot (our retriever) meets us, but not with the boundings and barkings proper for starting on a rabbit foray. Demurely and half asleep he follows, with nose close behind our knees, for there is serious work to be done, testing his skill and honour; and he has to earn his basin of hot bread-and-milk,—grateful and comforting to a dog who has done his duty on such a morning.

“It is Charles' turn to take the longer route, two miles round by the bridge; so I commence my way leisurely by the nearer road across the fields. Crisp needle-pointed ice crystals are growing in the thin and almost invisible sheet of grey mist that covers the turnip-tops; but it is not light enough to see their beauty. The

⁹ Address at the annual meeting of the Club,—April, 1878 (pp. 12),—pp. 6 to 8.

sheep with hoary fleeces are still lying huddled together in their fold of hurdles, and a few larks spring up at my feet, unseen. I reach the meadow, but find myself too soon by twenty minutes. Charles will not have had time to reach his post on the opposite side of the river, so I rest near a low hedge. It is closely thatched by a bank of water-flags and rushes brought down by the November flood, and is bordered on the nearer side by a ditch in which the sedges stand crested and collared with broad frills of thin white ice, from which the water has drained away. My thoughts are intent on sport, but are nevertheless unconsciously drawn to the beauty of the scene. The stars are fading in the early dawn, and how silent and pure is the face of Nature! Hark, surely it is the distant cry of the Curlew, and *that* is a sound seldom heard in our south-midland counties.

"But now, watch in hand, I perceive that the anxiously awaited moment of approach to the river is drawing nigh. Charles will now be crossing the meadow on the further side, and we are to be on the opposite banks of the river exactly at the same instant. Stealthily, with a creeping motion and a beating heart, the advance commences. A couple of snipes flit up close to my feet, and fly *scaping* away. Let them go! a shot now would spoil all. Time is up: now for a quick step, or I shall be too late. The river here is very broad, including several small reed-covered islands studded with willow-trees and intersected by shallow winding streams, loved by the mallard and his mate. I am on the worse side, but get as near as I can. A stone is thrown from the opposite bank, and the splash of its fall between the islands is soon followed by the double report of Charles' gun. 'O ye ice and snow!' what a flapping and a quacking—the air is full of birds. A great blue heron jumps up, neck and crop, into the air within ten yards, and almost falls again before the heavy strokes of its wings can bear the frightened awkward creature fairly on its way.

"Whish!—before my very face a compact wedge of widgeon rush past, up the river. Ah, if my shot had been saved, two or three at least might have been bagged,—and they are rarely seen so far away from the fens. Smile not, kind reader! My gun in those days was not a double breech-loader but a single-barreled percussion gun, which in fact had had a narrow escape from being a flint. Well, I had got a good heavy mallard; and Charles, I would be bound, had got *two* birds of some kind. A shout comes from the other side,—'Pretty good *that*! Have you got *yours*?' 'Yes, have *you*?' 'All right,—the widgeon are down again. Hurrah!'"

To the Rectory of Turvey had come in October 1805, the Rev. Legh Richmond,—an excellent specimen of the school to which the Church of England was to a great extent indebted, under GOD, for whatever she exhibited outwardly of vital religion and practical piety during the last half of the former, and the first quarter of the present century. Whether it be not equally true that to the one-sided teaching, slender churchmanship, and irregular method of the leaders of that school, the Church is further indebted for not a few of those divisions which at this day are the abiding sorrow of our country parishes,—it would be foreign to my present purpose to inquire. Such an one as Legh Richmond could not fail to exert a powerful influence over the inmates of Turvey Abbey. Besides being a sincerely pious man, he was a very entertaining person: was (what is called) 'exceedingly good company': above all, had three sons of his own to educate. It was at last arranged that he should obtain the services of a Curate competent to guide the studies of the boys of both families. Certain of these Curates,—(for there was a succession of them,)—proved but sorry scholars; while certain others, not unnaturally, experienced more satisfaction in trying to win the affections of one or other of the Rector's charming daughters than in trying to kindle enthusiasm in the hearts of their brothers for Virgil and Homer. In brief, the educational experiment succeeded very badly. The inaptitude of Mr. Richmond's Curates to teach their pupils Latin and Greek was only

unimportant because they seem to have had so little of either language to impart. Certainly, to no help or guidance which he obtained from the preceptors of his boyhood, was Charles Longuet indebted for the extraordinary proficiency he subsequently attained in that varied knowledge which no English gentleman of the best type may be without ; but which he, by the mere proclivity of his nature, cultivated through life with zeal, and eventually possessed in rare perfection. His studious, thoughtful habits were all his own. The end of the matter was that with as slender a classical outfit as was practicable, Charles went up to Cambridge, and under the Rev. Legh Richmond's guidance was entered at Trinity College, on the 24th of May, 1824. Inasmuch however as the date of his matriculation as a Pensioner of Trinity is found to be Nov. 14th in the ensuing year,¹ it is probable that he did not commence actual residence at Cambridge until the beginning of 1826, being then rather more than 19 years of age. The College 'Admission book' states that his Turvey preceptor had been the Rev. J. Ayre; and that the tutor to whom he was now assigned was 'Mr. Whewell.'

I have said little about my friend's youthful life, and shall dismiss the subject with the brief statement that the future bent of his disposition became conspicuous from his earliest manhood. Quite impossible was it that one of so earnest a nature should ever acquiesce contentedly in the ordinary sports and occupations of a country Squire. And yet, he was one of the best shots in the county, as well as one of the most skilful of anglers; an accomplished rider too, though he never cared to hunt. In whatever he did, he was thorough. He was always successful in killing,—was supremely careful not to wound,—his bird. Every hole and every shallow of the river—(the rights of which were exclusively his own)—he had known by heart from boyhood: while his great personal strength, (for when I first knew him he was like a young Hercules), added to his quick eye and nice manipulation of whatever he undertook to handle, were of paramount service to him as a sportsman. At archery meetings his score was ever the highest, and his arrows had a more point-blank trajectory than those of his competitors.² Few could bend his bow. His younger brother's vivid portraiture of the sport in which they were both engaged one early winter morning is, to say the least, suggestive. But his fondness for such pursuits subordinated to his love of Nature's self. Natural objects were his delight, and natural history was not with him so much a taste as a passion. He collected insects,—studied the ways of birds, beasts, fishes,—preserved shells and fossils: there was in truth no branch of Natural Science which he did not at first pursue with excessive ardour, and in which he did not eventually become a great proficient. But then, over and above all this, it is truest of all to declare that he was, as a young man, enamoured of *goodness* in all its forms: loved holiness: aimed at being a blessing to others: was set on making practical piety the

¹ From the Rev. R. Appleton, Senior Dean of Trinity, and the Registrar of the University,—Rev. H. R. Luard.

From his brother,—who adds:—'When a child, out in the fields with his mother in her donkey-chair, he was told to go and shoot a

little bird for her. His bow was an ash sapling, and his arrow a reed with an elder cap. He went and returned with a bird he *had shot flying*. He was told to go and shoot another, which accordingly he did, and brought it to his mother.

very business of his life. Legh Richmond's teaching doubtless proved helpful to him: but *that* were a superficial view indeed which could mistake a salutary influence for a creative cause. The Rector of Turvey died in the May of 1827.

Charles Longuet once told me casually in conversation,—(it was in the spring of 1884, and, for a wonder, I made a memorandum of the circumstance at the time),—that, on going up to Cambridge in the beginning of 1826, he secretly set before himself three great objects for his after-life. The first was,—To re-edify and enlarge the parish church at Turvey:—the second,—To rebuild the cottages on his paternal estate, as well as to erect new Schools:—the third,—To found a Library for the use of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry (which is co-extensive with the county) of Bedford. Such an evidence of matured character and deliberate moral purpose in a youth of twenty had better be left uncommented on and unadorned. The subject will perforce have to be reverted to immediately: but it may be as well to state at once that the high square pews,—(lined with red or green baize and overstocked with cushions,)—the oppressive galleries, portentous pulpit, and sordid appointments which prevailed in our country churches within the memory of elderly persons,—were to be witnessed at Turvey in great perfection. In this, as in most of the surrounding villages, the public way was also skirted by tenements,—low, thatched, comfortless, and often dilapidated,—which were rather *hovels* than cottage residences; many of them carrying on their front evidence of their probable history,—namely, that they were the architectural efforts of their first occupants. Here too the School which his great-uncle had founded in 1792 was carried on in the humblest of buildings. What need to add that the tone of the neighbouring Clergy conspicuously admitted of improvement, and that by no possibility could Festus himself have charged any of their number with mental aberration through 'much learning'? . . . The characteristic feature of the resolve which my brother carried up with him to Cambridge, and there matured, was, that it was conceived and cherished by him at such an early date. He was among the foremost in a field where not a few have since signalized themselves; but by no means for the most part with corresponding success.

I will here remind those of the present generation,—(to whom such things must sound purely fabulous),—that the improvement in whatever belongs to the Services of the Sanctuary, including the manners, tone, and bearing of the Clergy themselves, since the first quarter of this nineteenth century of ours,—is altogether extraordinary. The Hymn was given out by the parish-Clerk, who first recited two lines at a time,—in order to let the congregation know what they were required to sing. Charles remembered a worthy man, the Curate of a neighbouring village,—(I will not indicate him more exactly),—who, on coming over to Turvey on Sundays, used, between morning and afternoon Service, to halt at '*The Three Fishes*,' (an old inn near the bridge): to take his repose in the porch: and there, in his shirt sleeves, and in view of all passers-by, to refresh himself with bread-and-cheese and a tankard of ale,—having

first suspended his wig on the top of his walking cudgel, and deposited the latter against the wall. . . . The same individual,—(really a worthy and respectable person,)—was overtaken by the Bishop of the diocese walking from Turvey to Bedford one hot day without his coat (which he carried on his arm), and singing lustily 'My friend and pitcher.' The Bishop from the carriage window,—“I congratulate you, my friend, on being *in such good voice!*”

At Cambridge, Charles found himself introduced at once to a society of excellent young men, of whom Mr. Simeon was the guiding spirit. My brother zealously attended both his public and his private teaching, but was specially benefited by the latter. The practice used to be to repair to his rooms at King's College on a Friday evening,—“my open day,” (as Simeon used to call it), “when I receive visitors at tea, frequently more than forty,—all without invitation.” His way was to sit on a high chair,—the gownsmen on forms in front of him. The men were encouraged to propose difficult texts of Scripture,—to ask hard questions,—to ventilate their individual doubts and perplexities.³ Punctuality in arriving was rigidly exacted, and the instruction lasted for exactly an hour. The Rev. Charles Simeon's sermons (at Trinity Church) were largely attended by the more thoughtful and devout members of the undergraduate body. Those discourses are described as very earnest and very impressive. The preacher's *manner* must have been peculiar. With outstretched arm, connecting the extremity of his forefinger with the summit of his thumb, he always seemed engaged in *trying to catch a fly*.⁴ And perhaps, in a certain sense, so he really was. One of the friends of those happy undergraduate days (T. W. Meller) wrote to Charles Longuet long after,—

“Does the squire, now owner of the Abbey pew, still go up to worship God in His house of prayer with the same earnest loving spirit with which he used, 30 years back, to hurry through Rose Crescent to get to Simeon's in time? You remember those sermons at Trinity Church? and sometimes the friendly cup of coffee afterwards? and then our talking over the sermon?”⁵

There is no greater charm in a man's undergraduate life, than the College friendships which he then forms, and by consequence the many precious recollections of bright and joyous days which he carries away with him,—carries away and cherishes in his inmost heart to the latest hour of his existence. True, that as the years roll out, “the changes and chances of this mortal life,”—new interests,—diversity of pursuits,—added to distance,—are apt to effect a severance: but even these are powerless to quench the memory of the unchangeable, blissful Past. Friendships, if they have been founded on some better foundation than pleasures and studies pursued for three years in common, though they may seem to die out, in reality smoulder on, and are ready at any time to break out into a cheerful blaze. At Cambridge, as already stated, Charles found himself drawn into a set of earnest young men, who (like himself) were supremely bent on holy living and on doing good. Perhaps it would be

³ *Life of Simeon*, by the Rev. Canon Carus, 1848,—pp. 423 and 452-8.

⁴ “His style of delivery, which to the last was remarkably lively and impressive, in his earlier days was earnest and impassioned in no ordinary degree. The intense fervour of his feelings he cared not to conceal or restrain; his whole soul was in his subject, and he spoke

and acted exactly as he felt. Occasionally indeed his gestures and looks were almost grotesque, from the earnestness and fearlessness of his attempts to illustrate or enforce his thoughts.”—*Life*, p. 52.

⁵ *Woodbridge Rectory, Suffolk*,—Nov. 6th, 1860.

truer to say that he and they found themselves drawn to one another by the attraction of a common holy aim, and the sympathetic consciousness of a kindred lofty purpose. With many of these he formed a close, and what proved a lifelong, friendship. Their names and virtues,—certain of their actions too,—he delighted in his declining years to recall, as well as to relate in how many instances they had fulfilled their early promise,—chiefly as devoted missionaries and holy livers. The names which chiefly present themselves to me at this time as having been oftenest on his lips, are the following eighteen:—"Joe" Medicott,—Joseph W. Harden,—John Noble,—James Colley,—T. W. Meller and Henry S. Richmond.—The other names shall be set down in alphabetical order:—Frederick Barker,—Abner W. and James Mellor Brown,—A. T. Carr,—John Clay,—Frederick Hose,—J. B. Jebb,—William James J. Leach,—W. Leeke,—David Mead,— . . . Medd,— . . . Prendergast. The first four, or rather the first six of these were his chiefest intimates, but he dearly loved them all. Most of them became exemplary and devoted clergymen: some went out as Missionaries. Barker (who married Harden's sister) became Bishop of Sydney.⁶ A few died young.

A packet of letters which has been placed in my hands shows me that these undergraduate friendships were in the main kept up by all the party to the end of their days. Thus, in 1851, A. T. Carr writes,—“I occasionally see or hear from Leeke, Clay, Harden, the Browns, &c.—who are all walking in the good old paths, and seeking to lead others.”⁷—“I can still say” (wrote J. W. Harden in 1857) “that the same doctrines and views that we used to hear from dear old Simeon are as precious to me as ever. . . . You will be glad to hear that our old friends Clay and Colley are quite well.”⁸ Harden and Colley were neighbours: Medicott corresponded with all:—

“I have had a good deal of correspondence with dear Harden and Clay about Curates” (he wrote in 1849), “but one becomes very local when settled, though still loving all those with whom in bygone days we took sweet counsel together. O how happy were they!”⁹ And at the end of eight years,—“I often think of our happy Cambridge days and friends.”¹

In 1857, James Colley wrote from Shrewsbury:—

“Your once familiar handwriting I instantly recognised, and it revived, I assure you, many a pleasant recollection of bygone days, when we were so happily united in sentiment and in friendly intercourse in our youthful prime. Alas, alas, thirty years have flown rapidly away since first we met,—years, I am bound to say, as you also do, of many many mercies. I can scarcely believe that so much of my life has gone: and it is only by looking back, or by seeing some of my contemporaries fathers of sons who are now, what we were, men at Cambridge, that I can believe I am so old.”²

When *twenty-four years more* had passed, the same affectionate heart expressed itself in nearly the same words:—

“The sight of your once familiar writing revived at once the recollection of bygone days, and ‘opened many a cell where memory slept,’—recalling seasons of

⁶ The Bishop wrote to C. L. H. (March, 1839), “We went to pay a visit to Joseph Harden some weeks ago. He has the whole of the parish (except the Squire) under instruction in Bible classes. Old men and women come to his school and are taught with the greatest docility.”

⁷ *S. John's, Beverley*,—Dec. 1, 1851.

⁸ *Condover Vicarage, near Shrewsbury*,—Dec. 2nd, 1857.

⁹ *Potterne, Devon*, April 6, 1849.

¹ *Potterne*, Dec. 8, 1857.

² Oct. 26, 1857.

enjoyment and improvement in your society at Cambridge . . . Well do I remember evenings of spiritual communion spent together at Trinity and St. John's."³

"You must not think," (says John Noble in 1859), "because I do not write often that I cannot still say with Virgil (though I really cannot correctly quote the Latin without reference, and have no time for that), 'When the fishes are deserted and left by the sea on the dry land, &c., then shall your image be effaced from my breast.' There it is fixed for life, and all the scenes of our happy College days, and bright and joyous hours with your family."⁴

His friend T. W. Meller writes to remind him (in 1862) "of bygone times,—our frequent walks together in Trinity Cloisters,—our Sunday evening Bible readings, &c."⁵ And a more conspicuous name than any of the preceding, the present excellent Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Harold Browne), in a more recent letter says,—

"It is indeed nearly 50 years since I first had the blessing and privilege of being introduced to you, and being honoured by your friendship. 'October 1828'—were the month and year."⁶

I much regret that I have not more to record concerning this dear friend and brother's Cambridge undergraduate life. The modest reserve with which sincerely good men speak of themselves was the cause that only casually did he let fall such hints as the following:—That he and his friends prescribed to themselves a strict rule of holy living and simplicity in diet. They were all great students of the Bible, and were not ashamed of being known to be men of prayer. (What this *means* can only be understood by those who are aware how largely our Universities had become infected by the irreligion of a bygone age.) In defiance of the spirit of their generation, they drank no wine, but invited one another to tea. At College, my brother would never allow wine to be so much as seen in his rooms. He abhorred everything approaching to self-indulgence. So frugal and self-denying was he that already, out of the modest allowance which his Father made him, he began to purchase books with a view to founding *that* Library for the Diocesan Clergy of which mention has been made above. The first volume he procured with this object was Luther's '*Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians*.'

One feature in Charles's college life specially deserving of record is the prominent part he took in founding (what is known at Cambridge as) '*the Jesus Lane Sunday School*.' At the end of 30 years (viz. in 1857) an attempt was made to ascertain the exact circumstances under which that school had originated; and (as invariably happens in such matters) men's memories proved at fault and indistinct.⁷ The essential facts however emerged clearly enough; namely,—That, at the period referred to, the design was cherished in more than one undergraduate quarter, of folding into a Sunday School the children of what was at that time the most neglected and degraded parish in Cambridge, viz. Barnwell:—that the method adopted by the undergraduate originators of this movement was to go about the parish in pairs, and invite Parents to send their children:—that foremost in the good work were Harden, Carr, Leeke, and the two Browns;—and that their endeavours were

³ Belmont, Shrewsbury,—Nov. 3, 1881.

⁴ Nether Broughton, Melton Blowbray,—Nov. 16th, 1859.

⁵ Woodbridge Rectory, Suffolk,—June 30th, 1862.

⁶ 38 Bryanston Square,—June 15, 1877.

⁷ The result appears in '*A History of Jesus Lane Sunday School, Cambridge*, A.D. 1827-1877,—By the Rev. C. A. Jones,—Revised with additions by the Rev. R. Appleton, and by the Rev. E. T. Leeke,—[1877, pp. 213]. There was an earlier edition in 1864.

crowned with extraordinary success. What had been a Quakers' meeting-house in Jesus Lane was obtained for the purposes of a school,—was opened, filled, and furnished with undergraduate teachers, immediately. The date assigned to this enterprise is 1827. But the letters which follow show that 1826,—(in the January of which year Charles Longuet went up to Trinity),—was rather the year from which the endeavour dates; and further that *his* name is to be added to the five already enumerated as one of its very earliest promoters. The following letter, dated Dec. 26th, 1857, was his reply to certain enquiries on the subject addressed to himself by the Rev. C. A. Jones, Secretary to the 'Jesus Lane Sunday School':—

"It was my great privilege whilst at Trinity College, now thirty years ago, to have been permitted, with some dear and valued friends, to assist in forming the Jesus Lane School. I do not think that any record was kept of the matter.

"We had great difficulty in obtaining a room fit for our purpose, and the only place which we could get was the Quakers' meeting-house. We took counsel with dear old Mr. Simeon, and it resulted in our establishing ourselves there. The school was well attended almost from the first.

"My friend J. W. Harden, Vicar of Condover near Shrewsbury, was one of the most zealous promoters of the plan; and the meetings which took place about it were often held in his rooms at St. John's College. . . I thank God that this School still prospers, and I pray that a blessing may rest on the Children, and on the teachers who attend it.

"Some of the earliest friends of the School afterwards went out as Missionaries. Others were scattered abroad over the land, as Clergy in rural parishes, and some were placed in populous districts; and it is a great blessing to be able to hope that the larger portion of them have been earnest-minded, prayerful, faithful, zealous men, whom the mercy of God has enabled to be very useful in their day. Many are gone to their rest. It rejoices my heart to hear that the work goes on."

In answer to renewed inquiries from the same quarter, on the 17th October, 1861, Charles wrote as follows:—

"I believe that the first meetings in 1826 were held on Sunday evenings. These were regularly attended, and afterwards the Thursday evening meetings were added.

"I think that the trustees of the Quakers' meeting-house lived both at Haddenham and Elv.

"I know that Harden canvassed for scholars during the week.

"I think that the School was commenced with about 200 children.

"David Mead and Claudius Sandys are dead.

"I rejoice exceedingly to hear that the School still lives and prospers. Pray give my love to all the dear children, and tell them that an old teacher prays that God may bless them."

What immediately precedes was written the day after Charles had received from his friend Harden the letter which immediately follows:—

"Condover Vicarage, near Shrewsbury,
15th Oct., 1861.

"My dear old Friend,—It is a long time since I heard from you, and I must say it always warms my heart to receive one of your nice letters. I have just had a letter from a Mr. Jones in Cambridge, wishing me to supply all the information I can about the establishment of the 'Jesus Lane Sunday School.'

"Now, I know that you were very hearty in the cause; and I believe that it was *you* who were my companion when we first went through Barnwell to get the names of Children,—on which occasion between 200 and 300 promised to attend. Am I not correct in my supposition? I fancy I now hear your '*Glorious!*' at every fresh instance of success; and if you were not my companion on the occasion, I cannot possibly conceive who it was. Will you be kind enough to inform me as soon as convenient? It will be a great favour. Mr. Alfred Jones speaks of the School having been established in 1827, but I cannot at all remember as to this point."

It is to be wished that Charles' reply to the foregoing inquiry could be recovered: but it would not at all surprise me to find that he professed himself as much at fault, at the end of five-and-thirty years, as his friend Harden when he tried to recall with absolute certainty, (so irrelevant and unimportant is the circumstance), *who* was the companion of his walk on one particular occasion. Certain it is that Charles told his wife that he was one of those who visited Barnwell in missionary pairs in 1826. But the walks and the friends were many, and the choice of a companion must have been sometimes determined by accident, and at the last moment.

On returning finally to his father's roof in 1829, C. L. H. resumed with redoubled energy and intelligence that career of local usefulness which his residence at the University had interrupted. How precious to him in the meantime the whole interval had been, was not only apparent throughout the remainder of his life, but it found frequent generous and hearty expression. "Next to Turvey,—Trinity, Cambridge, is to me the dearest place in the world":—I have heard him say it many a time. He came back matured in mind and confirmed in character. Henceforth, he was simply unremitting in his solicitude for the poor of the parish. He organized, and took under his own personal charge, their Benefit Clubs,—taught in the village-School three times on every Sunday, opening it always in person,—visited from house to house. He remedied the complaint that sponsors are not to be found for infants, by becoming sponsor himself to upwards of 300. And the bond thus established he made a real one, by caring specially for the spiritual life of those little ones, as well as promoting their temporal welfare. At the same time, he was steadily increasing his library,—forming a collection of objects of Natural History,—and devoting himself to the study of Physical Science in all its branches.

Himself an accomplished musician, it was now that Charles made his earliest essays at improving the minstrelsy of Turvey Church. But at first, very little progress was possible. The traditional clarionet, flute and bass-viol,—all three in the hands of old men who exercised a prescriptive right to render 'Brady and Tate' after their own peculiar fashion, and to lead the voices of the congregation according to their own queer will,—effectually blocked the way. What at last broke the spell was the gift, by an excellent gentlewoman⁸ residing within the parish, of a small organ. This was in the spring of 1838. Over this poor instrument Charles at once presided, and a new era at once commenced. He assured me however, many years after, that he considered it so important that the musical sympathies of the entire congregation should be enlisted in the Services of the Sanctuary, that he wished he could have retained viol, flute, and clarionet, in some sort of concert or harmony with the organ. In the meantime the beetling gallery and local traditions,—not to say the prejudices of the congregation,—were strong hindrances in the path of one who was gradually feeling after something better, and pioneering 'a more excellent way.' It was not till 1840, that he ventured to

⁸ Miss Ann Maria Higgins (d. 1795, & 1838),—who was in other respects a considerable benefactress to Turvey parish.

compile a little 'Hymnal' for the use of the congregation.* (It will be remembered that such helps to public worship were rare fifty years ago.) In due time, he secured responsive Psalmody,—(though the choir still occupied the gallery,)—by stationing half their body in the Chancel. I remember one week-day evening visiting the Church to witness the practice; and still seem to hear the rough voices of certain of the peasantry, perched aloft, grandly ringing out the words,—"*Spiritus ubi vult spirat*,"—almost as if Latin were their native tongue. The choral movement however was still in its infancy. Like every other of the world's benefactors, Charles had to bide his time.

Divinity was his one special study at this period of his life. In fact, he made no secret that it was the highest aspiration of his soul to consecrate himself to his Master's service by entering the Ministry. His Father's silence he interpreted to signify acquiescence. Charles accordingly proceeded to negotiate about a Curacy, and was prepared to accept the title offered him by the Vicar of Halifax. At this stage of the business it became necessary, of course, to take his Father seriously into his counsels, and to communicate his deliberate resolve to take Holy Orders. The proposal met with absolute prohibition,—and Charles submitted. But he remained *in heart* a clergyman to the end of his days. He was to the last a great reader of Divinity, and made himself quite a competent Divine,—attended Church Congresses with genuine delight,—watched the fortunes of the Church with unflagging interest and the profoundest sympathy. He was the head and front of every movement for good in his neighbourhood; became the recognised friend, helper and adviser of all the surrounding Clergy, attending their clerical meetings and caring for their Schools. He was familiarly styled 'The Lay Bishop of the Diocese,' and he certainly deserved the title. Had he been permitted to follow the bent of his inclinations as a young man, and to win the object of his 'first love,' he would assuredly have left the abiding impress of his earnest character, pure spirit, and lofty aspirations on the Church of his Baptism. A most original and impressive Preacher he must certainly have proved. The reality and thoroughness of his character would have secured to him a vast following. There would have been no sitting unmoved under Charles Longuet Higgins. But besides this, he possessed great governing, guiding, and administrative power: answered his letters immediately, and, to the end of his life, with his own hand;—kept his most trifling promises;—never failed in his appointments;—and was, without exception, the most methodical, most punctual person I ever knew. But this was not nearly all. It was his nature to draw to himself, and to conciliate, every one with whom he came in contact. He combined the greatest dignity and courtesy of manner with absolute inflexibility of purpose and clearness of aim. A great power for good,—a mighty leavening power,—he must inevitably have proved wherever it had pleased GOD's Providence to place him.

Disappointed in his favourite project, Charles was strongly urged by his Father to transfer some of his regards from the Science of

* *'Psalms and Hymns adapted to the Services of the Church of England,'*—(Bedford, 1844, pp. 200).

Divinity to the study of Law, in order to qualify himself to become an useful Magistrate. Accordingly, he applied for admission at Lincoln's Inn (16 Nov. 1830), kept his Terms there, and until the Trinity Term of 1833¹ loyally devoted himself to this new pursuit. His legal knowledge stood him throughout life in excellent stead. At the time of his death he was, I believe, the oldest Magistrate in the County, and had been Chairman of the Bedford Board of Guardians ever since the introduction of the New Poor Law into the country.

Next to taking Holy Orders and professing Divinity, it was my Brother's supreme ambition to acquire a thorough knowledge of Medicine. The two pursuits are in fact so strictly cognate, that to some extent they ought to proceed together,—as every one who has held a parochial cure has been speedily made aware. But it was the earnestness of Charles' nature and the active benevolence of his disposition which induced him to cherish in succession these kindred aims. He had, I believe, no great difficulty in persuading his Father to allow him to walk the London Hospitals and study Anatomy. Thus it happened that, in the years 1836–7–8, he became a medical student at St. Bartholomew's, and qualified himself for practising whether as a physician, or as a surgeon. He was, throughout the period referred to, a constant and most cherished guest at my Father's house. A more devoted medical student never lived. But indeed he was an enthusiast in everything which he seriously took up: and Anatomical Science delighted him greatly. He had for a fellow-student Sir James Paget,—whom he often watched at his work,—and whose professional eminence (as he told me long after) he confidently predicted from observing with what conscientious labour and skill he prepared his anatomical subjects. At Bedford, also, opportunities of instruction in Medicine and Surgery presented themselves. As an instance of his earnestness of purpose, it is remembered that twice a week, throughout more than one winter, he rose at five in the morning, and having saddled his pony himself, left the Abbey punctually as the clock struck six, in order to attend Dr. Witt's clinical lecture, at seven, at the Bedford Infirmary.

Such ardour in the pursuit, ultimately ensured real skill in the practice of Medicine. With the consent of the Clergy and of the local practitioners, he attended the destitute poor in all the surrounding villages; the signal that he was wanted in cases of sudden emergency, at night, being the switching of his bedroom window-pane with a long wand which lay for that purpose in front of the Abbey, under his window. So summoned, he would rise instantly, repair to the stable in the dark, and sally forth. Nothing was ever out of his line,—so promiscuous were the demands on his benevolence, and so varied his professional attainments. He attended women in their hour of direst need,—extracted teeth,—couched for cataract,—treated fractured, maimed, and injured limbs. Throughout twenty-five years, he was in active practice; and for twenty of those years had no less than sixty cases daily on his books. He preserved a description of every case, and of the treatment he had

¹ He withdrew his name from the books of the Society Nov. 2nd, 1847, having abandoned his intention of being called. (From

the Steward, by favour of the Treasurer, of Lincoln's Inn.)

adopted in respect of each individual, together with a record of what had been the result of his treatment; so that, to the end of his life, he was able in an instant to identify any particular case, however remote. Certain forlorn, neglected, poverty-stricken villages (of which, forty or fifty years ago, there were several choice specimens within riding distance of Turvey) were his favourite "hunting grounds."² The practice became at last established for the sick (men, women, children,) to come over in wagons, and to return after being supplied by himself with medicine and directions for its use. His "den" (as he used to call it) became converted into the queerest of chemist's shops. It was in that damp building, by the way, that the seeds were sown of the disease which undermined his strength, and so largely impaired the comfort of his after life. Everyone coming furnished with a few lines from the Incumbent of any neighbouring parish, received advice and was furnished on the spot with medicine,—which Charles made up himself.³

No medical practitioner was ever more punctiliously alive to the demands of his profession, or more attentive to his patients than was he. No one ever had a harder time of it. He would tire out two horses in a day; after which, if sent for, he would walk. I have often seen him rise from dinner at a whisper from the servant behind his chair, and quietly withdraw,—even when strangers were present. Such devotion to his work provoked remonstrance. His old College friend, John Noble, after a short visit to Turvey in 1848, wrote,—

"I am clearly of opinion you work too hard. Dear old Simeon used to say, 'I do less than I may do more.' I fear you are going beyond the limits of one man's ability; and that you are weakening your strength in the midst of your days. Take an old friend's advice who loves you. Cut off your medical practice in distant villages, and confine yourself to your own parishioners. Give yourself a little more relaxation."⁴

A characteristic anecdote shall be added, with which this part of the subject may be dismissed. His wife relates as follows:—

"Many years before our marriage, when Charles was in the height of his medical practice, an unusually painful case occurred in the village. A young woman was seized with such violent hemorrhage that the only possible remedial expedient was declared to be *transfusion*,—for so I believe the operation is called. The local doctor said that life might in this way be saved, if any one would consent to let him take blood which he might transfuse into the girl. The proper instrument not being at hand, a man was hastily despatched to procure it from the Bedford Infirmary. In the meantime dearest Charles *offered himself*, and sat with his arm ready bared, so that not a moment might be lost when the messenger returned. Before the man could get back however, the sufferer had expired. My dearest one related this to me, and told me of the excitement of the people when they found that blood was to have been taken from *him* and passed into the poor girl's system. I mention it to show how freely he gave everything he possessed to the poor."

Let it not be supposed however that Divinity, Medicine, and Natural Science so engrossed him as to leave room for nothing else. His restless and inquiring spirit found continual exercise and ever varying occupation. Besides being an active Magistrate, and interesting himself greatly in County matters, as well as in whatever concerned his Father's estate,

² One such out-of-the-way village in particular is remembered where the hovels were scarcely furnished with doors and windows. Roofs they had, but it may be questioned if any of them were furnished with a floor.—

Newton Blossomville was his undivided care.

³ From a memorandum made after conversation, Sept. 16th, 1881.

⁴ *Nether Broughton, Melton Mowbray*,—Aug. 2, 1848.

he was the general friend and adviser of the labouring poor of Turvey. At home, he was a great reader of History,—a great lover of books. He kept pace with the literature of the day. But in particular (it should have been before mentioned) a passion for Music dominated in the family, and the Art had been scientifically cultivated by both the brothers. While their sister Mary touched the piano, Charles's violoncello and Henry's violin used to enliven the long evenings with Corelli's classic compositions, or Handel's matchless strains.

The death of Mr. John Higgins at the age of 78, (November 14th, 1846, —his wife, Theresa, had died in the preceding year,)—marked an epoch in the history of Turvey. Charles Longuet, now 40 years of age, had for a long time suffered greatly from asthma. Strange to relate, his malady, as I hinted just now, was nothing else but the result, in the first instance, of the wretchedly damp quarters in which so many of his younger years had been too exclusively spent,—aggravated by the extraordinary accumulation of vegetable life in the immediate vicinity of his dwelling. The disease, once established in his constitution, proved inveterate. He was at last constrained to get a bed at the Rectory,—(it is not ten minutes' walk from the Abbey),—in order to procure a night's repose. Left to himself, Charles instantly felled several thousand trees,—much to the improvement of the general aspect, as well as of the salubrity of the place; but unhappily without by any means producing the beneficial result to his own health which he expected. The mischief, had, in fact, by this time proceeded too far for the woodman's axe to be able to remedy it at once, or indeed at all. He was ordered to pass the winter in a warm dry climate as a measure of self-preservation. One of those junctures had arrived to him which come but rarely in the course of a long life,—where paramount duty and strong inclination exactly conspire. Charles resolved to visit Egypt, the Peninsula of Sinai, and the Holy Land. His plan was matured with the least possible delay. His brother Henry was to bear him company. On the 3rd of January, 1848, he crossed the threshold of his home, and on the 6th took leave of the shores of England, followed by the prayers of a grateful village and an attached neighbourhood.

The brothers were joined at Alexandria by Mr. de Grille. They went only a little way up the Nile: then, struck across the desert from Cairo for the Convent of S. Catharine, and entered the Holy Land by way of Hebron,—taking Petra and Mount Hor in their way. This dry desert journey wrought wonders for Charles. He declared that he 'could have carried the camel.' But he was ill on the Nile,—the moist air affecting him greatly. The travellers succeeded in their object, which was to reach Jerusalem (April 8th) in ample time to witness the solemnities of Holy Week and Easter. The journal in which my brother from day to day jotted down his impressions, was lost out of his saddle-bag,—to the infinite regret of many besides himself. From a briefer memorandum-book which lies before me, it is found that having inspected every object of interest in that sacred locality,—having visited Bethlehem and Bethany, Rachel's tomb and Emmaus,—having accompanied the pilgrims to Jericho and the Jordan,—having bathed in the Dead Sea and taken

many a thoughtful walk with his brother round the ancient walls of 'the Holy City';—he left Jerusalem on Easter Tuesday (April 25th),—not without casting many 'a longing, lingering look behind.' How can a man do otherwise who gazes for the last time on the hills which 'stand about Jerusalem';⁵—at the olive groves with which they are dotted over;—at Gethsemane, and Cedron, and Siloam and the Potter's Field? ... "On the summit of a hill about two miles north of Jerusalem" (he writes) "we paused to take a last look at the blessed spot. 'Peace be within thy walls!'"

To one of his temperament, (what need to say it?) the entire journey was a continual source of the most exalted gratification. He had never before quitted his native land, and now he found himself visiting every most sacred spot on the earth's surface,—the scenes, which beyond all others, he had from his earliest childhood most ardently desired to feed his eyes upon. In a book called a '*Plain Commentary on the Gospels*' (published more than thirty years ago) several descriptive hints from his pen will be found acknowledged in their proper places.⁶ Every object he saw,—every place he visited,—every sight he witnessed,—recalled Old Testament narrative, or Gospel incident, or prophetic doom. A sharp fit of dysentery at Tiberias (Sunday, April 30th) failed to damp his ardour, or materially to darken his recollections of Palestine. He ascribed his speedy recovery (under GOD) in no small degree to his own knowledge of medicine; for, ill as he was, he was able to manufacture for himself appropriate boluses of opium. His method was, wherever he went, to surrender himself,—heart and soul,—to the associations of every traditional locality. He was not the man to ask inconvenient questions about the site of the Holy Sepulchre, or the scene of the Transfiguration. Delighted with everything he saw, and with everybody he met, he exhibited in perfection the happiest frame of mind in which a traveller can visit Palestine. In the Convent at Bethlehem, where there is a little organ, he played '*Adeste fideles*' with so much success that the monks kissed him and cried. At every sacred locality which he visited (in number 136), he collected plants which he preserved and brought away as memorials of his journey. Very pleasant it was, long after, to see the dear fellow kindle at the mention of Hebron and Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Bethany; and go over with delight the circumstances under which he had become acquainted with Bethel and Shiloh, Jacob's Well at Sychar, the plain of Esdraelon and Jezreel, Nain and Nazareth, Cana and the Kishon and Carmel; but above all,—the sea of Galilee,—on which he contrived to get afloat, although no boat was procurable. He witnessed a storm on that lake which (in his own language) "made it *boil like a pot*." The brothers ended their journey by visiting Tyre, ('a melancholy specimen of Eastern poverty and misery'), Sarepta, Sidon, Damascus, Baalbec, and the Lebanon. Returning to Beirut, they embarked for England May 16th, and reached Southampton on the 7th of June. The day after, Charles came over to see us in London, and was fuller than ever of interest. Two days later, he set foot again in Turvey, —having been absent from England just five months.

⁵ Ps. cxxv. 2.

⁶ As, in the notes on S. John ii. 1 and iv. 5, 6, 40. Again at S. Luke vii. 22.

His first care on his return,—(but in fact he was only yielding to an imperative necessity),—was again to fell several thousand trees both before and immediately behind the Abbey. The necessity for taking this step was apparent even to a casual observer. His friend John Noble, after visiting him in the summer of 1848, concludes a letter of friendly counsel, thus,—

“Open your house and grounds to the purifying and cheering influences of the country breezes,—‘GOD Almighty’s physic,’ as a good friend of mine used to call it.”

The prescribed remedy was in every way productive of excellent consequences : the most apparent result being that it rendered inevitable the remodelling of the ancient garden,—which by this time had become entirely choked with forest timber. Those trees were now largely cleared away. A large pond on the west side of the lawn was filled up, and certain lugubrious willows were not left behind to weep its disappearance. Long rows of yew shared the fate of the tall elms. It cost Charles a real pang to deal so mercilessly with the friends of his youth ; but it had become a question of life or death. He next set resolutely to work on the denuded area, and at once made the garden what it has ever since been, and at this instant is : viz. little else but an unusually ample sweep of unbroken lawn bisected by a long straight gravel walk, and terminating,—but at some distance from the house,—in a considerable plantation ; the whole being separated off from the adjoining park by a low iron railing and a depressed stone wall. His theory of a pleasure garden was in the main a most agreeable one : viz. that it should be green all the year round, and therefore should almost exclusively abound in yews, laurels, and above all, box trees :—that the latter should for the most part be cropped, so as to present to the eye a smooth trim appearance :—that the principal walk should be straight, and broad enough to admit of several persons walking abreast :—that flowers as well as fruits should be studiously relegated to a separate part of the domain, duly enclosed by a high wall. I have often heard him say that if he had had the contriving of his own pleasure garden from the first, he would have admitted no forest tree within its precincts. There is a great deal to be said in favour of this, which is the ancient notion of a garden,—as contrasted with the modern fashion of somewhat narrow, serpentine walks,—a lawn cut up with flower-beds,—and forest trees encouraged to grow wherever practicable. Soothing to the eye certainly, in a high degree, is such a garden as that which I am at this instant surveying, and which to a singular extent bears the impress of the taste of its recent owner ; grave,—yet cheerful as *he* was, and cheerful all the year round.

It was remarked above, that the death of my friend’s Father in 1846 formed an epoch in the history of Turvey. True, that the traditions of the daily life were faithfully retained at the Abbey : but it was as when the close of a book has been reached, and we must needs take up another volume. The dear old man’s death had occasioned an effectual break, and cleared the way for many salutary changes. His views, modes of thought, habits,—all belonged to a far away generation. He thought no

¹ *Nether Broughton, Aug. 2nd, 1848.*

Church complete which was unfurnished with a gallery. Satisfied with the tranquil surroundings of his own dwelling, he could not understand the need of 'change of scene.' But then, he had also never known a day's illness, and could not understand why some required 'change of air' either. ("Walk to the end of your garden,"—he used to say,—“and you have 'changed the air' completely!”) Never to the last was he able entirely to divest himself of the notion that a journey to London was an undertaking destined, in the nature of things, to occupy two whole days; and to come to an end, on the evening of the second day, at '*The George and blue Boar*,'—(which used to be the designation of a vast coaching hostel),—in Holborn. For many years he made these periodical journeys, (to be the guest of the Thorntons at Clapham, or of Sir Harry Inglis at Battersea), in a kind of open curricule, stopping on the road to inspect and sketch the Churches, as well as to recruit nature and to rest. On such occasions, "old Benbow," (a spoilt domestic who had come into the service of the family in 1791, and had quite become master of the situation), arrayed in brilliant plush, used to ride in front,—a singularly stout party, with a round, rubicund face. I have heard the equipage described as a truly grotesque apparition when seen traversing Bond Street: Benbow, the outrider, (alone of mankind) "wondering what the people were staring at?" . . . In fact, except on his pony, ("*Graphy*,"—whose name was of course bestowed to furnish opportunity for a series of pleasantries about "*ge-o-graphy*," "*top-o-graphy*," etc.),—my friend's father seldom stirred from home. To the day of his death, he never altogether *believed in the railway*.—And now, to wake up.

In the Spring of 1847, before the state of his health drove him from his home, Charles had begun to give effect to the aspirations which he had cherished for the last 20 years, by setting about building, in the most substantial manner, and on an unusually large scale, a '*National School*' and '*School House*' for the village. It was not till the year 1852 that he added the spacious '*Museum*' which he designed should ultimately become the Library of the Archdeaconry, and receive his books. Contiguous thereto, (they form in fact one block of buildings), a '*Reading-room*' was erected for the use of the artisans of the parish, and a cottage for the residence of the Matron who was to have the care of the establishment. But in the meantime (viz. in 1849, 1850, 1851,) he built ($6 + 24 + 18 =$) forty-eight substantial cottages, besides shops and so forth. Six more cottages, in addition to an '*Infant-School*' and residence for the Mistress, were the work of 1853. In 1861, three more cottages followed, and '*the Tinker*'—an Inn of some literary celebrity^a—was converted into other three dwelling-houses. He thus erected in all upwards of 60 cottage residences: every two (as he once told me) costing him 300*l*. I may not dismiss the present topic without commemorating the improvement which resulted, not only to the outward aspect of the village but to the comfort and moral condition of the people, by the substitution of so many excellent cottages,—placed for the most part on a raised terrace, and

^a A lewd black-letter ballad exists entitled '*the Tinker of Turvey, his merry pastime, in his passing from Billingsgate to Gravesend*,' &c. 1630, 4to.—Beneath the sign of the

Inn used to be seen the following distich,—
'*The tinker of Turvey, his dog and his staff.*
Old Nell with her budget will make a man laugh.'

provided with every requirement for decency and comfort, as well as furnished severally with a small garden,—in room of the squalid tenements which skirted the public way when first I knew Turvey. The effect on the salubrity of the place has since become marked. Consumption, which once prevailed, is now scarcely known there. Turvey has, in fact, become a model village.

But I am proceeding too fast. The supreme object of my brother's holy ambition had all along been to re-edify his ancient parish Church. It was originally early Norman,—as two windows which came to light in the course of restoration attest. But it had undergone many changes: and by this time exhibited many a token of neglect. Four grand monuments of as many generations of the Mordaunts imparted to it something of historical interest; but it seemed unaccountable how such important memorials of the ancient lords of the soil could have been suffered to fall into such utter decadence. The truth is, Drayton (in Northamptonshire) had been the favourite residence of the family ever since the time of Lewis, 3rd Lord Mordaunt [1576–1601]: from which period the old Hall at Turvey was but rarely inhabited;⁹ while Turvey Church—(the Mordaunts were Romanists)—was never visited by them *at all*. I recall with astonishment the fact that one of the ancient vaults of the family,—(it stood in the north-east angle of the old Chancel),—was accessible by an open trap-door in the floor. Any one might raise this at pleasure and descend into the vault. I once did so. Nearest to me was a coffin covered with crimson velvet,—the coffin of a lady whose long golden tresses I could discern and take into my hand.

It was in the year 1852 that, after long deliberation, the dear friend the story of whose life I am telling, undertook at his own cost, under the

⁹ It was at Drayton in 1623 that Abp. Usher held his famous controversy with Beaumont, the Jesuit, in the presence of John, first Earl of Peterborough and his Countess. On the other hand, it was from Turvey, where 'he happened to be residing,' that Henry, the second Earl, rode over to Ampthill, in order to wait on his Royal Master K. Charles I, who was being conducted a prisoner to London after his apprehension at Holmby,—3rd June, 1647. The incident is so interestingly related by Lord Peterborough himself (who dictated the story to his Chaplain) that it may be allowed insertion here; the rather, because it has escaped the notice of those who have written the history of the period, being hid away in an exceedingly rare privately-printed volume:—

"His Majesty happened one night in his journey to be lodged at Ampthill, where it was designed he should rest a day or two. At hearing hereof (the Earl's house not being seven miles from thence) he thought it his duty to endeavour to see his sacred Master, and try if he could have occasion to be useful to him in any kind. He rose then, and by eleven of the clock came to the house where the King lay. Not without some difficulty he got to be admitted where he was, and found his Majesty going to the prayers usual before his dinner. After they were performed, he kneeled down for the honour of his Majesty's hand; but had only opportunity for the ordinary compliments, being overlooked by the Officers appointed to observe the addresses and behaviour of all that did approach him. Cheerfulness there was not

much in the King's looks, but no disorder: grave they were, but distinguishing to any he took for friends; and injured goodness appeared in every motion. The dinner was soon brought up, during which the Earl waited by him, and near the end of it the Officers withdrew, and all except the guards of the door. The Earl quickly took the opportunity of asking his Majesty,—'If there were any thing wherein he might be served with the hazard of his life and fortune?' The King answered,—'He was not in a place to take any measures, but would have him advise with those that were his friends.' The Earl said no more, by reason of the villainous jailors returning: so he took his leave and departed home, full of indignation against the times, the nation, and fortune: resolving, though he were at ease and had made his peace, to expose wife, estate, quiet, and his life upon any undertaking wherein there should be a reasonable appearance of relieving the best of Kings."

The scene of the foregoing incident will have been Ampthill Castle,—the site of which is marked by an obelisk (with a sorry inscription by Horace Walpole) in Ampthill Park. Queen Catharine of Arragon was confined there. From Turvey to Ampthill—begging the Earl's pardon—is not 7, but about 11 miles 'as the crow flies.'

The above extract is from p. 410 of Halstead's *Succinct Genealogies*, &c., of which something will be found below, at p. 453; and see above, p. 321.

professional guidance of Sir Gilbert Scott, the enterprise of completely restoring Turvey Church. Commenced on the 19th of July, the work was happily completed at the end of rather more than two years. It proved a laborious as well as an expensive business, though the quarry which supplied the materials was close at hand. Not many hundred yards to the south of the Church (on a part of his estate called 'Baker's close') my Brother caused certain old stone-pits to be re-excavated; which the Architect, on inspection, pronounced to be incontestably the same out of which the edifice had been originally constructed, half-a-thousand years before. But, as I have said, the undertaking proved a serious one. The whole area of the Church, it was found, had been used as one vast sepulchre,—interments having taken place in every direction, for eight centuries and upwards, immediately beneath the floor. In consequence of the insecurity thus caused to the foundations, all the pillars and arches on both sides of the nave up to the tower, had to be taken down,—besides the western arch and pillars. New foundations, carried down below the bottom of the disturbed soil, were built under every pillar, which was then re-erected in its original form. The old Chancel was demolished for the purpose of lengthening the nave, and the foundations for a new Chancel were dug out of the Churchyard. In excavating for the foundations of the present spacious chancel-arch, the remains were discovered of the famous warrior and statesman, Sir John Mordaunt (1484), whose fine recumbent effigy, with that of the Lady Edith Latimer, his wife, are now to be seen in their original position in S. Mary's Chapel. It was "a stone grave, arched at top. No coffin appeared to have been employed; but the grave had been formed nearly to fit the body,—being composed of flat rough stones laid at the bottom, and others of the same kind but smaller set up at the sides. The arch over the top was of small stones laid in lime." The bones, which were those of a man above the average stature, were not disturbed. Religious care was also taken not to interfere at all with the grave of John, second Lord Mordaunt (1572), and the Lady Joane his wife,—whose romantic story (for they had first met at Framlingham Castle in 1553) had a peculiar charm for Charles. But to discover them, sleeping side by side in death,—and to note that they lay in silken shrouds which still preserved their colour, and that the hair of the lady seemed to have grown after death,—*this* was inevitable. The sight affected him deeply.

"The forms" (he writes) "in which had dwelt so much of beauty, and illustrious descent, and high chivalrous bearing, were thus again after nearly three hundred years brought to light,—but in appearance how different! *There* lay the Knight, his head reclining as on a pillow, a little bent forward, and his chin leaning on his breast: while the courtly dame, a little lower and to the left of her lord, seemed to sleep quietly by his side. They were not interfered with in any wise, and may possibly rest undisturbed until the Resurrection morning."¹

In *their* case also there had been no coffin,—the bodies having been merely covered with large flat rough stones. These were simply replaced and carefully sealed over. While this great work was in progress (1852-54), being on a visit to my brother, I inspected the Church when

¹ From a paper on 'Turvey Church and its Monuments,—read at a general meeting of the Bedfordshire Architectural and Archaeological

Society,—I believe in 1863. [Bedford, p. 15.] It had also been a Village Lecture.

principal vault of the Mordaunts happened to be lying uncovered. It was a small square chamber on the north side of the present Chancel; immediately above which,—(for it was afterwards solidly arched over,)—the organ now stands. On the floor of the vault lay six leaden coffins, unscribed, unadorned, wholly undistinguishable one from another: headed by one human form, swathed in lead, which alone could be identified.³ It was Charles, 8th Baron Mordaunt of Turvey, 3rd Earl of Peterborough, 2nd Baron of Rygate, and 2nd Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon, 1st Earl of Monmouth,—the ‘Mordanto’ of Pope and Swift, and himself one of the most extraordinary men of his age,—who died at Lisbon in 1735. A more impressive homily I have never had addressed to me.

While the work of renovating Turvey Church was in progress, Charles Longuet became united in marriage to a lady he had long known, and to whom he had been long attached,—Helen Eliza, youngest daughter of Thomas Burgon, esq., of the British Museum. It was their earnest desire that Dr. Pusey should marry them; but he explained that he ‘had not been called upon to celebrate the marriage Service these 15 years,’ and dreaded creating a precedent which might involve a large employment of time. “If I once begin, I may be often asked, and should have difficulty in declining in any case.”³ They were married at Munster Square on the 26th of July, 1853. Her eldest sister was already the wife of the late excellent Archdeacon of Bedford, the Ven. Henry John Rose, Rector of Houghton Conquest in the same county.⁴ Helen proved the zealous promoter of all her husband’s schemes of benevolence and usefulness, ministered most tenderly to him in his declining years, and, by her unremitting watchfulness and care, prolonged (if the expression be lawful) the precious life which else must have come long since to a close. No woman was ever more truly a “help” to her husband; sharing,—to a fault, if *that* were possible,—his every sorrow; enhancing,—(it was touching to hear him avow it at their village festivities),—the satisfaction of his every success. And now, to proceed with what I was before saying.

The restoration of Turvey Church was brought to a close in 1854, when (on the 10th October) the edifice was re-consecrated by Thomas, Bishop of Ely. The ancient monumental effigies of the Mordaunts had all been religiously cared for, and protected against risk of future injury. Every window was now filled with stained glass. Finally, the Church itself had been lengthened by one additional bay:—an entirely new Chancel had been added;—and this had been furnished with a splendid Organ, built in conformity with his taste, and under his directions. Nothing had been spared. It remained only to form and train a village Choir; and the contrast between the dilapidated edifice of other days, with its sordid furniture, high pews, overpowering gallery, uncouth minstrelsy, was complete. Turvey became the centre of a movement for effectually improving the choral element in the neighbouring parishes, which, under the energetic guidance of one enthusiastic spirit, spread in every direction

³ There was a small inscribed lozenge, I think of brass, on his chest.

⁴ *Pusey, near Faringdon*,—July 18th, 1853.

⁴ His virtuous life and bright example are commemorated above, pp. 147-52.

"until the whole was leavened." Charles Longuet Higgins has been deservedly styled "The Father of Church Music" in the county of Bedford. Many years after, at the Bristol Church Congress, before which he had undertaken to read a paper on Village Psalmody, the thought struck him that the best way to exhibit the deficiency of the ancient method would be to set before the auditory a sample of it by extemporising a vocal illustration. The effect was extraordinary. The audience was convulsed. The reporters present laughed so heartily and so long, that, blinded with tears, they were simply unable to proceed with their function. . . . He now resumed his place at the Organ, and became the indefatigable Choir-master of the parish,—duties which he never more abandoned; until, in fact, at the end of five-and-forty years, he was constrained through infirmity to resign the offices he was so fond of, into other hands.

It was indeed one great characteristic of the man whose life I am portraying, that he would persevere thus inflexibly, punctually, cheerfully in the discharge of any established claim of duty. Even better deserving of admiration than the works which he achieved, was the moral energy with which he sought to ensure that due effect should be given to every organization for good, which his zeal had created, or in which he found himself called upon to take part. The Clubs which he had long since set on foot for the benefit of the parishioners in sickness and old age, he retained to the very last under his own management; and the forenoon of every Monday he religiously set apart for the business connected with them. No other claim was, under any pretence, suffered to interfere with *this*. For eight-and-forty years, (it provoked general remark,) his carriage drove up to his door punctually at 8.45 on a Saturday morning, to convey him to the Board of Guardians which met at Bedford at 10. Regardless of the weather and of his personal convenience, his supreme solicitude was to be at his post as Chairman,⁸ at the appointed hour. In the same spirit, until declining health rendered it impossible,—besides invariably opening, attending three times, and teaching in the Sunday School,—he was never absent from a single Service in his own parish Church; nor ever, when there, failed to preside at the organ thrice every Sunday in person.

Such words are soon written, sooner read; but the acts, or rather the habits referred to, imply a fixedness of principle, and strength of moral purpose, rarely witnessed. The life attracts no notice; and must be its own reward, or must go unrewarded entirely. But indeed there never was a man who so little coveted external applause as Charles Longuet Higgins. He 'dwelt among his own people,' and found his chiefest happiness in promoting theirs. As for Church music,—Psalmody in all its branches,—it was his supreme delight. He never wearied of it. The plain truth is that he accounted the Services of the sanctuary his very crown and joy. No toil was it to him to labour in such a cause. He "esteemed it more than his necessary food."

Here, it deserves to be recorded that, for 16 successive summers

⁸ He had been elected in 1837.

[1862 to 1877], the Choirs of about 34 of the neighbouring villages used to be invited to meet and hold their "Choral Festival" in Turvey Church; after which, they were hospitably entertained (with the Clergy and a large party of friends) in the Abbey grounds. Nothing but his gradually declining health at last constrained him (greatly to his regret) to suffer this festive gathering of the Choirs to be celebrated elsewhere than at Turvey, and under other auspices than his own. But he continued to the last to be its guiding and informing spirit. His *heart* was in the movement until his heart ceased to beat. And it was far more than a strong social bond which, in this way, he created and fostered. A mighty instrument, those Choral Festivals proved, for good. The Psalmody of the whole Diocese thereby acquired a greatly improved tone; and the example was taken up by remote outlying parishes, so that at last the movement spread into the adjoining counties, and the extent of its beneficent influence remains unknown. A friend, (whose name is by this time familiar to the reader,) accepting an invitation to Turvey long after, writes,—

"Pleasant to me it will be to renew the bright recollections which I cherish of a day spent at Turvey many years ago. It was a Choir Festival,—a beautiful day; and I well remember the eager happy faces of the villagers from all the Country round as they drove or walked into the village: the thanksgiving Service in the parish Church,—and then the royal repast which awaited every one in the School-room. It was one of those days which do not end with the revolution of the sun; but live on in the memory, and of which one says long years afterwards,—‘I am glad I was there, that day!’"⁶

One of the most cherished aspirations of my brother's later years,—if it may not rather be declared to have been the darling project of his life,—was to be instrumental in compiling a Hymnal, (a "*Book of Common Praise*," he called it);—which, as he fondly hoped, might come to be regarded as a companion to the Book of Common Prayer, and eventually be recommended for the use of the whole Anglican Communion. At first, he limited his hopes to the Diocese of Ely, and to the production of a '*Diocesan Hymnal*.' At the solicitation of those who were favourable to the project, the Bishop (Dr. Harold Browne) proposed for consideration in 1868 the question,—“Is it possible and desirable to obtain greater uniformity in the metrical Psalms and Hymns used throughout the Diocese?” My brother, as lay-representative of the Archdeaconry, undertook to collect the opinions of the Clergy on the subject. “As an experiment, and in order to assist in ascertaining what agreement was likely to be found in the selection of Hymns for a general Hymnal,”—(at the suggestion of his loved neighbour, the Rev. W. S. Escott of Carlton,)—the Clergy of the Western half of the Archdeaconry were invited,—(and 13 of their number accepted the invitation,)—to select, independently of one another, 100 Hymns. The result is deserving of record. The aggregate of the Hymns so selected was 636, of which, strange to relate, *not one* enjoyed the suffrages of the entire body:—

⁶ From the Rev. R. G. Livingstone,—24th Sept. 1883.

1	Hymn, however, out of the whole Collection ('Arch of Ages') had been selected by 12 of their number.	
2	('Abide with me' and 'Hark, t's Herald Angels sing').....	by 11
3	('How sweet the Name,'—'JESUS, lover of my soul,'—'Lo, He comes,'— 'O God, our help,'—'Oft in sorrow')	by 10
6	('Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,'—'Glory to Thee, my God, this night,'—'JESUS shall reign,'—'Jerusalem, my happy home,'—'My God, my Father, while I stray,'—'Sun of my soul, Thou SAVIOUR dear')	by 9
6	('CHRIST, the LORD, is risen to-day,'—'From Greenland's icy mountains,'—'Guide me, O Thou great JEHOVAH,'—'Hark, the glad sound,'—'Just as I am,'—'Nearer, my God, to Thee')	by 8
10	by 7
20	by 6
17	by 5
20	by 4
46	by 3
93	by 2
401	by 1
636	

This was not by any means the result which Charles had anticipated and hoped for, but it did not discourage him. (Nothing ever did.) He pointed out that the use of a '*Diocesan Hymnal*' would be permissive,—at the most, a thing recommended only: but it must infallibly prove an important step towards a Hymnal for the use of the whole of the English branch of the Church Catholic,—“a work the very idea of compiling which fills the heart and mind with humble grateful joy.” He urged that just as “the greatest blessings have resulted to the Church from a fixed form of *Prayer*,—it is hard to see why a fixed form of *Praise* should not be advantageous also.” He urged that “those Christian bodies among us who are unwilling to adopt a form of *Prayer*,—Wesleyan, Independent, Baptist, Moravian,—have with the greatest benefit adopted forms of sacred song. All have their *Hymns*. Shall we of the Church of England,” (he asked),—“the most ancient, the most pure, the most widely extended Church of all,”—shall *we* alone be without one?

It was a frequent remark of his that every period of Revival in the Church has been attended by a great outburst of sacred minstrelsy. With this he introduced the subject of '*Hymnology*' in an excellent paper on the subject which he read before the Church Congress of Nottingham, in 1871:—

“The history of the Church in all ages bears testimony to the fact, that seasons of great inward renovation and increase of spiritual life have always been accompanied by the outward manifestation of an enlarged Church Song. Whenever, after a time of more or less inactivity and decay of energy, it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to send a Divine spark to lighten up once more the dying embers, and heavenly life and light quickens again the Church's heart, then always there has burst forth from her lips words of humble, hopeful, thankful adoration. The harp and lute have taken up the strain: young and old have rejoiced in the joyful sound: and the song has ever been, 'O LORD, open Thou our lips; and our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.'”

This, he followed up with an admirable appeal to the facts of history in connexion with Hymnology. He insisted that our Church has been enriched, 'especially of late years, with an accession of sacred compo-

¹ *HYMNOLOGY, a paper read before the Church Congress at Nottingham,—1871; p. 3.*

sitions, so humble and prayerful, so fervent and devotional, so animating and heavenly, that nothing like it has been known in the history of former days. Why then' (he asked) 'are not these precious utterances collected, and, in a large and Catholic Spirit, offered to the service of the Church?' Interference with the liberty of individual Clergymen and of their Congregations, was the last thing he contemplated. He did but wish that the Book might enjoy *Episcopal Recommendation*: its use would nowhere be urged with *Episcopal Authority*.—"But have we not already got "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*"? (some will ask), 'of which 200,000 copies have been circulated. May we not be contented with *that*?' The Collection referred to has done much" (he replied) "to supply a need generally felt. But whilst such hymns as the following have found no place in that Collection, it can hardly be said to be all that is wanted":—and he proceeded to specify 28 hymns which are not included in the Hymnal referred to, but which (in his judgment) the Church can ill afford to be without.⁸ It is a pleasure to transcribe the beautiful peroration of the same paper:—

"What a bond of union would such a work be! Who can estimate its holy, heavenly influence? The poor people love their Hymn-book, and love hymns too. We *all* do so. Our mothers taught them to us when we were children and stood beside them, or sat upon their knee. The sweet words are mingled in our minds with tender looks, and reverend gray hairs, it may be also with loving tears, when we repeated our task correctly. Ah! those dear forms are perhaps laid in the grave, but there arise memories which burn and swell in our hearts, and will do so till they too shall cease to beat, and shall throb no longer. A book such as this will unite in a better than earthly relationship fathers and mothers in Nottingham and Lincoln, with sons and daughters in New Zealand and California. The bond of Christian Churchmanship will be strengthened, and the Divine Master, who will have all His people one in Him, will be honoured and glorified.

"O happy, blessed work! Happy are some of you, *lads*, who are engaged therein. May heavenly wisdom guide you! Thousands 'wish you good luck in the name of the LORD': and pray, that in due time our branch of the Church Catholic may possess a Book of Common Praise, which shall be a not unworthy counterpart to her Book of Common Prayer: a book which shall be a joy for ever to the Church on earth, and whose deep, wide spirit of humble yet loving adoration, may enable many a poor weary heart to reach even to Heaven."⁹

I have been induced to devote what may seem disproportionate space to my Brother's scheme for a "BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE," not only because 'Hymnology' in all its forms held so prominent a place in his regard,—(it was in fact for a long time uppermost in his thoughts),—but because of the essential interest and importance of the subject. I believe moreover that his earnestness in the cause would have been rewarded with the success it deserved, but for commercial interests. *Rival Hymnals*, to speak plainly, caused that the project met with no encouragement in influential quarters: and it was emphatically one of those endeavours which *must* depend for success entirely on the amount of enthusiasm with which they are publicly received and privately promoted. All honour to the lawful pursuits of Trade! We are indebted to them for no inconsiderable portion of our national greatness. But commercial considerations become contemptible indeed when *they* are discovered to have been the cause why "an inferior article" is thrust on the Church's reluctant

⁸ From his '*Report to the Ruridecanal Meeting, April 30, 1868*,'—MS.

⁹ See above, note (7): pp. 14, 15.

acceptance,—or a precious possession kept out of her eager grasp : words, which are intended to be *φωφάρις σωτηρίας*.

At the beginning of the present Memoir, mention was made of my Brother's noble resolve from very early youth, to found a Theological Library for the use of the Archdeaconry (*i.e.* the County) of Bedford. Deeply impressed with the need to the Church of a learned Clergy, he was also profoundly well aware that the narrow income of by far the larger number puts an absolute bar in the way of their becoming possessed of many books. It was his enlightened project, therefore, to minister to this want in this particular way : and the same aspiration it was which gave zest to his acquisition, through a long course of years, of a valuable Theological Library. He had begun by collecting the works of the Puritan Divines,—with whose writings his shelves are peculiarly well furnished ; the natural result, it is obvious to point out, of his own early intimacy with Legh Richmond and other teachers of the same school. But his mind grew in Catholicity as his judgment ripened. He acquainted himself to some extent with Patristic Divinity, and the result might have been anticipated. In him was strikingly fulfilled that saying,—“ No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new : for he saith, The old is better.”¹ Before he was fifty, he had become possessed of a grand collection of the Fathers.

It deserves record that this was the sole instance in which Charles was known to abandon a project on which he had once greatly set his heart. The lesson was very rudely taught him, that such an endeavour must inevitably prove an utter failure ; and so taught, he was not slow to realize the painful fact. Once convinced of what would be the dreary fate of his books, he abandoned his beneficent intention at once. But it remains true, for all *that*, that so noble a project deserved a very different fate ; and although it eventually came to nothing, I am unwilling that what certainly would have been accomplished, but for the discouragement of those for whose advantage the library was chiefly designed, should pass out of men's remembrance unrecorded.

His Library was indeed a remarkable one. It contained fine copies of the best edition of every Greek and Latin Father,—besides a splendid specimen of Brian Walton's *Polyglott*, the *Bibliotheca* of Gallandius, and other similar collections. It was one of his abiding regrets that early in life he had missed an opportunity of acquiring a copy of 'the Complutensian' Bible. But by far the most valuable objects in his library were certain rare early printed tomes,—as, the Sarum '*Missal*,' (Paris 1555),—Wynkyn de Worde's '*Vitas Patrum*,' (1495), perfect and in beautiful condition :—his '*Pilgrimage of Perfection*' (153½) :—'*Le Livre Royal*' (Caxton, 1484), perfect and excellently preserved :—'*Dives et Pauper*' (Pynson, 1493),—in very fine condition. He had besides a copy of Cranmer's '*Catechismus*,' (1548) ; together with his '*Defence of the true and Catholic Doctrine of the Sacrament*,' (1550) :—Tyndale's '*Practice of Prelates*,' (Marborch 1530, first ed.) :—K. Henry VIIIth's '*Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christen Man*,' (1543) :—Walter Hylton's

¹ S. Luke v. 39.

'*Scala Perfectionis*,'—(Wynkyn de Worde, 1533):—Melancthon's '*Very godly defence of the marriage of priests*,' (1541):—Luther's '*Chief and principal Articles of the Christian Faith*,' (1548):—Duke of Somerset's '*A Spiritual and most precious pearl*,' (1550):—several of Bp. Hooper's pieces,² and other like rarities. Scarcely less than any of the foregoing did C. L. H. prize a copy of the 1st edition of Scott's '*Force of Truth*,' (1779),—the gift of his Grandfather to his Father, when a boy of 14.³

The greatest curiosity which he possessed was Cranmer's copy of K. Henry VIIIth's '*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*' against Luther, (small 4to, Pynson, 1521),—the work which won for its Royal author (from Pope Leo X) the title of 'Defender of the Faith.' This copy, (on large paper, and in the original interesting binding), was presented by the king to the Archbishop, whose autograph ('*Thomas Cantuarien*'), is on the title-page. Cranmer has also written a few brief annotations in the margin of this book, of which I will cite the two of most interest. At p. 33, against the words,—"*CHRISTUS . . . docere non dubitavit panis vinique non amplius restare substantiam, sed manente utriusque specie, utrumque tamen, et panem et vinum, in corpus et sanguinem suum esse conversum*,"—Cranmer (having underlined the last word) writes,—"*Desideramus id ex Scripturis*." Also, (at p. 35), against the words,—"*modo credat panem sic esse conversum in carnem, et vinum in sanguinem, ut nihil neque panis remaneat neque vini præter speciem, quod ipsum uno verbo volunt quicumque ponunt transubstantiationem*," (every one of which words he underlines with his pen),—Cranmer writes in the margin,—"*Ubi verbum Dei quod fidem faciat hujus rei ?*" . . . After the Archbishop's martyrdom, this precious relic became the property of John, last Lord Lumley, whose autograph is also seen on the title-page.⁴

I will only mention besides, among his biblical curiosities, a copy of the '*New Testament*' of 1550, with Bp. Hall's autograph: '*For my Lord Halifax, from his most faithful affectionate ser^t. J. Norwich*.' Also,—(his latest acquisition!)—a superb copy of that rarest of folios, Halstead's '*Succinct Genealogies*,' from which an interesting extract has been already offered.⁵ This volume, which came from Lord Gosford's library, is one of two copies which were formerly at Drayton. Only 20 copies of the work were printed.

Another favourite scheme of his,—though it stood on a very different level,—was the formation of '*Local Museums*.' His views on the subject he set forth very interestingly in a paper which was read at the Annual meeting of the '*Bedfordshire Architectural and Archæological Society*,'—June 21st, 1865. It well merits attention, being written in a spirit truly large and scientific,—while yet the writer's requirements are simple and

² Viz. Hooper's '*Declaration of CHRIST and of His office*,' (1547):—his little volume '*on the Ten Commandments*,' (1548):—'*on Jonah*,' (1550):—his '*Exposition on the xxxiii^d Psalm*,' (1562):—'*on Psalms xxiii, lxii, lxxiii, lxxvii*,' (1580):—lastly his '*Answer to Gardiner*,' (Zurich, 1547), with Sir Rob. Cotton's autograph,—being the rarest of Hooper's pieces.

³ See above, pp. 423-4.

⁴ From his library it passed into the hands

of Herbert, the editor of Ames,—who mentions it at p. 122. 'J. Bindley (1799)' was the last known possessor of the volume.

⁵ See above, p. 445 (note). Its author, Richard Rands, (Rector of Turvey (1669-1699)), compiled it for his patron under the assumed name of "Robert Halstead." See Harvey's '*Hist. and Antiq. of Willey Hundred*,'—pp. 220, 299, 315. The same work is quoted above, p. 321.

easy of achievement in a high degree. In their results, such Institutions could not fail to prove in the best sense beneficial. Briefly,—Without unduly depreciating the popular notion of a ‘*Museum*,’ viz. a repository of miscellaneous curiosities,—objects of whatever description, so that they be but rare and curious,—what he advocated in country Towns and Villages, was, that samples should rather be exhibited of the productions, natural or artificial, of the immediate neighbourhood,—suppose, within a radius of 5 or 6 miles. The Geology and Mineralogy of the surrounding district would supply one large and interesting set of specimens:—the Botany would supply another. Land and water shells,—insects,—objects of antiquarian interest as they occasionally came to light, local records of whatever kind,—*all* would find a home and a welcome in the repository which Charles contemplated: the essential feature of his scheme being that the specimens and articles exhibited should all be *the product of the actual locality*,—things found in, or specially belonging to, the immediate district. A single room in a very small house,—the remainder of which (such as it was) might be occupied by some poor woman as a compensation for her trouble in looking after the specimens,—would provide a fully sufficient *locus* for the proposed institution: of which, in his view, the main object would be “to instil, foster, and develop in the minds of all classes of the people an interest in the common objects of Nature.” He cherished the pious hope that the habitual contemplation of such objects must inevitably lead men up from the study of Nature to the adoration of Nature’s GOD. And surely he was right in seeking thus to humanize the humbler class; to impart a measure of interest to the unavoidably uneventful and monotonous existence of the labouring poor. ‘*The Museum*’ at Turvey has been spoken of already.

During the long evenings of more than one winter, a favourite resource with my Brother was the study of English History as it is exhibited in the pages of our old Chroniclers. Undeniable it is that whatever want of perspective there may be in such compilations, the defect is compensated for by the human interest of the narratives. Commend us to the old Chroniclers for graphic details and for skill in combining with historical knowledge a vast amount of living entertainment. In this way Charles was led to write a series of village Lectures on English History, twenty-nine in all, which he seems to have read before his village audience in 1857. Of these, six were devoted to the Plantagenet period, and no less than twenty-two to the House of Tudor: viz. to Henry VIII—four: to Edw. VI—two: to Queen Mary—four: to Q. Elizabeth—twelve. They were delivered not only in Turvey, but in the neighbourhood,—as at Northampton, Newport Pagnell, Wellingborough, Poddington; for he gladly complied with the petition of some of the more distant Clergy that he would come over, and instruct their people. I often urged him to *publish* some of these lectures, but he shrank from the proposal with genuine modesty,—remarking that one and all had been written without the remotest thought of the possibility of future publication. I am sure that some such method is the best that can be devised for acquainting the brother of low degree with the history of a glorious country which has grown into the mightiest of Empires; and whose

future destinies are becoming, by the progress of recent legislation, more and more sensibly brought within the influence of the masses.

It was especially for the gratification of such auditories that he wrote two Lectures on his visit to Sinai and Palestine, which he made attractive by means of the magic-lantern. His practice was to illustrate *all* his subjects, whether Historical or Scientific, in this way: having caused to be prepared above 500 beautifully painted slides,—some representing natural scenery; some, historical events; some, famous personages; some, the planetary bodies.

I have said little about my Brother's scientific attainments: but indeed there was scarcely any branch of physical Science which he had not cultivated. He furnished himself in early life with splendid telescopes, and sufficiently mastered the phenomena of the Heavens to be able to make the elements of Astronomy interesting to the humblest of audiences. In anticipation of the annular eclipse of the sun which occurred on Monday, March 15th, 1858, he delivered an admirable village Address,—explanatory of the phenomenon and guiding the villagers' minds up to its only source, the one Author of Law. Two Lectures on the Solar system (1854), and other two on Mechanics (1856), were highly popular,—the latter being fully appreciated by the village artizans. When he entertained friends at the Abbey, he loved to produce his superb microscope, and before a select few to descant on the wonders of Creation. He was never more interesting than on such occasions.

It will be perceived that it was to the Reformation period of our history that he chiefly directed his attention. It engaged his profoundest sympathy. I find an occasional Lecture of his, delivered 17th November, 1858, which begins as follows:—

"It was on this day, three hundred years ago, that the Judge of Heaven and Earth called to her account one of the greatest scourges the Church had ever known. I am anxious that this, the 300th anniversary of the death of Queen Mary,—which is also the 300th anniversary of the day on which Queen Elizabeth began her reign,—should not pass without a few words which, if it please God, may excite in our hearts a grateful remembrance of His mercy in delivering His people from the fiery trial which then oppressed them; and of His great goodness in raising up a Queen in whose days the Church, established in England almost from the times of the Apostles, was reformed, renewed, settled."

During the winter of 1857, he delivered to his village auditory twenty Lectures on the Reformation. I find also a lecture of his entitled "*Passages from the life of Cardinal Wolsey*." It is full of pathos and tender interest.

Another of his occasional Addresses, entitled an "*Account of Turvey*," written so late as 1881, is an endeavour to awaken in the breasts of the villagers an intelligent regard for the locality assigned to them by God's good Providence;—an appreciation (so to express oneself), of its place in history;—a recognition of its features of interest. A capital specimen it is of what anywhere *might*,—and what everywhere *should*,—be done for those who, through no fault of their own, cannot possibly do it for themselves.

If I were required to lay my finger on the best of this dear friend's productions of this class, I should point to the '*Address*' which he

delivered 'to the members of the Sunday School Conference at Bedford,' in 1879:⁶ its subject,—'*The necessity of definite Church Teaching in our Sunday Schools.*' It begins:—

"That tendency of modern thought which is far too much in the direction of Man's natural inclination, and which leads to 'Liberalism' and thence by easy degrees to Scepticism and Infidelity, has so secularised Education that we are in danger of forgetting those great principles which used to underlie all the teaching of former days. It was once the acknowledged duty of a Christian State to see that its people were brought up in the fear of GOD, as well as in dutiful allegiance to the King: but now, an unholy pandering to popularity, urged on by the discontent and jealousy of those who hate the leading and the teaching of the Church to which it is our great honour and joy to belong, has so wrought, that forsooth the adding up correctly the prices of a few yards of calico or of so many ounces of tobacco and snuff is considered sufficient to justify an expensive machinery to insure accuracy; whilst the knowledge of GOD, and of the great and eternal verities which lie between Heaven and Earth, are left (so far as the State is concerned) to absolute chance and uncertainty."

The nature of this admirable production may be gathered from the summary of its Contents prefixed: viz.

'The popular system of Teaching condemned.—The Church, the Divinely-appointed Teacher of the People.—Actual results of Sunday-School Teaching, unsatisfactory.—The Remedy proposed, viz. MORE DEFINITE CHURCH TEACHING;—both Doctrinal, and Historical.—GOD's care for His Church inferred from His care for the least of His creatures.—Outlines of Sacred Truth.—Religious Teaching to be made a pleasant thing:—the Sunday Walk.—Parting words of Encouragement.'

As before, I am tempted to transcribe the last page of his eloquent Address. But indeed every one of those 16 little pages is instinct with genuine piety, true wisdom, Christian faithfulness:—

"O look upwards, my friends,—Reverend Fathers, lay Brethren, dear Mothers and Sisters in CHRIST,—whose especial duty and privilege it is to train the young for Heaven! Be not discouraged. 'Look on the fields: they are white already to Harvest.' Better days are before us. Pray for grace that you may yourselves love, and live for, and cling to, CHRIST's Holy Catholic Church; and then teach, in humble dependence upon a better teaching still, those committed to your care to walk in the same paths, to follow on in the good old ways. Look upwards with humble confidence; for Jerusalem, the symbol of the Church, opens wide her portals to receive her children, and will afford them refuge, for *He* reigns there who is our hope and strength, and life. Take courage then; for, through your loving care, thousands of young ones shall arise and rejoice in her; and tens of thousands shall yet 'call her walls Salvation, and her gates Praise.'"

It is time to draw these memorials of the life of a pattern Layman to a close. How much respect and regard he inspired in all who came within the sphere of his personal influence: how wise and moderate he showed himself in counsel: how large-hearted and how high-minded,—how open-handed, too, when the time came for giving;—all this has been dwelt upon by many. His urbanity and dignity, not to say the Christian courtesy and kindness which characterized his every word and action, impressed all who came in his way. He lived (as well he might) in the hearts of his villagers and of his neighbours. But the attraction of his consistently virtuous course and lofty example of usefulness throughout more than three-quarters of a century of years, extended far beyond the immediate vicinity of his home. There probably does not breathe in the

⁶ The prefatory notice is dated 'September.' The Dedication is 'To all Teachers in Sunday

Schools: especially to those who shall hereafter teach in the Sunday School of Turvey.'

county of Bedford a man who, when he quits the scene, will be followed to the grave with livelier regret, and words of more hearty commendation from all,—from the highest to the lowest.

I never knew one more large-hearted than he was. Firm as a rock in his devoted adherence to the Church of his Baptism, and stiffly Conservative in his political opinions, he was truly liberal in making allowance for the convictions of others. The Independent Minister freely resorted to him, when in difficulties with his congregation: and such occasions were neither trivial nor infrequent. One Minister there was of that denomination at Turvey,—his name, Richard Cecil,—who, during a period of great bodily and mental distress, eagerly availed himself of my Brother's spiritual ministrations when able to endure the presence of no one else. Charles had a sincere respect and regard for this man,—who was simply worried out of the place, and reduced to dire extremity by (what he called) 'his flock.' He was really a very superior person. In order to supplement his scanty income, having a large family to provide for, he prepared young men to become Independent Ministers. David Livingstone (*'Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist,'* as he is described on his gravestone in Westminster Abbey,) was one of these. "Then you must have known Livingstone?"—I once inquired. "To be sure, I did," was the reply: "and have many a time bowled him out at cricket."—On the other hand, the Romish priest at Weston Underwood received from Charles a yearly recognition that he was his neighbour. He lived on the pleasantest terms with those whose predilections, political as well as religious, were entirely opposed to his own.

And here I am bound to mention that although this dear Brother freely acknowledged the superiority of that Catholic system of teaching to which he had become introduced at comparatively an advanced period of his life, never to the last did he seek to divest himself of the religious prepossessions of his youth and early manhood. His favourite devotional Manuals were those of the school of Leighton. Of Charles Simeon he always spoke with enthusiasm. He never went to rest (he once told me) without reading a page or two of the *'Pilgrim's Progress.'* The *'Imitation'* of Thomas-à-Kempis,—Law's *'Serious Call,'*—Scott's *'Force of Truth,'* were always on the table of his dressing-room. And yet, I remember his telling me that he had studied the *'Spiritual Exercises'* of Ignatius Loyola, and had been deeply affected by them. He found edification and comfort in the productions of widely different schools of religious teaching.

His soul was keenly alive to "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." He would kindle in a moment with rapturous emotion, at the record of any trait of heroic self-sacrifice,—any bold, any unearthly venture of faith: and would be as suddenly surprised into tears. He was enthusiastic to the last for GOD and for His Truth. Never can I forget the emotion with which he pronounced (for the first time in my hearing) that grand passage in Hooker's 1st Book (c. ii. 2), beginning,—“Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of Man to wade far into the doings of the

Most High." The words,—“Whom, although to know be life, and joy to make mention of His Name,” he delivered as one who knew by a blessed personal experience the sweetness of the thing discoursed of.

It cannot, in conclusion, be too plainly declared that those only who knew him most intimately,—knew him as he was invariably to be seen amid the sanctities of his home,—can be aware what a very good, what a very holy man he was. Always equable in his temper, ever calm, and kind, and self-possessed, nothing ever seemed to ruffle him. There never fell from his lips a harsh, or uncharitable, or angry word. The serenity of his disposition was extraordinary. I never remember to have seen him in a hurry: or flurried: or late for an engagement. He gave to every duty its rightful place: allowed to every work its necessary time. The regulation of his private daily life seemed to be an integral part of his Religion. Piety with him was not a thing put on and put off,—an act, belonging to certain times and certain places. It was the abiding habit and condition of his soul.

The more I dwell in memory on the subject of these pages, the more impressed I am with the beauty of the character I have been endeavouring to pourtray. It was a life of consistent goodness from its dawn to its close: but the evening of his days was lovelier even than life's commencement. Not that there remain any incidents to be recorded of a sort to exhibit character. What chiefly struck those who lived under the same roof with him,—especially those who had known him in the fulness of his strength,—was his more than acquiescence in the altered condition of his being. Painful as it was to *me*, who could remember him like a youthful Hercules, now to see him leaning on his stick,—walking with a tottering step,—glad of the support of his wife's arm;—to *him* it seemed nothing else but a wise, and holy, and merciful dispensation; a thing to be as thankful for, as the sense of being ‘lusty and strong.’ Not without effort was he able latterly to rise from his knees after Family Prayer. Once, while offering him a little assistance, I could not suppress the ejaculation that ‘it had not been always so with him.’ Looking fixedly at me, (for he had not yet risen from his knees,) he rejoined with some earnestness,—“No, nor do I wish that it were otherwise.” In a little frame, suspended over the fire-place in his study, is to be seen, written with his own hand:—

LET COME WHAT WILL COME,
GOD'S WILL IS WELCOME.

Words which, I am sure, had long been the very motto of his heart. It was evidently the fixed conviction of his soul that whatever GOD wills to be, is the very best thing that possibly can be: and so, to conform his own will to GOD's will, seemed not so much the purpose of his life as the instinct of his spirit. Many, and often repeated, acts of submission had at last resulted in a change of nature. Even the weather was always (according to him) the very best possible. On coming down in the morning, scarcely ever did he enter the library where he found me sitting, without—(after the customary salutations)—giving utterance to some interesting remark suggested by the scene which, as he entered, met his view. The clear or the lowering aspect of the heavens,—the rain which was falling

or had fallen during the night,—the dewy upland, or the rimy grass, or the brightening landscape,—no matter what it was, he had always something eucharistic to say about it. He had been estimating how many tons of moisture must have descended to the earth during the hours of darkness, and speculating on the beneficent result; or, in time of harvest, had delighted himself with reckoning the gain to the country of another day's sunshine like the last. It was as if he always opened his eyes with a '*Benedicite omnia opera*.' Sincerely did he praise and admire the weather even when it crossed some cherished plan of his own. I recall a certain occasion, when—his hay having already suffered grievously—a Sunday supervened which, without being warm was yet dry, so that if Monday had but been fine, what remained of the damaged crop might at least have been carried. Monday brought a leaden sky, (a pall of cloud,) and a steady downpour. Charles, on entering the library, calmly surveyed the scene which met his gaze—for the large window immediately fronted him)—in silence. I felt mischievous. "Well, dear fellow. And how about the weather this morning?" . . . Still fastening his eyes on the dreary scene, he said, with slow, earnest emphasis,—"*A very—gracious—rain.*" A little nod followed, which of course settled the question.

The gradual diminution of his bodily strength,—(there was *no* decay of the mental faculties),—added to his liability to fits of faintness, latterly rendered a journey, even to pay an ordinary visit, so irksome, as to make it in fact impracticable. And yet his attention to every home duty continued unabated. His cheerfulness too never forsook him, and he displayed the same intelligent interest as of old in public events. But, as I have said, he lived entirely at home. The images which the last year or two of his life have left on my memory are all inexpressibly sweet and tender,—solemn even. When the weather permitted, in the afternoons of the Summer and the Autumn, he evidently desired no better recreation than to occupy the garden-seat at the extremity of the paved terrace-walk, on the south (or garden side) of the Abbey. There, for one, two, or more hours consecutively he would survey the quiet landscape, and meditate in silence. He delighted, (but it had been the passion of his boyhood), to recognize the notes of birds,—to watch the ways of insects,—to contemplate the heavens,—with a loving eye to review the familiar environments of his very happy home. His converse,—(for he was not disinclined to interruption, or even to a saunter to the end of his long walk,)—his converse at such seasons was always elevating. He had been thinking (he would say) of the goodness of GOD in Creation, and of the mysteriousness of our present being. That which made his chiefest bliss at such moments was evidently his habit of secretly communing with himself, and with the Father of spirits. When he broke silence, it was to remark on the beauty of common sights and common sounds, and sometimes he would speculate,—evidently with a kind of blissful consciousness that very slight had now become the partition between himself and the unseen world,—on the wonders which must be awaiting us beyond the grave. Quite as often he would revert thankfully to some portion of his own early life, and recall with genuine filial piety traits of his Father and Mother. . . . Enough has been said to explain how it came to pass, that the venerable

figure which had become familiar for so many years at Church Congresses, was missed after the gathering at Leicester in 1880. At the Portsmouth Congress (held in 1885), the Bp. of Winchester (Dr. Harold Browne), in his introductory Address, expressed himself as follows:—

"For some time, both in Congresses and in diocesan Conferences, it was difficult to enlist the help of laymen. There was one conspicuous figure at the Cambridge Congress [1861], dressed in somewhat antiquated fashion, with his long hair flowing on his shoulders, whom most of us can recall, for he has been at almost every Congress since, till his strength gave way and he could no longer encounter the fatigue. I am speaking of CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS. I had known him since 1828, now fifty-seven years since. No one that ever knew him could help loving and honouring him. As a country gentleman, as a landlord, as a friend to the poor, as a Christian and as a Churchman, he seemed a pattern of what man should be. As a private friend, and as a constant supporter of all good works in the diocese over which I once presided, I cannot speak of him too affectionately or too gratefully. He, too, is lost to us only during the past year. So it ever is with us. Men must come and men must go, but GOD's work goes on for ever, and we must work for Him, whilst the light is left to us."

This affectionate reference to a lifelong friendship,—(for it dated back to Charles's College days, when, as the Bishop's senior by a few years, he had addressed to him words of counsel and encouragement on his first coming up to Cambridge),—has anticipated what I must else have said about my Brother's personal aspect. He was a man noticeable among a thousand. Happy did his wife account herself in having secured that the portrait with which his friends and neighbours presented him in 1879, should be from the master hand of George Richmond, R.A. It represents her husband sitting in what was with him a favourite posture; and is certainly one of the happiest efforts of a matchless Artist as well as most accomplished gentleman. Richmond took real pains with his subject. "I like *that* button," he said, when he showed my sister the finished work, and pointed to the second button on the coat. Singular to relate, when Charles's carpenter and gardener unpacked the portrait, they simultaneously exclaimed,—"*La*, how like Master's button!" Far better deserving of notice is the happy rendering of the broad thoughtful forehead, the lips full of character and firmness, the silvery hair which curled slightly ere it reached the shoulders.

I approach the closing scene with strange reluctance. The first days of the year 1885 found Charles suffering from a severe cold (it was in fact a bronchial epidemic), which at last assumed an aggravated form, and made him exceedingly ill at ease. The lassitude which supervened was extraordinary. The severity of the weather also conspired to indispose him for any of his customary indoor occupations. It was on Tuesday, the 6th January (the Feast of the Epiphany) that he went up early to bed,—never again to descend the familiar stair. I happened to be arriving at the Abbey at the same instant, and prolonged my stay till Friday the 16th. There was nothing in his state to make me apprehensive, when I left him, that it might be the last time I should hear that kind voice, or look upon those loved features in life: but his prostration was excessive, so that throughout my visit he kept his bed continuously. And yet, I never entered his room but he had something pleasant and affectionate

to say to me. Cheerful as ever, he startled me on one of those mornings by exclaiming, as I entered the room,—“I suppose, Johnny, you will inquire for S. Mark immediately,—won't you?” “What? In Paradise, do you mean?” “Yes, to be sure,” he rejoined,⁸ raising his head slightly from the pillow to smile and nod. I saw how it was. The set of his thoughts was wholly towards the unseen World. But in fact I never knew a man who lived habitually nearer to GOD than he: who realized more truly the unseen, or was the subject of more vivid spiritual impressions. In the course of the previous summer he had said to a lady who was sufficiently intimate at the Abbey to visit him in his little private sitting-room,—“I have been feeling of late that I am so at the edge of the grave, that my thoughts go on to what is beyond; and sometimes I realize GOD's presence until it is too much for me. I feel I can bear no more while I am in the flesh.”—“I often think,” (he presently added,) “of that saying—‘GOD will be all in all’; and what must be meant thereby.”—To the same friend, on another recent occasion, he had avowed that he looked forward to meeting Pontius Pilate hereafter: adding,—“If I *could* feel disappointed in Paradise, I think I should, if I did not see *him* there,—a trophy of the most stupendous act of GOD's grace.” This sentiment was the more remarkable on *his* lips, for he had derived from his early training a somewhat severe cast of thought on the subject involved in his utterance. A very few years since, when he was exceedingly ill, he spoke to me of his own state with a humility which I can only describe as *awful*. When the same lady was taking leave of him for the last time,—“I always feel now” (he remarked) “when I say ‘good bye,’ that it may be ‘good bye’ for ever.” . . .

No need to add that throughout this, his last illness, he was incessantly in prayer. This had been the very business of his life for a long time past. He would sometimes sit for hours with ‘*The Pious Christian's daily preparation for Death and Eternity*’ open before him: only however in order to assist his thoughts.⁹ No one perhaps has ever met with a Manual of devotion entirely to his mind. I have heard Charles say more than once,—“The LORD's Prayer is enough for me!” What wonder if *that* devout communing with GOD which all his life long had been the very stay of his spirit,—became his spirit's one occupation now that he was nearing the goal of his earthly race? Meanwhile, his bodily strength was so visibly experiencing decay, that his wife henceforth watched him

⁸ He was referring to a book of mine. It reminds me of something related by Canon Liddon:—“Not many weeks after his son's death, Dr. Pusey said, in the course of conversation, to the present writer,—‘I cannot help hoping that if dear Philip is allowed, now or hereafter, to be anywhere near St. Cyril in another world, St. Cyril may be able to show him some kindness, considering all that Philip has done in these later years to make St. Cyril's writings better known to our countrymen.’” (Preface to vol. ii. of the *English Translation of Cyril*.)

⁹ I observe that he has barred out several passages, and into the margin has written several corrections of the text. Thus, at p. 36, in room of ‘with the peaceful comforts of a quiet and good conscience, and of perfect reconciliation with Thee, my God,’ he has written

‘with a sense of perfect reconciliation with Thee my GOD, through JESUS CHRIST my Saviour’:—at p. 37, for ‘And however Thou dealest with this corruptible body, let my soul, I beseech Thee,’—he has substituted ‘Let *both my soul and my body*. I beseech Thee:’—at p. 45, for ‘whatsoever defilement it may have contracted,’—‘the exceedingly great and terrible defilement it *has* contracted:’—at p. 52, for ‘to give me grace. . . to fit myself,’—‘*prepare me*:’—at p. 59, instead of ‘from the illusions and assaults of my ghostly enemy,’—‘from the illusions, *scaring*, and assaults of my ghostly enemy; from all harassing disorders of a troubled fancy, from the gnawing misery of remorse, from the horrors of despair:’—at p. 79, for ‘errors,’ he writes ‘*sins*.’ Many of the places of Scripture, he has barred out, as all pp. 56, 57.

continuously all the day and all the night; for the last few days administering nourishment every two hours,—buoyed up by the vain hope that he might yet be spared to her.

While watching him on the morning of Friday, the 23rd of January, she noticed that suddenly an expression of awful gravity overspread his features. It was about half-past eight o'clock. His eyes were closed. He seemed to be,—indeed he *was*,—asleep. There were three short, scarcely audible, sighs, and it soon became but too evident that the spirit had forsaken its fleshly tenement. It was a death like that foretold to "the disciple whom JESUS loved." He had "*tarried*" until his LORD had "*come*."¹ Already he was in Paradise, and receiving the congratulations of the Saints. In the words of a noble lady, (a friend and neighbour²), the instant she heard of his departure,—"*He has already surely heard that wonderful 'Well done!'*"

It is needless to linger further over the story of this dear life. There is in truth nothing more to be told. Never have more loving words been more generally spoken concerning one recently departed: never has more genuine sorrow accompanied a good man to his grave. From the highest to the lowest, the language of admiration,—of reverence,—of strong personal regard,—was still the same. The people of Turvey mourned for Charles Longuet Higgins as for a parent. Hundreds of them petitioned to be allowed to look upon his loved features for the last time, as he lay calm in death,—profoundly calm, as one who has entered indeed on his Saint's rest: and no one who asked that favour was refused. His seemed a perfectly rounded life; wanting, to the last, in nothing

"which should accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."³

Could his individual taste have been consulted, it is known that he would have rested his head 'in the lap of earth,' like one of the humblest of his cottagers: but it was plainly right that he should repose in his own family burial-place,—"*Here, beside his Father and his Mother,*" as his funereal tablet⁴ expresses it. Not a few there be, now scattered over the world, in the colonies and dependencies of the Empire, who, when they return to Turvey in after years, will confess, out of the overflowing of a full heart,—(for he had been to all of them as a Father),—that they stand by the grave of one who had been indeed "*a blessing to his native village, for 78 years.*"⁵

¹ S. John xxi. 22, 23.

² The Marchioness of Tavistock.

³ *Macbeth*, V. 3.

⁴ The family-vault is a considerable structure in the churchyard,—surrounded at the summit by the words, in large stone letters,—"*What man is he that liveth and shall not see death!*"

⁵ Such persons will contemplate with admi-

ration an exquisite piece of sculpture in the chancel of Turvey Church, erected by his widow to the memory of him "*who, having restored this Church and built this Chancel, entered into rest, 23rd Jan. A.D. 1885.*" It is of white marble, in a frame of alabaster,—immediately surmounts the door of the Vestry; and is the work of H. H. Armstead, esq., R.A.

JVSTORVM SEMITA QVASI LVX SPLENDENS

PROCEDIT ET CRESCIT VSQVE AD

PERFECTAM DIEM

APPENDIX (A).

DR. ROUTH'S LIBRARY.

[Referred to above, at pp. 42-4.]

MY friend Canon Farrar, Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham, has been so good as to furnish me with some account of the President of Magdalen's very interesting and valuable Library, now at Durham. It was obvious to weave certain of the materials thus placed at my disposal into the story of the President's Life. Accordingly, some account of the formation and contents of his library,—as well as how it became alienated from Oxford,—will be found given above, from p. 42 to p. 46: whither the reader is referred.

The impression made by the sight of those many books on one visiting the President's lodgings, is noticed in pages 35-6:—their *locus* is recorded in the note (9) to p. 40:—the President's perseverance as a book-buyer to the end, is exhibited at pp. 43 and 49. Canon Farrar shall now be heard:—

"The Library of a Scholar has a value as a record of his tastes and employments, apart from the information afforded by the manuscript notes which he may have inserted in his books. Accordingly, a short account of Dr. Routh's Library becomes a *desideratum*.

"He left behind him a library of printed books,—a Collection of MSS., and separate papers or notes written by himself. It is probably to these last, that notes like the following refer,—which occur in certain of Dr. Routh's books: e.g. in his copy of Lord John Russell's work on '*the English Government and Constitution*,' 1823, Dr. Routh has written,—'*See MS. Routh /25.*'—[The second collection above named, the MSS. namely, will be found briefly treated of above, in pp. 44-5.]

"A visitor to the library who remembers that Dr. Routh's first publication (1784) was an edition of the '*Euthydemus*' and '*Gorgias*' of Plato, will instinctively search among the Classical books for the copies of Plato which exist there. There are many copies, several being early printed editions:—an Aldine folio, 1513; a Frobenius, 1561; two of H. Stephens, 1578; one of which contains a note by Dr. Routh in Latin, date 1782, stating that the copy had formerly belonged to Magdalen College, but, having been replaced by another, had been given to him. The two dialogues which he edited two years later, are bound separately '*propter foedatas atramento chartas*;' and one leaf wanting in the '*Gorgias*' he has supplied by making a careful transcript. Three other editions may be named; the second of which at least is interesting as having almost certainly been used by Dr. Routh when an undergraduate. One is,—

"'*Platonis Dialogi V. Recensuit N. Forster.* Oxonii e typis Clarendon. 1745.' There are many notes at the end in Dr. Routh's early handwriting. The following specimens, taken at random, may suffice:—

"P. 24. Dr. Routh explains the cause of a law of homicide by quoting Roman law.

"P. 67 and again p. 139. This place he notes as quoted by Origen '*contra Celsum*.'

"P. 27. He compares Eurip. *Orest*.

"Lower down, Clem. Alex. is referred to.

"A page occurs about the history of various readings.

"P. 178. He writes (Phaedo ch. *νβ*) *ἐν αὐτῇ, οὐκ ἔστιν ἰσχυρία*. Why singular? Why feminine?" Wherever he quotes Greek, the accentuation is carefully attended to.

"The second copy of Plato is '*Plat. Dialog. III. operâ Guil. Etwall A.B. e Coll. Magd. Oxonii. e Typ. Clarendon., 1771.*' This contains Dr. Routh's handwriting in the same year, i.e. three years before he graduated. The copy has been much read, and there are notes at the end by him, almost entirely on various readings. These two books give us a peep into the careful linguistic studies of the young scholar.

"The third work is a very early printed one, entitled '*Platonis Gorgias et Apologia pro Socrate, Leon. Aretin. Interprete.*' It has belonged to Philip Beroaldus the elder; and Dr. Routh has taken the trouble to copy into it a long extract from the Catalogue of the Magliabecchian Library describing it."

Note, that Routh's own annotated and corrected copy of the two Dialogues of Plato is in the possession of Dean Church (of S. Paul's):—see above, p. 12. . . . See also (at p. 20) Routh's memorandum, made in 1788, concerning "an interleaved copy of my Plato, wherein the Addenda are digested in their proper order amongst the notes." Canon Farrar proceeds,—

"In reference to the subject of note-writing, it may be remarked that Dr. Routh evidently was not in the habit of writing notes in the margin of his author's pages; nor, except in very rare cases, such as those above cited, on separate leaves at the end of the work. His notes are usually very short ones, (in later life, in English), relating to the author or the price of the edition; e.g. in a work '*Remarks upon F. Le Courayer's Book* by Clerophilus Alethes,' he has taken the trouble to insert the Christian name '*John*' before '*Constable*' in a bookseller's inscription of author and price; or (to cite another instance) in a work '*An original Draught of the Primitive Church entitled*'—(here follows the title of Lord King's work)—'by a Presbyter of the Ch. of England, 3rd ed. London 1727,' he has added '*called the last edition, and scarce.*' In Bryant's Catalogue 1834, price 9s."

"Such memoranda are at least interesting as evidences of Dr. Routh's passion for Bibliography. Indeed it may be stated that in the curious or rare books is always a note, giving either an account of the work and editions of it, or of the price which various copies of it have fetched at various times. In his copy of Hermann's '*Consultation*' (1548) there are remarks on all these points. In a work entitled '*A short Compend of the growth of the Romane Anti-Christ, composed in the 7, 8 and 9 Centuries.*—Edinburgh—Andro Hart 1616,' is this note, with '9s.' marked as price of the book:—

"Symson (M. Patrick), late Minister of Striveling in Scotland, Historie of the Church, the second part, containing a discourse of the noveltie of Popish Religion, 1625, 18s., quoted in Thorpe's Catal. for 1826. The volume is dedicated to Prince Charles. Perhaps another edition of this work and of the former part of it printed at Edinburgh in 1615. The Bodleian Catal. runs thus: "Patrick Symson, History of the Church since the days of our Saviour untill this present age. Lond. 1624, 4to, et Lond. 1634, fol."

"It is hardly necessary to state that in Dr. Routh's Library are many books of rare interest. It would be tedious to give a list. It may suffice to enumerate the following:—(1) A copy of the '*Order of Communion*,' 1548, one of four copies known: this copy agreeing with that at the Bodleian,—whereas the copy in Cosin's Library agrees with that at Cambridge. (2) An original copy of Hermann's '*Consultation*':—of the '*First Book of Homilies*':—of the '*Injunctions of Edward VI.*' 1548:—(3) Exemplars (of which more will be said below), of the 1st and 2nd '*Prayer Books*' of Edward VI. and of the Scotch '*Prayer Book*' of 1637. (4) Various early printed copies of the Sarum and other Office books. (5) A folio work of Plates of '*French Monasteries*,' of which only three copies exist, the rest having been destroyed, it is supposed, in the Revolution, to preclude future legal claims on the part of the Monasteries. In this book, on the inside of the old binding, Dr. Routh has written, '*It was stated to me on the authority of Mr. Pugin, the Architect, that there were not more than three copies known of this work.*'—A learned note on the history of the book has been added (1845) by Dr. Bloxam.

"Perhaps among literary rarities, certainly among literary curiosities, should be specified a volume containing two Aldine editions of '*Gregory Nazianzen*,' viz. Orat. 9, 1536 and Orat. 16, 1516, with the autograph of Cranmer, 'Thomas Cantuar,' as its former possessor, on the title page. Dr. Routh has added this prefatory note,—'*Harum principum editionum EXEMPLA quae prae manibus habes, penes BEATUM MARTYREM THOMAM CRANMERUM Archiepiscopum Cantuariæ olim fuerunt, uti ostendit Chirographum ejus libello praepositum.*'—The inscription is (as usual) in black ink; but at a subsequent period Dr. Routh has rewritten in red ink the words above printed in small capitals.

"It has been already stated that the memoranda prefixed by Dr. Routh to his

books, refer generally to bibliographical notices of them, with an account of the prices which the volume has fetched. It is a proof of the advance of knowledge within the last half century concerning early editions of our Prayer Book, and other Office books and Reformation documents, that many of Dr. Routh's notes offer information which now abounds even in popular manuals, but which was rarely to be met with seventy years ago when these notes were written. The following may be worth citing as examples. The first probably has a distinct value, as seemingly indicating an edition generally unknown of the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. In this volume, a copy of the date 1549, '*Mense Maii*,' (Edw. Whitchurch),—Dr. Routh has written the following long memorandum:—

"A copy Lond. Grafton 1549—£14 14 0 Straker's Catal. 1838. Of the great rarity of the copies of this First Liturgy, even in the beginning of the 18th century, see Collier's Preface to the 2nd vol. of his '*Eccles. Hist.*' p. 4; and Shepherd's Preface to his '*Elucidation of the Book of Common Prayer*,' and edit.

"Ames, in his '*Typographical Antiquities*,' p. 22, mentions two editions of it by Edw. Whitchurch, one the 7th of March, 1549, and the other the 16th of June. This other edition appears by the colophon at the end of the book to have been finished on the fourth of May. But that of March 1549 is to be understood of March in the following year, 1550, according to the civil year, which begins with the month of January, instead of the ecclesiastical year commencing on the 25th of March; for according to Strype, 'This Book of Common Prayer was printed first in the month of June (1549), and a second edition thereof came forth March 8 following, with very little difference, only that in the first edition the Litany was put *between the Communion Office and the Office for Baptism*. In the second, it was set at the *end of the Book*.' ('*Ecclesiastical Memorials*,' vol. 2. p. 87). Herbert had in his possession, although Strype appears ignorant of its existence, this edition of *May 1549* (see vol. i. p. 545); and it should seem to be on account of the different collocation of the Litany noticed by Strype, *the first edit. of the first Liturgy* of K. Edw^d. Herbert's copy also was printed by Whitchurch, who he says was joined in the same patent with Grafton for printing Bibles and Books of Divine Service. It appears that Mr. Heber possessed a copy of Grafton's edition in 1549, as he did those of Whitchurch in June 1549, and March 1549 or 1550. See Virtue's . . . &c 7. p. of the Catalogue.

"In 1814 Mr. Randolph's copy of this edition sold for £2 17 0; and in 1825, in Arch's Catalogue, it was put at £6 6 0. A Latin Translation of this First Liturgy is inserted in Bucer's '*Scriptores Anglicani*,' Basil. 1577, pp. 377-455."

"Again, on another page Dr. Routh has inserted a notice of a copy of this first Liturgy, printed 24 May, 1549, at Worcester, by John Owen.

"In Dr. Routh's copy of the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI, (Grafton, 1552), there is no remark but '*June, 1810. Sale (both B's) at Stewart's, 9s.*' And lower down, '*£4. 14s. 6d., bought of Thorpe in 1835.*'

"In his copy of the Scotch Book, Edinburgh (Robert Young) 1637, he has written,—'*This copy of the Scottish Liturgy, the pretext for the ensuing Tumults, belonged to K. Chs. 1st: as appears by the Royal arms stamped on the Covers.*' And below,—'*a copy in Kerslake of Bristol, Catal. in 1845, at 5 guineas.*'"

Dr. Farrar concludes,—"*These desultory notices of the quality of Dr. Routh's books, and of the kind of memoranda which they contain, would be imperfect without a special mention of the valuable and probably unique collection of original PAMPHLETS, mainly of the 17th century, which form the most valuable element in the library. The manuscript catalogue of these, which does not include those bound up in other parts of the library, and catalogued elsewhere, fills 73 pages, and comprises about 600 pamphlets. Though mention was made of Dr. Routh's habit of collecting pamphlets through the controversies of his own time, it is in respect of those of the 17th and early 18th centuries, that the collection is at once complete as well as unique.*

"Among the Books are many presentation copies, containing the Authors' autographs. One little-known writer has addressed his modest work 'To the Revd. and justly esteemed Dr. Routh.' What words could more neatly express what was fitting!"

APPENDIX (B).

DR. ROUTH'S LATIN INSCRIPTIONS.

Besides not a few lesser specimens of the President's Latinity,—(most of which are indicated at foot¹),—four of Dr. Routh's Latin Inscriptions will be found in the earlier pages of the present volume. Thus, at page 8, note (4), is given [1] the Inscription which marked the site of the VICARAGE-HOUSE of S. Peter's-in-the-East. At p. 13, will be found [2] the touching Epitaph in St. Michael's Church on young EDWARD LISTER. At p. 27, note (7), is exhibited [3] the Epitaph on his sister Sophia (MRS. SHEPPARD), in Amport Church. At p. 48, are given [4] the words he wrote in his 'Festal present' to the Earl of Derby, Chancellor of the University.

Subjoined are as many other specimens of President Routh's Inscriptive writing as have come to my knowledge. Without bestowing more labour on the inquiry than the subject is worth,—(and I am sure I have already spared no pains),—I find a greater degree of accuracy than is here achieved, unattainable. But in fact the Author changed his mind so often, that we are never sure that we have before us his ultimæ curæ . . . The Inscriptions follow, [5] to [29],—with little attempt at order:—

[5]. Beneath a monumental bust of LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW, now placed in the Vestry room of the Temple Church, London:

BARO THURLOW a Thurlow | summus regni Cancellarius | hic sepultus est. | Vixit annis LXXV. mensibus X. | Decessit anno Salutis Humane MDCCCVI | idibus Septembris. | Vir altâ mente et magnâ præditus | qui | nactus præclarissimas occasiones | optime de patriâ merendi | jura Ecclesiae, Regis, Civium | in periculum vocata | firmo et constanti animo | tutatus est.

Concerning this Epitaph, see above, p. 12, note (4). The inscription has been misprinted,—and one special circumstance alluded to in it, misrepresented,—by Lord Campbell, in his *Life of Lord Thurlow*. [See Burn's 'Ecclesiastical Law,' vol. iii. p. 364, . . . ed. 1809.]

"In adapting ancient language to our modern tongue," (writes Dr. Parr), "we must be content very often with approach. I have talked the subject over with one whose erudition, sagacity, wariness, and exquisite sense of propriety weigh with me very much; and in his own epitaph for Lord Thurlow he, to my entire satisfaction, has written 'a' not 'de' for 'Thurlow,'—the place whence the Title comes."—[To Lord Holland.—'Works,' vol. viii. p. 589.]

[6]. A mural monument placed against the western wall of Magdalen College Chapel, near the north door, and over against the spot where DR. OLIVER was buried, is thus inscribed:

Corpus hic situm est | IOANNIS OLIVARII. S.T.P. | præsidis optimi et doctissimi | suâ sponte pauperis | vixit an. LXI. Qui cum ad domum fortunæque suas | Caroli causâ amissas rediisset | post paulo hominibus exemptus est. | Hæc anima egregia forsitan et | huic sæculo exemplo futura.

Dr. Oliver,—(Lord Clarendon's Tutor),—became President of Magdalen College A.D. 1644: was deprived A.D. 1648, and was restored A.D. 1660. He died on the 27th October) in the year following. . . . On other mural monuments in the same Ante-chapel:

[7]. H. S. E. quod mortale fuit | BENJAMINI TATE S.T.P. | annos plus quadraginta socii, | qui | familiæ suæ vetustatem | morum dulcedine et comitate | ornavit | quippe amicitiae, si quis alius, tenax | Tam miti ingenio fuit in omnes, | ut apud Collegium suum | cujus ecclesias tenuiores | pio munere donavit, | magnum desiderium sui | reliquerit. | Obiit Novembris XXII, anno Salutis MDCCCXX | vixit annos LXIX, mens. IV | Georgius Tate arm. | fratri optimè de se merito | H. M. P. C.

[8]. Reliquiae . JOANNIS . SHAW . S.T.P. | annos . plus . quinquaginta . Socii | qui . vixit . ann. LXXIII . mens . x | decessit . XIX . Kal . Febr . anno . Salutis . MDCCCXXIV | vale . o . dulcis . facete . simplex . fortis . sapiens |

¹ See pages 10, 13-15, 21, 22-3, 26, 39, 37, 44.

Joannes . et . Josephus . Parkinson | haeredes . ex . test | Amico . bene . me-
renti . P.

*In Ingram's 'Memorials of Oxford,' the fifth line of the above reads,—Vale o
dulcis simplex ingeniose fortis sapiens. And in the last line, for 'P.' is found
'P.P.'*

[9]. H. S. E. | ARTHURUS LOVEDAY S. T. P. | annos fere triginta socius, |
filius Joannis Loveday e Caversham | in agro Oxon. armigeri | et frater Joannis
Loveday e Williamsot | in eodem agro I. C. D. | Virorum opt. jam olim in
hoc collegio commensalium | et litteris studiisque doctrinae | egregie excultorum. |
Qui subtus jacet Arthurus, | patrem indole et virtute referens, | comis fuit,
simplex, apertus, | atque in opis indigentes liberalissimus | Vixit ann. LX.
mensis V. Decessit in pace | IV nonas Junii anno Salutis MDCCCXXVII. |
Haeredes cognato suo carissimo | P. C.

[10]. H. S. E. | HENRICUS BALSTON A.B. | In semicommunariorum ordinem |
annos abhinc quatuor cooptatus, | vixit ann. XXIV mens. VIII, | Decessit die
XXIII Decemb. A. S. MDCCXI. | Pietate insignis, moribus integer, | dulcis,
simplex, nec inficetus, | ingenio haud mediocri | ac singulari quâdam excultitate
prædito : | ætate jamjam maturescente, | eheu ! quam propere abreptus | in
CHRISTO requievit | γεννηθῆναι τὸ θάνατόν σου.

*Henry Balston, (brother of the present Archdeacon of Derby), was a very
excellent person. He died in 1840, a Demy of Magdalen, and sleeps in the ante-
Chapel.*

[11]. *The on'y child of Dr. Bliss, Principal of S. Mary Hall, is thus commemor-
ated on a mural monument against the north wall (beneath the organ gallery) in
S. Peter's Church, Oxford:*

☩ | SOPHIAE ANNAE BLISS, annorum XI | quae ipso natali suo, v kal.
sextiles | dulcissimam animam efflans | in pace cum similibus sui requievit | jam
semper victura | orbi parentes Philippus et Sophia Bliss | filiolae solerti, piaae,
obsequenti, fecere.

[12]. *The next epitaph was not adopted by the family.*

Corpus hîc situm est | JOANNIS ANTONII filioli Joannis | Henrici BLAGRAVE
armigeri. | Is haeres antiquae Blagraviorum in agro | Bercherien: gentis futurus
erat, | nisi aliter DEO visum esset. | Caelestibus additus est die secundo mensis |
Januarii, Anno CHRISTI MDCCCL.

[13]. *Immediately above Mrs. Sheppard's tablet in Amport Church,—(her
epitaph will be found above, at page 27),—is to be seen the following on the
President's sister, ANNA ROUTH. It is presumed to have been the last epitaph
he wrote.*

ANNA ROUTH vixit annos LXXXIX. Decessit anno CHRISTI MDCCCLIV.
Fratrum quinque superstes, et sex sororum, e quibus una Sophia munifica juxta
memoratur, Annae sorori piaae, justae, benevolae, Martinus Josephus Routh, ætate
superans omnes suos, hoc mon. ipse moribundus posuit.

*[In two earlier drafts of the foregoing Epitaph, Mrs. Sheppard is styled
"munifica illa Sophia." In one of them, he speaks of himself as "frater natu
maximus": in the other, as "ætate superans hos omnes."]*

[14]. *On a mural monument of white marble affixed to the north wall of the
interior of the new Church of 'All Saints,' Waynflete:*

Cum excisa esset vicina Omnium Sanctorum ecclesia, | remotumque cum eâ
RICARDI PATTEN sepulchrum, | in quo quidem pulcherrimo monumento | filius
ejus Gulielmus Wintoniae Episcopus | patri caput sustinens spectabatur, | hunc
titulum parenti Fundatoris sui | Praeses sociique Collegii Magdalenensis
posuerunt.

The following is another draft of the same:

Excisa Omnium Sanctorum ecclesiâ | diruto que cum ipsâ ecclesiâ | monu-
mento Ricardi Patten sepulchrali | in quo filius eius Gulielmus episcopus
Wintoniensis—patri caput sustinens spectabatur | Praeses Sociique collegii
Magdalenensis | parenti fundatoris sui | hoc marmor posuerunt in memoriam.

[15]. *On a slab of black marble placed over the spot where the monument of
RICHARD PATTEN formerly stood in the old Church (since demolished) of 'All
Saints,' Waynflete:*

Subtus corpus jacet Ricardi Patten | pater qui fuit illustris Waynfleti. | Monumentum ejus mirâ arte fabricatum | olim a filio patri hic positum | in collegio S. Mariae Magdalenae conservatur. | Praeses Sociique Magdalenenses p. p. | ne ossa parentis Fundatoris sui violarentur. |

[16]. *On a brass plate affixed to the back of the WAYNFLETE Stall in Eton College Chapel:*

Praeses Sociique Magdalenenses, illustris Waynfleti Fundatoris sui memores, cum fuisset olim hujusce Collegii Archididascalus, dein Praepositus, in honorem ejus, quod sedile vides, fabricandum jusserunt.

[17]. *On the seat of a Gothic chair in the President's drawing-room,—fashioned out of the COLLEGE OAK which fell in A.D. 1789:*

Quercus Magdalenensis corrui | Festo S. Petri A.D. MDCCLXXXIX | cujus e ligno | ne arboris | usque a Collegio fundato | notissimae | proisus abolescat memoria | hanc sellam | Praesidens Sociique | fabricandam curaverunt | A.D. MDCCXCI | Iuxta exemplar | a Ricardo Paget. A.M.; semicom. | delineatum | caelavit | Robertus Archer, Oxoniensis.

[18]. *Inscribed on a brass Plate on the foundation-stone of the new MAGDALEN HALL, deposited May 3rd, 1830:*

In honorem DEI, bonarumque literarum profectum,
imum hunc lapidem Aulae Magdalenensis,
Regis Georgii quarti aspiciis, in aliâ sede renovatae,
Collegium Magdalenense p. c.

[19]. *On the foundation-stone of the new ORGAN-LOFT IN MAGDALEN COLLEGE CHAPEL,—laid, August 1st, 1831:*

Anno Sacro 1831, regnante Gulielmo quarto,
ad pristini moris rationem hic reffectus est organicus suggestus,
caeteraque Chori supellex impensâ Collegii instaurata.
Architectus Ludovicus Nochells Cottingham.

[20]. *On a brass plate in the Foundation-stone of MAGDALEN COLLEGE NEW SCHOOL,—laid September 19th, 1849:*

Scholam grammaticalem veteri Aulae Magdalenensi,
quae in aliâ sede nunc floret, prius annexam,
rursus intra moenia sua aedificandam curaverunt
Praeses Sociique Magdalenenses, Anno Salutis MDCCCXLIX.

[21]. *Over the Lodge of HOLY-CROSS (oftener called 'Holywell') CEMETERY, Oxford: [See p. 414.]*

✠ Ut corpora servorum CHRISTI in sex parochiis degentium post militiam saeculi una conquiescant, hoc Coemeterium Stae Crucis appellatum sacravit Samuel Ep. Oxon. A.D. MDCCCXLVIII.

[22]. *On a magnificent silver-gilt SALVER, presented to Dr. Routh by Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and given by the President not long before his death to the College (June 16, 1851), he caused to be engraved:*

Ut Imperatorio dono sit semper honos,
commissum fidei est Magdalenensium,
salvum conservandum a rapacibus et furibus tutum.

[23]. *At the request of a member of his society, the President wrote (Nov. 1852) the following Inscription for a PATEN to be used at Holy Communion:*

Factam affabre patinam, ex qua recipiant fideles salutiferum Eucharistiae panem, Panem vivum, qui de caelo descendit, in memoriam revocantem, Ecclesiae dedit suae Willoughbiansi, Thomas Henricus Whorwood, S. T. P. Salutis anno MDCCCLII.

[24]. *The following Inscription for a bust of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON underwent supervision at least 14 times, between Nov. 1 and Dec. 16, 1852:*

Cum missae sub jugo essent Europae gentes,
omnes eas liberavit victo victore Wellingtonius,
patri se non sibi gloriam sempiternam quaerens.

A lady asked the President for an English rendering of the above: whereupon

APPENDIX (C).

THE BEGINNING OF AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

[See above, pp. 15-18.]

THE Rev. Dr. Beardsley (Rector of S. Thomas's Church, New Haven, Conn. U.S.A.), out of the abundance of his zeal for the Church which he adorns, insists that the story in the text,—so far as President Routh is concerned,—must needs be pure fable. He contends that Dr. Routh *cannot* have dissuaded Dr. Seabury from availing himself of the friendly overtures of the Danish Church: *cannot*, at a critical juncture, have strenuously directed him to the Scottish succession for Episcopal Orders. And this, notwithstanding the President's often-repeated declaration that he did both these things. "The question" (he assures us) "lies between Routh and the truth of history." And he hints at the infirmity to which flesh is liable "when approaching a century of natural existence."

If Dr. Beardsley will be at the pains calmly to peruse the Memoir which stands first in the present volume, he will be convinced, long ere he reaches the concluding (115th) page, that his view is untenable. The President's veracity has never yet been challenged. The accuracy and retentiveness of his memory were unexampled. His minute acquaintance with American affairs astonished even Americans who visited him within a few years of his decease. That such an one should have invented the story he so often and so circumstantially related, is incredible.

This matter has been *made* important by Dr. Beardsley, who considers that Dr. Seabury and the rest of the Connecticut clergy '*would be placed in an awkward position*' if the truth of the President of Magdalen's statement were admitted.

That they *would have been* placed in a *very awkward position* indeed had Dr. Seabury resorted to Denmark for consecration, is true enough: but that any inconvenience whatever results to him or to them from his having been effectually warned of his danger at a critical moment, I see not. Since however my narrative has been so unceremoniously handled, besides carefully re-writing and enlarging what will be found at pp. 15-18, I venture to submit to Dr. Beardsley certain principles which (it is thought) should guide us in dealing with historical testimony.

When two distinct and somewhat different aspects of the same transaction are set before us,—proceeding from opposite quarters, but both alike vouched for by thoroughly trustworthy persons,—our business (it is presumed) is first, To inquire whether they do not admit of reconciliation; with a view to their being *both* suffered to stand. We may not begin by importing into the discussion national or personal prejudices. We may not accuse the principal witness of having fabricated his facts,—only because those facts are distasteful to ourselves. We may not prop up our own contention, by making much of some minute inaccuracy of detail¹ which we have (or think we have) detected in our opponent's narrative; but which evidently does not touch the life of the question at issue;²—nor may we so distort or exaggerate any particular feature of the evidence as to produce the semblance of contrariety where none actually exists. And yet, (as logicians are aware,) even contrariety, unless it amounts to *contradiction*, admits, for the most part, of even easy reconciliation. As for charging a witness of unquestioned veracity with falsehood, it is the last shift of a controversialist who is conscious of the weakness of his cause. History cannot be written,—Truth must be regarded as a thing unattainable,—if we are to disbelieve incidents, not improbable in themselves, which persons of the highest honour, truthfulness, accuracy, clear-

¹ I am speaking here, it will be remembered, of *human* narratives. When we have to do with the inspired page, the magnifying glass may be always applied to the lesser details, and to any extent. Only we must be *fair*, and make sure we understand our Author rightly.

² Let it in all candour be pointed out—in all fairness, admitted—that inasmuch as it is not from Dr. Routh himself that we obtain this

story, but always at second-hand from some one who heard him tell it,—slight discrepancies of detail between two or more versions of the story *are to be expected*. The only essential points—the only statements to be contended for—are those wherein the witnesses furnish identical testimony; those of the witnesses, especially, who heard Routh tell the story more than once, and are prepared solemnly to renew their testimony.

headedness, solemnly declare did happen; and repeatedly assure us happened to themselves.

Now, *the one piece of evidence* relied on by my worthy opponent, is the following passage in a letter from the Rev. Daniel Fogg (a member of the 'Woodbury conference') written to a friend 5 or 6 weeks after Seabury had set sail for England:—

"We Clergy have even gone so far as to instruct Dr. Seabury, if none of the bishops of the Church of England will ordain him, to go down to Scotland, and receive ordination from a non-juring Bishop."⁵

But what does this necessarily amount to? It *may* mean no more than this,—That *after* it had become known that Leaming declined the voyage to England, (for it was *Leaming*, not *Seabury*, who was nominated at Woodbury,) and *before* Seabury's anxious and hurried embarkation for our shores,—certain of the Connecticut Clergy conveyed to the latter at New York a message to the effect above recorded. But,—Is it certain that Seabury ever received their message? And,—Were the "instructing" parties men of sufficient mark for their advice on such a point to command his attention? And,—With what amount of authority was the "instruction" conveyed? All we know for certain is that *Seabury himself did not consider that he had left America "instructed" as to what was to be his alternative course of action.* This is *proved* by his letter written twelve months later, in which he says that he shall wait for another month, and then apply to the Scottish Bishops—"unless he should receive contrary directions from the Clergy of Connecticut."

Dr. Beardsley's claim that these were Seabury's "*Original instructions*"⁶—"the instructions given from Woodbury in March, 1783,"⁷ &c.,—is a pure assumption. In a letter to myself (dated Nov. 13, 1878,) he writes,—"*The fact that the Connecticut Clergy at their meeting at Woodbury gave instructions* about it, strips Routh's claim of the very semblance of truth."—I shall content myself with warning my esteemed correspondent (1), against inventing his 'facts'; and (2), against drawing illogical inferences from them. For it is at least undeniable that Seabury did not act like one who had come over furnished with any "instructions" at all,—except to obtain consecration in England at the earliest possible moment, and to return.

I beg that it may be observed that I have nowhere asserted that, in 1782-4, the idea of resorting to the Scottish Bishops in order to secure for America the gift of Episcopacy, *originated* with Martin Joseph Routh;—*was for the first time conceived by him*;—or, as an idea, was at any time *exclusively* his property. Such a statement,—(which might be thought to be implied by the narratives of Bp. Coxe, of Western New York, and of Bp. Eden, the Scottish Primus),—happens to be inconsistent with the known facts of history. The S.P.G. so early as 1703 had entertained the idea of sending a Suffragan to America; and even then, *the Bishops of Scotland* "were regarded as the channel through which that assistance could most readily be obtained."⁸ Cheerfully therefore do I make the sentiment of Bishop Williams my own,—"I am in no wise concerned to deny that the thought of applying to the Scottish Bishops may have been an entirely original thought in the mind of more than one person in England in the year 1783 and 1784." I do but demur to the statement which the same excellent friend proceeds to make: viz. that "*the fact is proved . . . that this purpose was in the minds of our [American] Clergy long before it could have been conceived in England*"⁹ . . . (What! before 1703?)

But in fact, that other learned Divines besides Routh were aware of the validity of the Scottish succession, and had their eyes intently fixed upon it at this very time, is certain. Thus, in 1782-3, Dr. George Berkeley suggested to Bp. Skinner, (coadjutor to the Primus of the Scottish Church,) that the Bishops of Scotland should consecrate a bishop for America. In the autumn of 1783, a Mr. Elphinstone pleaded the same cause in the same quarter.¹⁰ Originality of conception, I repeat, is not the thing here contended for. I am only concerned to insist on what really is a well authenticated fact, viz. that, (*however it may have come to pass*), it fell to

⁵ Hawks and Perry's 'Conn. Church Documents,' (1863),—ii. 213.

⁶ Anderson's 'History of the Colonial Church,'—iii. 36.

⁷ 'Life of Seabury,'—p. 79.

⁸ 'Seabury Centenary,'—p. 27.

⁹ 'Seabury Centenary,'—p. 43.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*,—p. 47.

Martha Joseph Routh to disabuse Seabury's mind,—if not of the intention to have recourse to Denmark for consecration,—at least of the notion that Denmark had it in its power to impart to him the wished-for boon. The President was able long after to reproduce the very words he had used to the envoys of the American Church in 1782-4. "I ventured to tell them, sir, that *they would not find there what they wanted.*" Equally certain is it that Routh insisted on the unquestionable validity of the *Scottish succession*; and that he further strenuously counselled application in *that quarter exclusively.*

Dr. Beardsley informs me that he finds no trace in the Seabury correspondence of any of the circumstances which obtain such prominence in my pages. I have been more fortunate. It needs (I think) but little skill in 'reading between the lines,' to discern clear allusions to every part of this matter;—as well, I mean, to *those* who had recommended Seabury to have recourse to the Scandinavian Bishops for consecration, as to *him* who had been so strenuous with him on behalf of the *Scottish succession to the exclusion of every other*,—in Seabury's letter to Jarvis, dated June 26th, 1784:—

"I have had opportunities of consulting some very respectable Clergymen in this matter" (he writes): "and their invariable opinion is that, should I be disappointed here, . . it would become my duty to obtain *Episcopal consecration* WHEREVER IT CAN BE HAD. *The Scottish succession was named.* IT WAS SAID TO BE EQUAL TO ANY SUCCESSION IN THE WORLD, ETC. There, I *know* Consecration may be had."⁹

Will any one doubt that, were Seabury among us at this day to be questioned, he would tell us that it was chiefly to *Routh's* learning, and to *Routh's* earnestness that he was alluding, when he penned the foregoing sentences? *Who* does not recognise the counsel to look to Denmark, to Norway, to Sweden for Episcopal Orders, as the result of some of those "consultations" with "very respectable Clergymen in this matter," of which Seabury speaks;—"Episcopal Consecration" to be obtained "*wherever it may be had*"?—But *that* is not nearly all. Is it possible for any unprejudiced person to read what goes before without discerning,—if not an actual *inclination* on the part of the writer to avail himself of some other succession instead of the *Scottish*,—at least a considerable amount of *indecision* as to whether he might not with safety do so? "*The Scottish succession was named.*" writes Seabury. "*There*" (he adds) "*I know that Consecration may be had.*" You *do*? Then, *Why*,—if you came out from America 'instructed,' in the event of your failing in England, to repair for Consecration to Scotland,—why do you *still* put off for three months making a move in that direction? Why refer *that very question* back to the Connecticut Clergy? . . . But the answer is obvious. The case is a transparent one. Made very sick by reason of 'hope deferred':—worn out by repeated delays and half-hearted professions:—perplexed by conflicting counsels:—saddened by an exhausted exchequer,—Samuel Seabury's brave heart and eagle spirit was at last severely tried. The supposed '*Instructions*' with which he had come furnished from America *are only to be found in Mr. Fogg's letter.* Seabury knew nothing at all about them.

What I am contending for, is not a new view of the case. I invite Dr. Beardsley's attention to the following passage in a letter which the Bp. of Edinburgh (Dr. James Walker) addressed to the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval, 54 years ago, or just 50 years after Dr. Seabury's visit to England. (The letter is dated March 10th, 1834):—

"The Church of Norway and Denmark is similar in all respects; though unfortunately deficient in that most important point, *the Episcopal succession*,—which was so little known, that Dr. Seabury, when he failed to obtain consecration in England, *was actually in treaty with the Bishop of Zealand.* He was better directed to our then almost unknown Church; and this direction was given by Lowth, then Bishop of London [1777-87]; and I have very lately heard, that the venerable President Routh was the means of directing Bishop Lowth to our Bishops."¹⁰

⁹ Beardsley's '*Life*' &c.—p. 131.

¹ '*Seabury Centenary*,'—p. 5. The reader is invited to call to mind what was offered above, in p. 18.

² Perceval's '*Collection of Papers*,' &c.

1849,—p. 67. See also from p. 64 to p. 76 concerning the Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish Episcopate, which is declared to be without validity.

The case before us, I repeat, is a transparent one. Contrariety,—much less contradiction—there is here *none*. Directed by his countrymen to the English Archbishops and Bishops, to *them* Seabury persistently addressed himself. One cannot but suspect that had the Prelates of England been as apostolically minded as he was,—had they shared the Evangelical earnestness of those ten grand men who “met in voluntary convention” at Woodbury,—they would have made a way for conferring on that devoted soldier of the Cross the boon he so reasonably implored at their hands. But it was an evil and a dark time. Driven hither and thither for counsel and support, SAMUEL SEABURY was for a while beguiled into the mistaken supposition that valid Episcopal Consecration *might* be had from the Scandinavian Churches: of which fatal notion, MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH was the man who disabused his mind effectually. ‘*The Scottish succession*,’ he assured Seabury, was ‘*equal to any succession in the world*:’ and he further convinced him at great length that this was *his one only possible resource at the present juncture* . . . It will have been with a lively recollection of that interview that Seabury ended his sentence with an ‘*et cetera*.’

Yes, in the evidence before us there is no contrariety whatever. The deeply interesting and highly honourable conditions of the problem, as far as America is concerned, are in no respect affected by, or inconsistent with, the personal recollections of one who was again and again heard, by several persons yet living, to recount them. And it will remain true to the end of time, that the service rendered to the Church of the United States by the President of Magdalen College when a very young man, was simply priceless; a service which cannot be too handsomely admitted,—or too heartily acknowledged,—by American churchmen at the present day.

That I may not be thought to have lightly assumed the trustworthiness of the story I have set down in the text, I shall here insert Bishop Hobhouse’s reply to Dr. Beardsley’s contention in the ‘*Guardian*’ newspaper:—

“Batcombe, Bath, Dec. 22nd, 1882.

“Reverend sir,—In reference to your letter to the ‘*Guardian*,’ just published, I venture to supply the following facts:—

1. That Dr. Seabury did visit Dr. Routh in Oxford.
2. That he was sent thither by Lord Chancellor Thurlow to consult Dr. Routh about the validity of the Danish succession.
3. That Dr. S. had been persuaded in *London* to apply to the Danish Bishops, and that Dr. Routh succeeded in dissuading him, in favour of the Scottish.
4. That though Dr. Routh was only 28 and a deacon, he was known as a learned man.—Lord Thurlow knew him through his clergyman brother, Mr. Thurlow.
5. That Dr. Routh lived in my parish, and often talked to me on such subjects.—In 1853, when I was sailing for America with the S. P. G. Deputation to attend the General Convention, Dr. Routh sent a book and message to be presented by me to the presiding Bishop.—On that occasion, he recited the above facts as the cause of his special interest in the Church of the United States; and he repeated them on my return.
6. There was no failure whatever in his unexampled powers of memory, even in his youth year.

You may find it as hard to believe this, as to believe that at 28 he had acquired the position of an oracle in certain departments of learning: but both facts are certain. His mental history is unparalleled.”

The testimony of an admirable living American Prelate,—Dr. A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York,—may be more acceptable to Dr. Beardsley. In his delightful volume (*‘Impressions of England,’* 1856,—p. 138), my friend writes:—

“I had seen the Duke of Wellington and Samuel Rogers. There was one whom I desired to see besides, and on some accounts with deeper interest, to complete my hold upon the surviving Past. For sixty years had Dr. Routh been President of Magdalen, and still his faculties were strong, and actively engaged in his work. I saw him in his 97th year: . . . the most venerable figure I ever beheld! Nothing could exceed his cordiality and courtesy; and though I feared

to prolong my visit, his earnestness in conversation more than once repressed my endeavour to rise. He remembered our colonial Clergy, and related the whole story of Bishop Seabury's visit, and of his application to the Scottish Church, which Dr. Routh himself first suggested. 'And now,' (said I,) 'we have 30 Bishops and 1500 Clergy.' He lifted his aged hands, and said, 'I have indeed lived to see wonders,' and he added devout expressions of gratitude to God, and many enquiries concerning our Church. I had carried an introduction to him from the Rev. Dr. Jarvis; and at the same time announced the death of that lamented scholar and Divine, whose funeral I had attended a few days before I sailed from America. He spoke of him with affection and regret, and also referred to his great regard for Bishop Hobart."

Another American clergyman, the Rev. D. J. Abernethy-Mackay (in a letter dated 4th Nov. 1882, which appeared in the '*Guardian*'), bears similar testimony,—in consequence of a visit he paid to the President in July 1852. Other records to the same effect are to be met with elsewhere. But my friend Bp. Hobhouse's testimony is so valuable, because he was intimate with the old President, and heard him often tell the story.

"The spark" (I have said) "became a flame which has kindled beacon-fires throughout the length and breadth of the great American continent." The progress of that 'spark' until it became a 'flame' was destined nevertheless to be gradual. In 1787 (Feb. 4th), Bishops White and Provost were canonically consecrated at Lambeth by Dr. John Moore, Abp. of Canterbury (assisted by three other English Bishops), for the Dioceses of Pennsylvania and New York respectively; but,—

"It was with the understanding that they should not join with the Bishop of Scotch consecration in conferring the Episcopate upon any one else, until another person should have been sent to England to be consecrated; so that it could always be said there were three Bishops of the English line, (the usual canonical number), who joined in the consecration which was to begin the line here [in America]. And this understanding was acted upon: for although there were in this country [America] in 1787, the three Bishops of Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and New York, the two latter, true to the English prejudice, would not join with the former in perpetuating the Succession, until they were supplemented by another who was consecrated in England in 1790."³

The consecration of Bishop Madison of Virginia at Lambeth, (Sept. 19th, 1790), by the same Archbishop of Canterbury, (assisted by two other English Bishops), completed the Episcopal College in the United States: and the consecration by Bishop Provost, (assisted by Bishops White, Madison and Seabury), of Dr. Thomas John Claggett (Sept. 17th, 1792) as Bishop of Maryland, was the first canonical consecration in North America. . . . Since that time, the consecrations have been regularly and canonically maintained in the Anglican line, to which, as we have seen, the Scottish succession (*which however is not another*)⁴ has been happily united: and, at the end of a century of years, the Churches of England and America flourish with independent life and are in full communion. The American Bishops number at this instant *seventy-one*.⁵

How splendidly the daughter Church has vindicated and illustrated the Apostolicity of her descent by the Catholicity of her teaching,—is known to everyone who knows anything at all about these matters. Worthy to be remembered in connexion with the greatest Bishops of Christendom are JOHN HENRY HOBART [1775-1830], Bp. of New York:—GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE [1799-1859], Bp. of New Jersey:—JACKSON KEMPER [1789-1870], the great Missionary Bp. in the Western Territories [1835-1859], and then Bp. of Wisconsin [1859-1870]:—WILLIAM HEATHCOTE DE LANCY [1795-1865], Bp. of Western New York:—and especially WILLIAM ROLLINSON WHITTINGHAM [1805-1879], Bp. of Maryland. But the foremost of the 'goodly fellowship,'—the first American Bishop,—SAMUEL SEABURY [1729-1796], Bp. of Connecticut, was second in greatness to none of his successors: "*that brave, patient, self-sacrificing soldier of the Cross, who dared all and gave all that he might win for the Church of the United States of America the*

³ '*The Union of Divergent Lines in the American Succession*,'—by the Rev. W. J. Seabury, D.D. (New York, 1884,—pp. 15,—a singularly lucid, unprejudiced and able performance:—) pp. 6 to 8. I have derived from

it most of the foregoing names, dates, facts.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ '*Church Almanac*' for 1887,—New York, pp. 69-70.

recious gift which binds her to the historic Church; and through it, to the great Day of Pentecost, and the Mount of the Ascension." . . . The words last quoted are the words of one whose name will be remembered by posterity in close connexion with the illustrious band before enumerated,—JOHN WILLIAMS, D.D., the present Bishop of Connecticut and Presiding Bishop of the United States. Long may he live,—(he will, I trust, allow me to call him 'my friend,')—to be a tower of strength to the great American Church!

I cannot conclude this long note without remarking that verily there have been times when Churchmen, Clergy and Laity alike, seem to have apprehended wondrous imperfectly *that* declaration of the great Head of the Church,—'MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD.' *Who* will dare to deny that every condition of canonical consecration would have been fulfilled had the first Bp. of Maryland (Dr. Claggett) been consecrated by Bp. Seabury, assisted by Bps. White and Provost?

To conclude.—A glorious future is reserved for the Church of the United States. Only let her be supremely careful, tide what tide, to 'hold fast that which she hath, that no man take her crown.' Never may she,—yielding to the blandishments and importunities of false friends, or to the menaces and persecutions of avowed enemies,—surrender 'one jot or one tittle' of that 'Faith once for all delivered to the Saints,' which is her priceless inheritance. Rather will she, (if she cares for the integrity of her existence,) 'contend earnestly' for the Truth, if need be, to the very death.⁶ Behold, HE 'cometh quickly'!

APPENDIX (D).

AUTHORSHIP OF THE 'TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.'

[Referred to above in pp. 91 to 93: 102 to 105: 107 to 115. Also pp. 158, 161, &c. See also pp. 215-18, 267-8.]

I SHALL perhaps be rendering an useful service if I here put on record,—as far as, at this time of day, the facts are discoverable,—the authorship of the several TRACTS FOR THE TIMES. In this endeavour, I have been chiefly assisted by my revered friend, the late Archd. Harrison.

Of the *Ninety Tracts*, *eighteen* are merely reprints from the writings of old English Divines:—viz. *twelve* (No. 37. 39. 42. 44. 46. 48. 50. 53. 55. 62. 65. 70) derived from the works of BP. WILSON:—*three*, from BP. COSIN (No. 26. 27. 28):—*one*, from BP. BEVERIDGE (No. 25):—*one*, from BP. BULL (No. 64):—*one*, from ABP. USSHER (No. 72).

Four are 'Catene' (No. 74. 76. 78. 81). The last was by ARCHD. HARRISON, —and had, prefixed, a tract by DR. PUSEY.

Of the remaining *Sixty-eight*,—*twenty-seven* were by J. H. NEWMAN (No. 1. 2. 3. 6. 7. 8 [but see below, "P.S."]. 10. 11. 19. 20. 21. 31. 33. 34. 38. 41. 45. 47. 71. 73. 75. 79. 82. 83. 85. 88. 90).—*Eight*, by JOHN KEBLE (No. 4. 13. 40. 52. 54. 57. 60. 89).—*Seven*, by DR. PUSEY (No. 18. 66. 67. 68. 69. 77. 81).

Four were by J. W. BOWDEN (No. 5. 29. 30. 56).—*Four*, by THOMAS KEBLE (No. 12. 22. 43. 84).—*Four*, by ARCHD. HARRISON (No. 16. 17. 24. 49).

Three were by the Hon. A. P. PERCEVAL (No. 23. 35. 36).—*Three*, by R. H. FROUDE (No. [8? see below, "P.S."] 9. 59. 63):—*Three*, by ISAAC WILLIAMS (No. 80. 86. 87).

ALFRED MENZIES of Trinity contributed *one* tract (No. 14):—and C. P. EDEN *one* (No. 32). [Concerning the latter, something is said in the 'Life' of C. P. E.]

One tract was the *joint production* of W. PALMER of Worcester and J. H. NEWMAN, viz. No. 15. [See the 'Apologia,' pp. 115-6.]

One tract (No. 51) is of uncertain authorship. It is thought to have been the work of R. F. WILSON.

The authorship of *two*,—No. 58 and 61,—is unknown.

The sum of these numbers will be found to be NINETY,—when attention is paid

⁶ παρακαλὸν ἐπαγρυπνεῖσθαι τῇ ἀπαξ παραδοθείσῃ τοῖς ἁγίοις πίστιν (S. Jude ver. 3).—ἀγρυπνεῖν τὸν καλὸν ἀγῶνα τῆς πίστεως (1 Tim.

vi. 12):—τὸν ἀγῶνα τὸν καλὸν ἡγούμεναι (2 Tim. iv. 7).

to the circumstance that No. 81 has been reckoned *extra* among the 'Catenæ' and among the 'Tracts.'

P.S.—No. 8 is assigned above to Newman: but Marriott, in a letter to Rev. A. Burn ['Chichester, Jan. 29, 1840'], writes,—“You ought to know that Froude was the author of the Tract ‘*The Gospel a law of liberty*,’”—which is the subject of No. 8.

APPENDIX (E).

IRRELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY COMMISSION OF 1877-81. THE CASE OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

[Referred to at pages 232-3.]

THE *animus* of “the University of Oxford Commissioners” of 1877-81 was remarkably shewn in respect of MAGDALEN COLLEGE. The old Foundation had been for 40 Fellows, of whom 34 were in Holy Orders.—By the Commission of 1854-6, the Fellows (nominally 40 still) were reduced to 30, of whom 20 were in Holy Orders.—By the arrangements of the Commission of 1877-81, it had been definitely settled—up to the beginning of November 1880—that, besides “Professor” and “Official Fellows” (i.e. Tutors and Bursars), of the 12 Fellowships which remained to be elected to, *six* should be held by persons in Holy Orders. The draft of the Statutes decided on for the College by a majority of the Commissioners was *actually in print* when Lord Selborne withdrew from the Commission. It secured, and in a manner saved, the Religious character of the Foundation. Now let what happened next be carefully noted.

The vacancy caused by the retirement of Lord Selborne from the Commission was supplied by the appointment of Dr. Bradley, Master of University. The Rt. Hon. Mountague Bernard now became Chairman. Whereupon, the Secularists instantly reopened the entire question: *recalled the draft Statutes already in print*; and the next time the College came before the Commissioners (Nov. 2, 1880), *by a majority of one vote* (5 against 4), reduced the number of Clerical Fellows to *two*,—of which *Two Clerical Fellows* (it has been pointed out to me) one is to be the ‘Dean of Divinity’; an office concerned with the Choir, in consequence of the elaborate character of the Chapel services which are a marked feature in the College,—greatly appreciated, and largely resorted to, by ‘the public.’

The evil *animus* which, in a matter of so much gravity, could thus, *per fas et nefas*, pursue its unholy advantage to the bitter end, aptly illustrates the spirit with which the Colleges of Oxford have recently been dealt with, and must strike every fair looker-on with astonishment and displeasure. Will any one pretend that it was right, on the strength of a *single vote*, to go back and inflict a deadly injury on an ancient Society,—against the will of the College itself, and in plain defiance of the ascertained intention of its Founder,—especially after it had actually survived the ordeal of a hostile Commission? The object plainly was *to obliterate the Religious character of the Foundation*.

APPENDIX (F).

THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD, ESSENTIALLY ECCLESIASTICAL FOUNDATIONS.

[Referred to at pages 230-1: 232-5. See also page 53.]

IT will not be a waste of time that I should put on record for the benefit of ordinary Readers, some evidences of the truth of the often-repeated statement, that “The Colleges of Oxford¹ are essentially Religious Foundations.” Few probably, unacquainted with our College Statutes, are aware of the extent to which those ancient documents, (which by the last Universities’ Commission have been repealed and set aside entirely), witness to the *Religious Spirit* which is found to have *invariably* actuated our Founders. I have therefore made a few excerpts,—the passages, in short, which caught my eye while turning over the pages of the

¹ There is no difference in this respect between Oxford and Cambridge.

College Statutes;—and I recommend the matter to the attention of as many as it may concern.

But I cannot dismiss this Appendix without a few words of solemn Remonstrance addressed to those who have displayed so much impatience to get rid of the record of the Intentions of the pious Founders and Benefactors whose bread they are nevertheless not ashamed to eat:—whose bounty maintains them:—and to whom they are indebted for every blessing they enjoy in this place,²—including, in many instances, their social *status* and their individual influence. Why disguise the Truth? It is, because *the periodical reminder of those Intentions*,—(for our College Statutes, by the Founder's express command, have until lately been read over in the hearing of the assembled body, twice if not three times every year,)—It is, I say, because, to our modern Secularists, the frequent reminder has proved unbearable that *the College was founded "ad honorem DEI, et in augmentationem cultus Divini."* It was inconvenient, (to use no stronger expression, to hear the echo of a human voice, and that the voice of the Founder of the College,—borne across the gulf of upwards of half-a-thousand years,—addressing the men of the present generation after the following (or some similar) solemn fashion:—

"Dum labentis sæculi corruptelam in mente discutimus judicio rationis, et quantâ velocitate mundana pertranseant sollicitâ meditatione pensamus, certo videmus certius quod fragilitatis humanæ conditio statum habet instabilem, et quæ visibilem habent essentiam tendunt visibiliter ad non esse. Ad Ipsius ergo misericordiam qui regit quos condidit, cujus Regnum fine non clauditur, nec ullis limitibus coarctatur, oculos mentis erigimus, et quæ sibi placentia aestimamus, votis amplectimur, et desiderio exsequimur vigilantî: Ejus clementiam totis cordis viribus efflagitantes, n. nobis in præsentî aerumnâ latitem sune pietatis aperiât, et dirigat secundum suum beneplacitum actus nostros."

After this solemn preamble, follows the declaration of the Founder (of Oriel's) intention:—

"Cum itaque ad laudem Nominis sui, et decorem et utilitatem sacrosanctæ Ecclesiæ sponsæ suæ, statuerimus et ordinaverimus quoddam Collegium SCHOLARUM IN SACRA THEOLOGIA STUDENTIUM IN UNIVERSITATE OXONIENSI, PERPETUIS TEMPORIBUS DURATURUM, . . . Ordinationem fecimus infra scriptam, quam perpetuis temporibus inviolabiliter præcipimus observari."

It is of course inconvenient in a high degree to Secularists to have to sit and listen to such a lecture as the foregoing from their Founder, two or three times a year. Hence, their impatience to silence his reproachful accents,—and to bury in oblivion College Statutes, with the memory of their Author.

But these persons are assured that it is *not possible* so to sever with the Past at pleasure; so to efface the record of the intentions of ancient Benefactors. "*Littera scripta manet.*" And not only so, but those pious Intentions themselves are prone to rise up, as from the grave, and make themselves heard reproachfully when men least expect it. The prayers of those many Founders are not forgotten (be sure!) before GOD: nor yet the memory of the pious vows which found fulfilment when they had created this glorious place. All are as fresh in the memory of the MOST HIGH as in the hour when they were originally breathed. And—there will yet come a stern day of reckoning (*Nemesis* the ancients called it): for corporate bodies, like nations, are reckoned with in this World,—even as individuals are in the next. My excerpts follow:—

I. "*Imprimis a DEO, ejusque cultu religioso, uti par est, initium facientes,*"—is the exordium of the Statutes of UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—The Master must be "*in Sacerdotio constitutus*"—"Omnes autem Socii dent operam Theologiæ continue, nec aliquam aliam facultatem admisceant; et intra quartum annum post inceptionem in Artibus, suscipiant Diaconatus ordinem: et anno exinde completo, in Presbyteros ordinentur."—This College has the patronage of 10 cures of souls.

II. A religious motive clearly was paramount with Devorguilla, widow of John Balliol the founder of BALLIOL COLLEGE (1282). This appears from the prominence given in her very brief Statutes to the attendance of the "*Scholares*" at Divine Service,—their "*Grace*" before and after their meals,—&c. The Statutes of 1507, which have hitherto governed the society, direct that the Master shall be "*Theologid doctus, cultui Divino, virtuti et studio, deditus; horumque nutritor et*

² Written at Oxford, in 1880.

incitator." Provision is further made "*ne laborantibus ancillis, id est logicæ et philosophiæ, torrescat domina Theologia:*"—a sentiment which is adopted,—the very words being transcribed,—by Bp. FOX (1517), the founder of Corpus. Also, "*ne frigescat fervida in DEUM charitas abscondaturve talentum traditum, statuimus ut Socii hujus Collegii intra quatuor annos post Magistratus gradus susceptionem ordine Sacerdotali constituentur.*"—Peter Blundell ordained that the six Scholarships which he founded and endowed should be held by "*Students in Divinity.*"—This College presents to 19 cures of souls.

III. Walter de Merton, Bp. of Rochester, the founder of MERTON COLLEGE, in his Statutes (1274) directs that the larger number of his Scholars "*artium liberalium et philosophiæ studio vacent, donec . . . tamquam in his laudabiliter proveciti, ad studium se transferant Theologiæ:*"—words which are borrowed by the Founder of ORIEL, and introduced into his Statutes. The College was instituted for '*Scholares dociles, in artibus liberalibus, Canone et Theologiâ studentes.*' (Canon Law was subsidiary and preparatory to Theology,—not an independent pursuit.)—This College has the patronage of 17 cures of souls.

IV. EXETER COLLEGE, founded by Walter Stapeldon, Bp. of Exeter (1316), is to be presided over by a Rector,—"*Sacræ Theologiæ Baccalaureus . . . cultui Divino deditus.*"—"Artium vero Magistri omnes et singuli, tempore suæ necessariæ regentiæ completo, statim ad Sacram Theologiam se divertant; et tam diligenter operam dantes, ut decimo post completam regentiæ anno, promoveantur ad gradum Baccalaurei; ac deinde, ante octavum annuū completum, ad ipsam Doctoratus Sacræ Theologiæ gradum actualiter promoveantur."—This College has the patronage of 16 cures of souls.

V. ORIEL COLLEGE was founded "*ad honorem DEI . . . et in augmentationem cultus Divini.*" It is described in its Statutes (1325-6) as "*Collegium Scholarium in sacrâ Theologiâ studentium in Universitate Oxoniensi perpetuis temporibus duraturum:*"—in its Charter of Foundation, as designed "*ad decorem Sacrosanctæ matris Ecclesiæ, cujus ministeria personis sunt idoneis committenda, quæ, velut stellæ, in custodiis suis lumen præbeant, et populos instruant doctrina pariter et exemplo.*" Of its Scholars, "*decem pro primariâ fundatione Collegii illius, . . . studio vacent Theologiæ.*"—John Franks, Master of the Rolls (1441), added 4 Scholars,—"ad DEI Ecclesiam et Cleri augmentum:" and Bp. Smith (1507), one more,—"*in laudem DEI, exaltationem fidei et Divini cultus.*"—In 1529, when the full number of 18 Fellows had been attained, all were to be *ultimately Theologians*,—as was laid down by Bp. Longland, acting as Visitor in 1545: and again by Bp. Gibson, the great Canonist, in 1722. Queen Anne annexed a Canonry of Rochester to the Provostship for ever. . . . We of Oriel, by the way, on our three Commemoration days, while thanking GOD for the advantages bestowed upon us by our Founder and Benefactors, pray that "*we may never forget that it is our bounden duty so to employ them as we think they would approve, if they were now upon earth to witness what we do.*"—This College presents to 14 cures of souls.

VI. Robert de Eglesfield (1340) says concerning QUEEN'S COLLEGE,—"*fundavi . . . aulam quandam collegiarem Magistrorum, capellanorum, theologorum, et aliorum Scholarium ad ordinem Sacerdotii promovendum.*" His College was founded "*ad honorem DEI, et augmentationem cultus Divini.*" His Fellows were to be at first 12,—"*sub mysterio decursum CHRISTI et Apostolorum in terris.*" Vacancies must be filled up by *persons in Priest's Orders*, or who promised or oath to take Holy Orders immediately.—This College presents to 28 cures of souls.

VII. The Statutes of NEW COLLEGE (1400) begin by proclaiming the Founder's intention "*ut Sacra Scriptura seu pagina, scientiarum omnium aliarum mater et domina, sua liberius et præ cæteris dilatet tentoria.*" He designed to promote the other sciences and faculties,—"*et, ut præcipue ferventius et frequentius CHRISTUS evangelizetur, et fides cultusque Divini Nominis augeatur et fortius sustentetur.*"—*Sacra insuper Theologia: ut sic dilatetur laus DEI, gubernetur Ecclesia, rigor atque fervor Christianæ religionis calescant.*"—This College presents to 41 cures of souls.

VIII. Thomas Rotherham, Bp. of Lincoln and afterwards Abp. of York, the second Founder of LINCOLN COLLEGE (1479), "*videntes*" (as he says) "*piam intentionem Ricardi [Flemming] antecessoris nostri, esse ad laudem DEI, ad augmentum Cleri, et profectum universalis Ecclesiæ,*"—proceeds to found "*quoddam*

Collegium Theologorum . . . pro destruendis hæresibus, et erroribus evellendis, plantandisque Sacrae doctrinae seminariis."—"Statuimus insuper et inviolabiliter ordinamus quod nullus in nostri collegii collegam perpetuum admittatur, . . . nisi quod eligendus talis sit in Sacerdotio constitutus, vel ad minus infra annum immediate post electionem in Sacerdotio constitutus." All these must in due time graduate in Divinity. Chapters vii, viii, ix of the Statutes ("De Sermonibus dicendis," "De Officio Divino et assignatione ad altaria," "De suffragiis dicendis pro Fundatoribus et Benefactoribus,") bear eloquent witness to what was in the mind of the Founder. It was to be nothing else but a College of Priests. It still enjoys the patronage of 9 cures of souls. . . . See more above, at p. 233.

IX. Abp. Chicheley, founder of ALL SOULS' COLLEGE (1433), assigns as his motive the needs of the Clergy of his day: "Statuentes quod quilibet Magister in artibus, statim postquam necessariam regentiam compleverit, et tres annos ultra, ad facultatem Theologiae illico se convertere debeat et etiam teneatur." Also, "quod Socius quilibet dicti Collegii, infra duos annos post regentiam suam . . ., se ad sacerdotium . . . faciat promoveri."—This College presents to 17 cures of souls.

X. William Waynflete, Bp. of Winchester (1479), founded MAGDALEN COLLEGE "ad laudem, gloriam et honorem omnipotentis DEI, &c. extirpationem hæresium et errorum, augmentum Cleri, decorem sacrosanctae matris Ecclesiae," &c.: (borrowing a sentence already quoted from the Oriel Statutes.) Over this "Aula perpetua eruditionis scientiarum sacrae Theologiae et Philosophiae" was to be set "persona Ecclesiastica in Praesidem." The founder aimed at "sustentationem fidei Christianae, Ecclesiae profectum, Divini cultus, liberaliumque artium, scientiarum, et facultatum augmentum." Besides his 40 Fellows, who within a year of their regency were, with certain exceptions, to enter the Priesthood, he appointed twelve "altaris et Capellae [dicti Collegii] ministri, deservientes quotidie in eadem: quorum videlicet quatuor presbyteri, et octo clerici existant." The three Deans of his College were to be "proveciores in Theologia."—This College has the patronage of 41 cures of souls.

XI. William Smyth, Bp. of Lincoln, and his co-founder of BRASENOSE COLLEGE (1521) announce that they aim "ad sustentationem et exaltationem fidei Christianae, Ecclesiae sanctae profectum, et Divini cultus augmentum." Next, because "omnes et singuli in Sacra Theologia studere optantes, ex facultatibus scientiarum sophistriae, logicae, et philosophiae florescunt," therefore they are solicitous for the prosecution of those other studies by their "scholares." The Principal must be a graduate in Divinity, or at least a Master of arts in Priest's Orders, "sacrae Theologiae studio deditus."—This College presents to 53 cures of souls.

XII. Richard Fox, Bp. of Winchester (1517), founder of CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, at the beginning of his Statutes is divided between the image of a ladder by which to mount up to Heaven; and a hive,—“in quo scholastici, veluti ingeniosae apes, dies noctesque ad DEI honorem dulcissima mella conficiant ad universorum Christianorum commoditatem.” He ordains that his Masters “ad ipsum Doctoratus sacrae Theologiae gradum advolet,” and shall preach Sermons in public, of which he specifies the occasions. Finally, “ne quisquam se a Dominico retrahat ministerio,” every Fellow of the College (save the one who might study Medicine) was required to take Holy Orders within a year of his regency.—This College presents to 22 cures of souls.

XIII. Of CHRIST CHURCH (1532) it is sufficient to state that it is essentially a Cathedral Foundation. At the head of it is the Dean. Five of its Canons are Professors of Divinity: the sixth being the Archdeacon of Oxford. "In hoc Collegio nostro instituendo," (says its Founder,) "id unum spectaverunt cogitationes nostrae ut, ad illustrandam Divinae Majestatis gloriam recta animorum institutione educata juventus, tum moribus tum literis eatenus proficiat ut non vitæ minus exemplo quam verba et sincerâ Evangelii prædicatione fidem CHRISTI Salvatoris simplicioribus animis commendare queat."—The House enjoys the patronage of 93 cures of souls.

XIV. The founder of TRINITY COLLEGE (1554) aims at "orthodoxae fidei Religionisque Christianae incrementum." "Theologiae studio singulos Artium Magistros statim post necessariam suam regentiam completam, sine temporis intervallo gnaviter animos intendere præcipio." The chapter (20) "De hæreticorum vitando consortio" ("Quum in votis semper habuerim sinceram CHRISTI Religionem, ab omni hæreseos labe puram, CHRISTI populo iri commendatum,"

&c.) leaves no doubt as to the spirit and intention of the Founder of Trinity.—The College presents to 10 cures of souls.

XV. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE was founded (1555) "*ad honorem Sanctissimæ et individuæ Trinitatis . . . et ad totius cælestis hierarchiæ gloriam, et ad Christianæ religionis augmentum.*" "*Cum igitur*" (says the pious founder) "*instituti nostri sit orthodoxæ fidei et Christianæ professionis augmentum,*" &c. "*ut Theologia, verbiq; Divini sincera prædicatione, mater ac Domina Scientiarum omnium, sua liberius latiusq; germina emittat,*" &c. "*Artium Magistri, omnes et singuli, tempore suæ necessariæ regentiæ completo, statim ad sacram Theologiam se convertant:*" proceeding to the highest degree in Divinity.—This College has the patronage of 32 cures of souls.

XVI. JESUS COLLEGE (1571) was founded "*ad summæ et Omnipotentis DEI gloriam et honorem, ad Christianæ et sinceræ Religionis amplificationem, et stabilimentum, ad errorum et falsarum persuasionum extirpationem, ad augendum et continuendum pietatis cultum.*" "*Artium quoque Magistri, omnes et singuli, tempore necessariæ suæ regentiæ completo, statim ad sacram Theologiam se divertant: eidem tam diligentem exinde operam dantes, ut septimo post gradum Magisterii ademptum anno, ad baccalaureatum in Theologia, et exinde ad gradum Doctoris in eadem facultate admittantur, sub poena amotionis a Collegio in perpetuum, nisi ex causa rationabili,*" &c.—This College presents to 19 cures of souls.

XVII. WADHAM COLLEGE (1612) is described as "*quoddam Collegium perpetuum Sacræ Theologiæ,*" &c. The Warden must be a Doctor of Divinity. Masters must proceed either in the faculty of *Theology*, *Medicine*, or *Civil Law*.—The College presents to 13 cures of souls.

XVIII. The Statutes of PEMBROKE COLLEGE, which bear date 1629, require that "*Omnes Socii et Scholares sui ad studium Theologiæ obligabuntur, et erunt Presbyteri intra quatuor annos a gradu Magisterii in artibus suscepto. Nec manebunt in Collegio ultra viginti annos ab eodem gradu, nisi fuerint Theologiæ baccalarii.*" Thomas Teesdale's seven Fellows are *all bound to take Holy Orders*. Queen Anne annexed a Canonry of Gloucester to the Mastership for ever.—The College presents to 8 cures of souls.

XIX. WORCESTER COLLEGE, though not founded till 1714, retains the same character:—"Quicumque sive in Socios sive in Scholares admittendi sunt, ex Ecclesia Anglicana sint: intra quatuor annos a gradu Magisterii suscepto, *Sacris Ordinibus initientur, et post annum e diaconatu ad sacrum Presbyteratus ordinem promoveantur.* . . . Nec plures unquam eodem tempore quam duos in facultate alia quam Theologiæ incipere permittimus."—The College presents to 10 cures of souls.

But he who would understand to what an extent the *Religious* element pervades the Statutes of the Colleges of Oxford, must inspect those Statutes for himself. The constant requirement that the Bible shall be read during time of dinner,—(sometimes the portion so read being explained afterwards by one of the Fellows): the frequent provision made for holding Theological Disputations, or giving Divinity Lectures, in the Chapel: the duties of the "Catechist": the provision for public Grace before meals,—for Prayers,—for the observance of Festival Days,—for the maintenance of the Choir, and for Divine worship generally:—these and many other like details, all point unmistakably in one direction, and prove incontestably that the recent Legislation is nothing else but a *reversal* of the Intentions of Founders and Benefactors. *Who* that surveys the foregoing extracts will deny that "*THE DISESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION*" in such Institutions as these, is "*THE BETRAYAL OF A SACRED TRUST*"?

APPENDIX (G).

THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD INTENDED FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF
LEARNING IN THE SONS OF POOR PARENTS.

[*Referred to at pages 165: 185-8: 221: 233-4*]

THE following notices on this subject, indicative of the intentions of Founders, are derived from a cursory inspection of the Statutes. Such notices might be very largely increased:—

"Eos semper in Scholares Collegii eligi volumus" (so run the Statutes of UNIVERSITY COLLEGE) "*qui sunt facultatibus pauperiores.*" . . . The pious foundress of BALLIOL (1282) has a notable injunction:—"Et ut melius provideatur sustentationi pauperum, ad quorum utilitatem intendimus laborare, volumus quod ditiores in societate Scholarium nostrorum ita temperate studeant vivere ut pauperes nullo modo graventur propter expensas onerosas." The Statutes which till lately exclusively governed the society were those framed by the Bps. of Winchester and Carlisle in 1507. These provide that the Scholars shall wait on the Fellows at table, and "de reliquis mensae Magistri et Sociorum vivant,"—a sufficient indication of what must have been their condition. . . . The qualifications of the "Scholares" of EXETER COLLEGE are thus set down:—"ad proficiendum aptiores, in moribus honestiores, et in facultatibus pauperiores." . . . The following is the provision on this subject in the Statutes of ORIEL:—"Hoc enim in eadem domo specialiter observari volumus, ut circa eos qui ad hujusmodi elemosynae participium admittendi fuerint diligenti sollicitudine cavetur, ne qui praeter humiles, indigentes, ad studium habiles, proficere volentes recipiantur." . . . The founder of QUEEN'S COLLEGE (1340) ordains,—"Sint insuper semper in eadem aula pauperes juvenes in subduple numero ad maximum numerum parem Scholarium in eadem pro tunc existentium: ita quod numerus eorundem pauperum numerum septuaginta duorum CHRISTI discipulorum non excedat." "Pauperes tales nominari volo et assumi juxta formam electionis Sociorum, ita tamen quod indigentes de medi parentela vel consanguinitate, et de locis ubi beneficia dictae aulae consistunt, caeteris praeferrantur." The regulations concerning these poor boys fill several pages of the Statutes. . . . William of Wykeham (1400) speaks of NEW COLLEGE, as consisting "in et de numero unius Custodis ac septuaginta pauperum indigentium Scholarium clericorum." . . . So Abp. Chicheley (1443) describes ALL SOULS' COLLEGE as "unum Collegium pauperum ac indigentium Scholarium, clericorum." . . . MAGDALEN COLLEGE was intended to be "perpetuum Collegium pauperum et indigentium Scholarium, clericorum." Over and above these,—"sint alii triginta pauperes Scholares, vulgariter Demyes nuncupati." . . . TRINITY COLLEGE was founded (1556) "ad perpetuam pauperum Scholarium in Academia degentium sustentationem." "Tum quod in omnibus, et snper omnia, paupertati faveatur, ita ut ii tantum ad hujus elemosynae participationem admittantur, qui inopia, pressi, unde vivant, seque in bonarum literarum studiis sustentent, non habent: et omni fere amicorum ope destituti esse cognoscuntur." . . . The founder of S. JOHN'S COLLEGE (1555) declares that—"quia CHRISTUS praecipit pauperes recipere in hospitibus, nos ordinamus et volumus quod omnes in collegium nostrum ad annos probationis eligendi, sint pauperes et indigentes Scholares, clerici." Accordingly he provides an endowment for 50 "Scholares pauperiores." . . . The expression recurs in the Statutes of PEMBROKE COLLEGE with reference to Thomas Teesdale's foundation (1629). His Scholars were to be "*ex pauperioribus.*" . . . JESUS COLLEGE (1571) was founded (*inter alia*) "ad pauperum et inopia afflictorum sublevationem." . . . WADHAM is described (1612) as "aliquod Collegium pauperum et indigentium Scholarium."

Let me refer here to three Pamphlets by my friend and late brother-Fellow, Dr. Chase, Principal of S. Mary Hall, who has ever been the firm and consistent champion of the "Pauperes Scholares,"—the faithful advocate of the claims of Poverty on our Collegiate Foundations:—(1) '*A Plea for John Lord Craven, and the Eleemosynary purpose of Founders generally*' [n.d.]:—(2) '*The Rights of Indigentes in respect to College Foundations.*' A Letter to Sir J. Pakington, 1856:—(3) '*Education for frugal men at the University of Oxford. An account of the experiments at S. Mary's and S. Alban Halls,*'—1864. . . . I have also before me some prophetic words of his in a short pamphlet entitled '*The De-Christianising of the Colleges of Oxford,*' reprinted from the "Standard" of Oct. 27, 1868. Dr. Chase begins,—"THE EFFECT, WHATEVER MAY BE THE INTENTION, OF MR. [now Lord Chief Justice] COLERIDGE'S BILL, should it pass into an Act, CAN BE, under the present circumstances of the University, NOTHING LESS THAN THE DE-CHRISTIANIZING OF THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD."—A truer sentence was never penned.—"I cannot conceal from myself" (the words are Dean Mansel's) "the conviction that your Tests' Bill is but one of a series of assaults destined to effect an entire separation between the University and the Church."

APPENDIX (H).

MR. REGINALD WILBERFORCE AS A BIOGRAPHER.

[Referred to at p. 242. Also in the Preface Dedicatory,—p. xii.]

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, Bishop of Oxford, was supremely unfortunate in that his eldest son was the compiler of the second and third volumes of his *'Life.'* The sentiments expressed by the *'Quarterly Review'* on this subject [January, 1883 (No. 309),—pp. 4-6], will have commended themselves to every reader of taste and refinement. I the rather call attention to the castigation inflicted by the *'Quarterly'* on Mr. Reginald Wilberforce, because I am myself one of the many whom he has injured. My case was stated in the *'Times'* of Feb. 7th, 1883, as follows:—

SIR,—Well aware that nothing which merely concerns myself in the *'Life of Bishop Wilberforce'* can be of any public interest, I yet think it my duty publicly to protest against the liberty which I there find taken with my name. Three weeks ago the concluding volume reached me, and, at p. 249, I read as follows:—

“An amusing story as to the new lectionary used to be told by the bishop. As chairman of the committee he received numerous letters containing suggestions. One of his correspondents, Mr. Burgon, was very indignant at the bare idea of a proposed change, and his correspondence was couched in very strong language. When, at last, all was complete, and the new table of lessons sanctioned, with a proviso that the use was not to be compulsory for seven years, he wrote—‘I am thankful that I have yet seven more years in which I can continue my ministry in the Church, at the end of which I will, sooner than read the mutilated Bible, cheerfully go to prison.’”

I lost no time in interrogating the biographer concerning his pretended quotation from a letter of mine; and at the end of ten days received from him the comfortable assurance that he “should regret if the publication of a good story had in any way annoyed” me. “But” (adds Mr. Wilberforce) “pray look at the book, and you will see that it is given as a story only.”

I have “looked at the book.” I find that words which I should be ashamed to have written are there set down within inverted commas, as if quoted from a letter of mine. I find also that Mr. Wilberforce has prefaced those words with the assertion that I wrote them.

Mr. Wilberforce cannot have examined his father's papers without having been made aware that I was among the most trusted and most faithful of his father's friends. That friendship of twenty years and upwards he commemorates by going out of his way to relate something, which, if it were true, would be discreditable alike to his father and to me. But in order effectually to make me ridiculous, Mr. Wilberforce professes to produce the actual words of a letter I never wrote; and by publishing those words in his father's *'Life,'* provides that his statement shall be believed to my disadvantage in every quarter of the globe where the English language is spoken.

I shall offer no comment on all this. I submit my cause to the judgment of civilized society.

Now, it happens to be easily demonstrable that Mr. Reginald Wilberforce's narrative is pure fiction. As a matter of fact, his father's friend adopted the *'New Lectionary'* on the first day when its use was authorized (viz. Jan. 1st, 1872);—explaining to his parishioners, in a published Sermon, his reasons for doing so. A copy of that Sermon lies before me.

But I am not concerned to establish *this* point. My complaint is that Mr. Reginald Wilberforce prints (with marks of quotation) certain discreditable words which he roundly asserts that *I* wrote; though he knows perfectly well that I did *not* write them, but that the words he pretends to quote are, every one of them, *his own*.

He is reminded that the framework of society would become hopelessly out of gear in less than a week if such a proceeding could be allowed to pass without grave public remonstrance.

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